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SPUN YARNS OF A NAVAL OFFICER

H.M.S. IRON DUKE

17. 6 16

My dear Graham

I share in fully
honoured by your decision for
which you are fitted in every way.
She will in full confidence I
am certain.

Yours sincerely
J. R. Jellicoe



LEAVING THE SERVICE, 1897.



ENTERING THE SERVICE, 1860.



AT PRESENT TIME, 1917.

SPUN YARNS OF A NAVAL OFFICER

3801

BY

ALBERT R. WONHAM

CAPTAIN, ROYAL NAVY; FREEMAN OF THE CITY OF LONDON

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at

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1917

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Admiral Sir John R. Jellicoe, G.C.B.,
First Sea Lord.

DEDICATED

BY SPECIAL PERMISSION

TO

ADMIRAL

SIR JOHN RUSHWORTH JELLICOE,

O.M., G.C.B., K.C.V.O.

PREFACE

I HAVE heartily to thank the distinguished officers, with whom it has been my pleasure to serve, for according me the use of their photographs for publication as a *recuerdo* of such service.

The burden of war conditions on actual publication has, unfortunately, led to the reduction of most interesting subject-matter and yarns, which, however, I hope to publish in a supplementary volume later on.

It is said when a naval officer takes to agriculture,

> "He farms his nobles into ninepences,"
> And his ninepences into nothing."

To justify that, substituting publishing for agriculture, I will at once get on the "land slide" by undertaking that one-third of my net profits, if any, on the book will be devoted to Naval and Military War Charities, and, if I may venture to say, at the discretion of the distinguished officer to whom the book is dedicated.

War conditions have rendered the Preface necessary, but "we are out to get things done," and therefore crave your indulgence.

THE AUTHOR.

May, 1917.

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INTRODUCTION

IT is with the greatest diffidence that I venture to avail myself of the kind permission given to me by that distinguished and gallant officer, Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, to dedicate to him this record of the incidents of my modest Service career.

It is an honour for which I can find no words adequately to express my gratitude.

I shall endeavour to keep all controversial matter out of this record. I do not want to air a grievance. I have none.

May I venture to ask the indulgence of my readers to a somewhat disjointed record of events with which, at various dates and places, I have been connected?

I will briefly indicate how I came into the Service.

In 1858 I was in Australia with my brother, one of the "Great Gold Rush emigrants" of 1851. And in Australia I should have stopped—for the country was full of adventure—had not my brother taken me by the shoulder and said, "My boy, I have made a fool of myself, but I will take care that you do not," and so sent me

home. How the sequel worked out will appear in due course.

> "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough hew them how we will."

Admiral Lyons lived in one of my father's houses. One day, on my saluting him as I passed, he hailed me: "Youngster, would you like to go into the Navy?" I need hardly say what my reply was.

He was a gallant officer of great influence. Although I was then over sixteen, my nomination came in three days. "Eastmans" and Mr. Jeans, private tutor, did the rest.

After some good hard work in the *Geyser*, I was fortunate enough to be selected for the *Euryalus*, flagship for China, and subsequently I was specially promoted and appointed to the *Leven*. For the following four years, 1862-5, one way and another we had a pretty lively time, and, I suppose, successful too, for we had put a stop to piracy on the coast of Borneo when I left in 1865.

I propose to relate the most interesting among my experiences in the ships in which I have served, in succession.

A. R. W.

Chapter I

H.M.S. *GEYSER*

Entering the Navy.

My first ship in the Service was the old blind *Geyser*, as she was called, a six-gun paddle sloop. She earned her reputation for blindness by having a straight stem which divided at the centre and opened out into a gun port for a 68 pr. gun for firing ahead in chase. Over it she had a bowsprit, which when cleared for action was topped up.

At that time a 68 pr. was the heaviest gun in the Service, soon after to be eclipsed by the 100 pr. Armstrong. The former was a smooth-bore and the latter a rifled gun.

In those days the crews were entered from outside at the "naval rendezvous," as they were called; generally a big public-house, outside of which the men congregated when they knew a ship was going to be commissioned. It was quite a common occurrence for some well-known captain to go to a naval rendezvous, and to hold up his hand and call for, say, 180 men for a crew for his ship commissioning for "West Coast of Africa, slaving and plenty of prize-money."

If the officer engaged in "entering the men" was full up, and another officer getting men for another ship asked him "What sort of a man is so and so?" the answer might be, "Oh, a very smart man; made a capital captain of a top,"

etc. ; or if the man was a waster, in answer to the query " Is he a smart man ? " the answer might be, " Smart man, yes ; to rig a pair of sheers with a couple of pipe-stems to get a fly out of a quart pot in a public-house, the smartest man I know."

I was up with the lieutenant on this duty at the naval rendezvous, Fore Street, Devonport, and we were going to the west coast of Africa, slaving, etc. So we got a very fine crew, but went " Channel groping," as it was called in those days, with headquarters at Plymouth.

There was a great awakening at this time when the first ironclad the *Gloire*, was laid down by the French and two ironclads by us. For the purpose of training our own men we took old frigates and battleships to all the principal ports in England and Scotland. That was the start, and very well it worked, and led up to the continuous service system, which has turned out so well and provided the splendid crews for His Majesty's ships in these days.

Anyway, if there was any hard work of towing, or salvage of ships in distress in bad weather, the Particular Service vessel, such as we were, had to do it.

We arrived at Portsmouth in November, 1861, and I was sent to the Commander-in-Chief's office late in the evening. I was returning on board, when the Commander-in-Chief sent for me and asked me if I had been to the Pacific. I replied, " No, sir." " Then you are going now."

We were ordered to take a large number of Armstrong guns to the Pacific Station on the occasion of the Confederate Commissioners being taken out of the Royal Mail steamer *Trent* by the American Federal man-of-war *San Jacinto*. The difficulty was solved later, but it was a critical time.

We were all glad of the chance of seeing active service, but unfortunately the main beam was found to be rotten, so that the *Virago* another six-gun paddler, got the order to take the guns.

But the *Geyser*, a Plymouth ship, never went back to Plymouth! She became a Portsmouth ship, and that meant a lot in those days. The *Geyser* used to be sent to Lisbon, Gibraltar, Madeira, Ireland, Scotland, in fact anywhere, and at short notice; and very interesting cruises they were as a rule. We used to get a fair amount of fishing and shooting, especially on our Scotch cruising, whilst the seine was always used when suitable beaches for its use were handy. The men liked the fishing and the product, which came in handy to vary the salt meat ration, which obtained much more in those days than now.

While in Plymouth Sound, soon after I joined the Service, I saw a merchant ship which had arrived in distress. I recognised the name, went on board and discovered an old school-fellow (the cousin of a marquis and the son of a barrister), *minus* the gold buttons affected on shore, tarring the rigging. I got him leave, took him on board, and filled him up.

I had gone into the Navy, and he would go to sea, so they paid a big premium for him. And over and over again we met later at various ports, where it happened that fate brought us together, of which anon.

They kept us going pretty well in the old ship. We had been up the North Sea with some frigates in tow for use as stationary training ships at the various ports.

Now the fishing fleets and their nets have to be respected; I have often had to go a mile or two out of the way to clear them. However, we got back to Portsmouth all right. But soon after

there was an inquiry, as some ship had run through a long line of nets and played havoc with them. Of course we knew nothing about it. Now not long before they had begun to supply patent logs for ascertaining distance covered, which used to be towed astern or from an outrigger. Then it came out that patent log No. 9977662, or some number, had been found in the wrecked net, and "9977662" was found to have been issued to the *Geyser*. Then we knew something about it? The log had been logged as lost overboard, so that was all right. But it gave the show away!

S.S. *GREAT EASTERN*, FIRST NAMED *LEVIATHAN*.

We were often having to do with this ship, for she was always getting into trouble and requiring assistance, which she got through the Admiralty; for at that time she was such a monster (in size) of a ship that the ordinary tugs could not handle her. Consequently a heavy paddle ship was pretty useful. Compared with the tonnage and length of steamships now, she would scarcely be half their size with her 12,000 tons. The only successful use made of her was in laying four submarine cables, of which, owing to her tonnage, she could carry so much.

The last I saw of her, when I was in another ship, was when they got her into the docks at New Milford to lay her up. Getting her off the gridiron was a job for us. When they proceeded for the purpose of taking her out of the docks at New Milford she could not be got through the entrance at which she went in. Possibly the walls at the entrance had sunk a bit; anyhow, they had to take part of them down to get her out.

She was well built of good materials, and it was

said that the only people that made money out of her were those that bought her and broke her up.

THE *WARRIOR* AND THE *BLACK PRINCE*

In 1859-60, when the French under Napoleon laid down the first ironclad, the *Gloire*, which was completed in 1860, we laid down the *Warrior* on the Thames and the *Black Prince* on the Clyde—two keels for one, the policy then, and the safest.

In the *Geyser* we had much to do with the *Black Prince*. Once we were going up the Clyde with a line-of-battleship's masts and spars on board for the *Black Prince*. A battleship's lower mast weighed from 16 to 20 tons and was over 120 feet long. On arriving off Port Patrick on a Sunday morning I was sent on shore to post "despatches." With my little dirk on, I was whistling—which I had no business to be doing, anyhow—when an elder, who had just come out of Kirk, came up to me and said, "Eh, sir, you maunna whustle in Scotland on the Saboth."

We duly arrived at Greenock, when the men asked for leave; the old first lieutenant just turned his head in the direction of the huge heap of spars and said, "When they are over the side." We had a fine crew, who there and then turned to, manhandled those spars and chucked them all overboard through the after gunports, and went on shore. We had nothing to do with rigging the *Black Prince*, but just gave them the spars.

They put the masts in, but did not "stay" them. In the night she caught the ground in James Watt Dock, and the main mast broke off close to the deck, fell over the side, and sank one ship across which it fell.

We took the *Black Prince* into Portsmouth—

that is to say, we started to convoy her there; but she arrived at Portsmouth twenty-four hours before us, although we did pretty well. But the excitement on the arrival of these two ships, the *Warrior* and the *Black Prince*, was great. That noble body of men the Volunteers had lately been started, and patriotism was strong. In the theatres in London and the provinces "Old Nap," as he was called, was represented as playing nap with John Bull. Sly-looking, with a little imperial moustache, he played his card—cards a huge size, so that the Johnny up in the gallery could see as well as those below. His lead was the card with a picture of the *Gloire;* John Bull fetched out an equally big card with a picture of the *Warrior* on it, took the trick, and played the *Black Prince.* Then there was a roar of delight. The whole was a simple delineation of that splendid policy "two keels for one."

Fifty years later I was up on the Clyde on duty, and, staying in a house opposite the measured mile, I said to a man with whom I was staying and with whom I had to do as a youngster during the whistling episode, "Do you remember Scotland in those days? Well, look at that man-of-war running her steam trials on a Sunday. Why even the Admiralty would not do that!" "Oh," said he, "but she is being contract-built, and is not received yet. Whether that contract will be held good 'up aloft' is another matter."

In January, 1862, while at Queenstown, I was fortunate enough to get appointed to the *Euryalus*, the new flagship for the China Station, on which, in these days, things were lively, and where, for the most part if you did not make a vacancy you filled one.

Chapter II

H.M.S. *EURYALUS*

Short Rations.

Although the *Euryalus* was a steam frigate, we were making a sailing passage to China.

The gunroom of one of the old frigates was well down below, with only two or three scuttles in it for light and air, and so low were the scuttles, so near the water, that they were scarcely ever open except in harbour. In size it was about the ground space that a couple of big dining-tables would cover. We had 35 officers in this mess, and by very close packing all could sit down at table at the same time. The lockers all round formed the seats, and there was no standing room at all. When we had the cholera on board, as recounted elsewhere, it was rather awkward owing to the great heat.

We had appetites for which I would give £10 now, and were finally reduced to ship's provisions. Wine bills were limited to 10*s.* a month; but birthdays were allowed, and, singularly, generally fell on Saturday night, when the youngster whose natal day we were celebrating had to pay for two bowls of punch. This punch was made in the simplest manner.

They used to take the wine-book and put a bottle of each liquor on that list (beer and porter included), with plenty of sugar and lemon or lemon

juice. The whole produced a mixture that no one in ordinary life would "lave a hog with." The effects were lamentable. You had to drink it or stand the racket. I am afraid I must say that I always upset mine under the table. For it was always a case with this devilish compound that the evening's amusement would not bear the morning's reflection. It was all the fault of the seniors in the mess, some of whom were—well, not good.

The Admiral, knowing what a youngster's appetite was and what was the condition of things, used to ask—as it is usual—so many officers to breakfast every morning. His steward's legs coming down the cockpit ladder were earnestly looked for, and it was hoped to catch his eye when the message was given to the 35 dressing at their chests in the cockpit.

"Mr. So and So, the Admiral requests the pleasure of your company at breakfast this morning."

The honour was all right, and the breakfast to a half-starved youngster was still more all right!

After calling at Madeira, where we had a good time on shore, we sailed southwards and prepared for the ceremonies carried out by Father Neptune on those who had not crossed the Line before.

Curiously enough, only four of the 35 *had* done so. I was one of the four. The rest, several officers, had been up the Mediterranean or West Indies all their Service lives.

We made all the arrangements, but were cornered at last, for the 31 said, "Shave us? By golly, we are going to shave *you!*"

There was a row, but it was compromised later by their standing us a supper.

Of course, at the Cape, Simon's Bay, we had a

good time, rattling off to Cape Town in carts (with a pole) and four good horses. There was no railway in those days, and you ran the cart over the quicksand just being washed by water, which made it somewhat harder for the wheels. A breakfast at Farmer Peck's or Rathfelders' on the way made it a blessed change from gunroom fare ; and for the time we were " on our own."

The Murder of Mr. Richardson.

We arrived at Yokohama on September 14th, 1862, the day that Mr. Richardson, a British subject, was murdered. He was riding out with a party which, it was stated, had been warned not to venture. Prince Satsuma's party was very strong in Japan then.

The riding party met a procession of Satsuma people. Richardson and his party drew aside to allow the procession to pass, but Richardson's horse took fright and jumped or charged right into the procession. In those days the Japanese wore two swords (one long and the other short, as sharp as razors), both worn on left side, and on occasion —and on this occasion—both used together at the same instant, inflicting two diagonal cuts upwards on both sides of the party attacked. Richardson was killed at once.

Mrs. Borrodale gave her horse the rein, but a Japanese made a cut at her with his long sword and shaved the back of her head, but she got clear off. Chignons were worn by women in those days.

This murder caused great trouble, for of course our Government claimed an indemnity, etc., etc. ; but in effect, the Japanese Government put it on Satsuma and his men.

Later on, after I had been promoted and left, the point was settled by the battles of Kagosina against Satsuma on August 15th, 1863, and Simonoseki on September 4th, 5th and 6th, 1864, in one of which actions Captain Josling, R.N., the flag-captain of *Euryalus*, and the commander were both killed by the same shot.

The feeling on shore was, of course, intense, but most of the people were civility itself. It appeared that only when you ran against one of the Satsuma men there was trouble. Several of our Legation guards were killed at various times.

But we used to go on shore and about all over the place except when we were warned not to. The processions accompanying the head authorities were wonderfully quaint and instructive. Some of the people forming the processions were clad in awful-looking masks and armour. The huge lanterns made of silk or oiled paper, carried on the end of long poles, were beautifully adorned with the crest and arms of the great man whose retainers formed the processions, so that the well-informed could always tell, day or night, to which potentate the procession belonged and who was present.

At night the procession, seen from the ship, winding its way amongst the trees, sometimes in view, then lost, then seen again, with the sound of their music rising and falling, was very grand and interesting.

So soon as the Richardson episode was put into proper form the flagship left for Nagasaki, a beautiful harbour, with most interesting surroundings and history. The Dutch were at this time confined to the small island of Dezima in Nagasaki Harbour.

Now on this island they were allowed to trade, but not outside it, and the gates of the causeway

to the island were shut and guarded every night. Shortly, the reason for this was, as we understood, that the Dutch, finding the silver of relatively more value than gold, got all they could and sent it to Holland. When we were there it was a penal offence for a Japanese to pay to any foreigner any gold at all, and this law was rigidly carried out.

At Nagasaki we saw some fine salamanders, which, so the Japanese assured us, would live in fire. They did not try them, however, and what we saw were in huge rocky tanks of water. There was a wealth of beautiful flowers, birds and trees, and the dwarf trees they grew or cultivated were simply wonderful. And all so peaceful and polite.

And the way the Japanese came off to the ship and measured the engines, the guns, and in fact everything we had, not in the least by way of spying, but in order that everyone should improve his knowledge and that of his country!

One can but think of the wondrous change that has taken place since then. As I think, Japan is one of the coming nations of the world.

Some merchants seem to think that the Japanese are on a level with the Chinese. It seems to me, from what little experience I have of both peoples, that the extraordinary concessions, bargains, and business that used to be, shall I say, exacted from the Chinese are out of the question with the Japanese. They are too long-headed a nation.

However, to return to our stay in Japan. It was all too short, for we were simply charmed with Japan and its people; for the fighting was principally done by Satsuma. One way and another we lost a good many officers and men on that station. We arrived at a port and found H.M.S. *Leopard*, a paddle frigate, with a warrant officer in command, only temporarily, of course;

but, as I have said, in those days if you did not make a vacancy you filled one, and, as the Commander-in-Chief had all the death vacancies at his disposal, to be in the flagship meant promotion.

While I was still in the flagship the commander, G. H. Parkin, was invalided. Had it not been to save his life, he would not have gone. We youngsters pulled him on board the mail steamer in a cutter, and such sportsmen were the youngsters that they were deeply touched with his sad state, and were really sorry he was going, although he had been strictness itself. But there were absolutely no favourites. The only distinction was that some of the youngsters, or rather oldsters, were always in the soup and deserved all they got.

To these, the putting him on board the mail steamer must have been done with as much grace as was manifested by the boys who had to subscribe for a monument to a celebrated public schoolmaster of years ago who was noted for the way he used to cane the boys.

The monument was a medallion of the schoolmaster, being carried heavenwards by two cherubs. There was a bit of satire about it at the time, and the pertinent question was asked, "Why cherubs?" To which the answer was, "Because if they had been in any other form he would have caned *them* on the way up!"

A "Freeman of the City of London," I have inspected that monument.

We were dashing up to Japan from Shanghai, and wished to intercept a despatch vessel which was ordered home and which was possibly coming on our track from the opposite direction. Of course there was no wireless in those days. It seemed as though we had missed her. The evening was cloudy, but the officer of the watch, looking astern, caught sight of a vessel that had passed



ADMIRAL SIR REGINALD N. CUSTANCE, G.C.B.

us in the mist, but a slight lighting up of the horizon astern showed her up. The recall was made, and it was she. It was just a chance. She joined the fleet and we proceeded. There was some cholera about where we were going to, and a few days after arrival the captain of that ship unfortunately died of it.

How I Saved Gordon.

When the flagship was at Woosung, Chinese Gordon was at Shanghai drilling the Chinese Government troops to meet the advancing Taiping rebels, who were then marching on Shanghai. Woosung lies at the entrance where that river leaves the Yangtse Kiang river and flows 20 miles up to Shanghai and beyond. The rebels had already taken Kahding, a fortified city outside Shanghai, on a branch of the Woosung river.

Gordon was often on board the flagship, for, although there was no war, there was plenty of fighting, and we (the British) did all we could to help him. All signals had to be made by flags in those days, for there was no Morse signalling either by semaphore or lamps. So that the youngsters had to perform such duties, or as it was called "copy orders," less that done by flags.

It came to a critical point at last. Gordon sent down by boat a message, in so many words, "If you don't come up Shanghai and I are gone." Note that as in Egypt, he did not leave his people and fly, but remained. He might have come down in the boat in both cases, but he did not. That was Gordon.

But there was not enough water on the bar by some 4 or 5 feet for a fifty-gun frigate to get over. The bar of the river, singularly enough, was up and down the river, and not across it as usual.

You steamed up on the starboard side, put your helm to starboard, took the bar, and when over ported your helm and pointed her up river and proceeded. There was no time to lose, as the Taipings were "looking through the gates of Shanghai." With a rush at about 10 knots—just fancy it, as compared with the 26 to 30 knots now—off we steamed up the starboard side of the river until we were nearly opposite the bar, then hard-a-starboard until she headed for the bar. Not an order was heard. All was done by bugle.

"Everybody aft"—all hands, officers and all.

"Everyone forward."

"Everyone port side."

"Everyone starboard side."

"Everyone jump up."

All repeated in succession for about half an hour. The ship was rolling, say, 35° to 40° head up or down, stern up or down, according to the rush of men. She never stopped. If she had stopped we should have been done. The engines were smothered with mud, forced in through the condensers.

She came off with a rush, and we were soon up at Shanghai with the city under our guns. Just in time!

There was no war, but we landed our men, advanced and retook Kahding, losing a good many men; but the job was done. Shanghai and Gordon were saved.

I think the Chinese afterwards did something by opening new Treaty ports.

Not long ago I said to a distinguished Admiral: "You were there, sir, and although you were a tiny naval cadet—as I remember—you weighed at least 100 lbs., which, shifted from one end of the ship to the other, meant 200 lbs., so you too can claim to have saved Gordon; for who is to say

that your weight or mine did not *just* turn the scale when about 40 tons weight of men jumped or was rapidly transferred from side to side or from bow to stern ? "

" Ah ! " said the Admiral with a laugh ; " I never thought of it in *that* way before, but it was a smart evolution." It was.

The Senior Surgeon.

Our senior surgeon was one of the best of all-round medical fellows, and the warmer the circumstances the cooler and more collected he became. We had at one time nearly 200 men down with cholera, besides some wounded. And the quiet, sympathetic way in which he and his staff carried on was a lesson in itself, and doubtless inspired confidence in those very trying times at Shanghai while we were, in effect, guarding Shanghai and saving Gordon.

He was a well-built man, stout, very upright, with a carriage all his own and a kindly face ; but he could look down his nose at you as well as ever I saw anyone who wished to let people know that his orders were to be obeyed. But he had a peculiarly quizzical look that attracted your attention, particularly when you first saw him—a look that might, and did, make some people smile ; but, as you will hear, it was a ticklish business to do so.

Shanghai, in those days, was swamped with scallywags of sorts, from ships laid up, etc.

The doctor used to take a constitutional walk on the Bund, occasionally fetching out to the banks of the river, where the coffins began. At that time, for the 20 miles down to Woosung, the banks of the river were covered with Chinese coffins standing on four uprights. That was

their system of burial, and as there were no lead coffins the result may be imagined. The doctor, taking his walk on the Bund, met half a dozen of these scallywag seamen, one of whom laughed at him. One thing led to another. The lot joined in to show what sport they could have, and one began to attack the doctor in earnest. The doctor was the gentlest of men, but at this "his hand became a fist," for, unfortunately for the men, he had been taught how to take care of himself, and he was the prettiest boxer on board the ship. The first man attempted to hit the doctor, who landed him a counter-hit that nearly knocked his head off, and, in answer to the fellow's head-down mad rush for vengeance, sailed in with an upper cut which, fairly landed, gave him all he wanted and more. The others all took part, but the doctor just waltzed round them like a cooper round a cask, taking them *seriatim*, for he was a very active man, although he did not look it. In fact he thrashed them all. Never again did any of the scallywags jeer at him or his cynical smile.

Just so. And the noble art of self-defence should be taught in every school to every youngster. All my experience goes to prove that the trained man is the gentlest of men and a real sportsman.

While as to the other lot—well, you read and hear of "their consciences" every day, and of the contemptible crew that makes use of them!

A Gentleman on his Travels.

At this time there were two great English firms in China which had very fine steamers, with head-quarters at Hong Kong. So soon as the English mail arrived the steamer of each firm sailed at once, and raced the other to get first to Shanghai and other ports to buy or sell all the tea or opium,

silk, etc., the vessel arriving first of course having the pull.

At the Cape, on our way out, we ran against a new vessel going out for one of these firms, and a very fine paddle steam-yacht she was. I am not certain of her name, but it was, I think, *Rona*. Although not a passenger steamer, for the passage out she was partly chartered by a very rich young man, who introduced himself as Wyndham of Felbrigg Hall, Norfolk, a gentleman on his travels.

As both vessels were bound for China, the traveller and our officers frequently met at various ports; and very generous in his hospitalities he was.

At Shanghai he had a fine suite of rooms at Astor House, the best and most expensive hotel in Shanghai; and there it was practically open house at his expense, for the Fleet and Army especially. There were dinners and lunches nearly every day.

After months of this sort of thing, invitations for a special dinner, with all sorts of amusements after were issued by him, and practically all Service and Shanghai people in the swim were there. Dinner was a little late, as Mr. Wyndham had not returned, but it was understood that they were to get on. They might have said the grace—

> "One word's as good as twenty,
> Leather away and eat in plenty."

Anyway, they got on, but Wyndham got off. Then there was a hue and cry, and he was arrested Woosung way as he was leaving in a sailing ship for "somewhere."

He was tried and convicted for the Shanghai episodes.

It appeared afterwards that he had run away

from somewhere after securing a large amount of cash. He was in no way connected with Wyndham of Felbrigg Hall, but was just a swindle from beginning to end.

His plan at starting was just the thing to impress people, for the *Rona* was not a passenger ship, and in fact they never let anyone on board these vessels at all. But here was one, and he must surely be of good position to be allowed to come out in this vessel, so to speak, under his charter. Then, at the Cape, he paid what he was obliged to pay at the time ; and so at Shanghai.

As a consequence the money was made to go as far as it would until the final crash came. In those days there were no Suez Canal, no submarine cable nor telegraph to China or the Cape.

He left England undiscovered and got away to sea in the *Rona*, and there he was safe. The *Rona* was faster than the Cape mail, so he had a clear run until the cash gave out.

He never borrowed money or did anything to rob or cheat anyone that I heard of. He simply seemed to be flush of money, to be travelling, and hospitable to a degree. Apparently his proper history was never known.

Personally, I do not think that I ever saw him ; I was all too busy to go fooling about.

Hong Kong Customs in the Early 'Sixties.

Hong Kong was a lively place in the early 'sixties, and the Europeans used to live, and live hard. With a fine club, the money, easily made, used to fly. " It cost you a dollar to open your mouth and two to shut it " was the saying. It was all chits in those days. You had your stuff and gave a chit for it, and at the end of the month

you paid up. Not only at the club but all over the place this system obtained; and they had a curious custom, or law, on the subject. If you went on to Singapore or Shanghai, the man who held the chits used to assign them to his agent in that part, and he used to send off or to you and collect the money; and, if necessary, employ a lawyer. It seemed to work all right, but a good many careless fellows got pulled up at Singapore when homeward bound!

Canton, about 70 miles off, had steamers running to Hong Kong. There came in an opposition line of steamers and reduced the fares; then the old line reduced to half, and then the new line reduced to a quarter. Finally the old line took you for nothing and gave you a lunch. That did it—shook out the new line—and to recoup, the fares were put up to double what they used to be.

As for thieving, I suppose the Chinese about took the cake! They lifted the spare metal screw of one of the gunboats and got clear off with it. The public money chest of the *Princess Charlotte*, a battleship depôt, was bodily "boned," and nothing was ever discovered of it except a scratch on the side of the ship where the chest had been lowered down. And the thieves were somewhat of engineers too.

Douglas Lapraik, jeweller and opium dealer, had a store a long way from the landing-place on the Bund. Not far from the pier a huge drain debouched. The thieves went up that drain to Main Street, turned at right angles, and went on up the drain until they came to the opium store. Then they excavated right up into the store and pretty well cleared the place out, bringing the stuff out on the shore at low water. But then it was a case of "When thieves fall out honest men get their own"; for they had a row on the beach

which attracted the attention of the police, and the thieves were captured, a lot of opium being found on the beach.

The Home authorities used to make mistakes in those days, as they have done since. They sent a regiment out from England, which duly arrived in the sickly season. As might have been expected, the poor fellows died off like flies. They put them over to improvised barracks on the Kowloon side, which territory had been conceded to us not long before by the Chinese Government, and which was in an undrained and an insanitary condition.

I saw the remnant of this regiment on board the old battleship *Princess Charlotte,* simply lying about her decks, too weak to walk about. I thought at the time that if you had stood them all up in a row and knocked the end one down the rest would all have fallen down too. It was a pitiful sight. A Royal Commission inquired into the matter. What was the result, I do not know.

There were no steam launches in those days, and to get a ship's boat to go on shore on leave—well, you did not ask; you called a sanpan. A sanpan is a tub of a boat, sculled along by a man or woman whose house the sanpan is, for at Hong Kong, as at Canton, the population live in sanpans plying for hire as a method of living. The passenger sits before the sculler with his back to him and looking forward. At the fore-end is a closed place with a movable top to it. Many a good man has been hit over the head by the sculler, and a Chinese has jumped out of the hatch forward to rifle the victim, who was afterwards thrown overboard. So one had to look out.

There was no silver small change about then. You paid the fare in cash. Cash was a Chinese

round coin with a square hole in it through which a strip of bamboo was threaded.

When you wanted to pay for a sanpan, say about twopence, you cut off what you considered to be that value and gave it to the boatman, tying a knot in your end of bamboo upon your remaining cash. Curiously enough, the cash of the various provinces of China varied in size—some were the size of a farthing, some the size of a halfpenny; but, so far as you were concerned, a cash was a cash, whatever size it was. Sold in bulk, of course the cash was weighed.

But the Germans and others got into the business of buying up the cash of the provinces issuing the large cash, and the small cash too, for the metal was very good and of more intrinsic value than the cash. Towards the end of the time I was out there our Government, to meet the consequent shortage of small money, sent out to Hong Kong a mint and a big supply of silver ten-cent pieces. The Chinamen never took to them; and their dislike increased when it was found that a lot of forged ones were, iron, silvered over.

The coinage used was the Mexican dollar, a coin at Hong Kong, well chopped, and known as a chop dollar. The chop was a rough stamp on the dollar of the firms the dollar had passed through, so that a chop dollar was generally a good one, although much disfigured and misshaped. Neither at Shanghai nor Singapore was the Mexican dollar chopped.

We had a good many Chinamen on board—cooks, stewards, carpenters, stokers, etc. A Chinaman at once understands whether the top dog *is* a top dog or if he neglects his duty. If he does, the Chinaman will go wrong too. Rightly handled they did very well, being capital

fellows to fight if "European led." We never punished defaulters, but handed them over to the head Chinaman on board, who, with the other Chinamen, carried out the necessary punishment.

CHAPTER III

H.M.S. *LEVEN*

VOYAGE TO BORNEO.

DURING the latter part of Admiral Sir James Hope's command in China, a servant shot the lieutenant in command of the gun-vessel *Leven*. The second in command was forward carrying on. The servant went forward and said that the captain wished to speak to him. He went aft, and as he was going down the ladder the servant shot him too. Neither officer was killed. The admiral tried the man by drumhead court-martial at once. He was sentenced to be hanged at the yardarm of the *Leven*, the Commander-in-Chief giving him until eight the next morning to say his prayers. There was no more indiscriminate shooting.

When Admiral Kuper took command of the station the pirates on the north-west coast of Borneo were getting lively. I was in the *Euryalus*, flagship, when the Admiral sent for me and asked me if I would like to go commanding officer —*i.e.*, second in command of the *Leven*.

Bless me!—why, I was only two years in the Service and the work of a commanding officer in that sort of vessel meant that you had to know your way about. I need not say that I jumped at the offer.

Said the Admiral, "I will give you an acting commission" (which he did on December 2nd,

1862), "and the sooner you are down in Borneo the better. Get your ship ready as soon as you can."

The *Leven* was one of the four gun-vessels sent to China after the Crimean War, the others being the *Lee, Algerine,* and *Slaney.* The two former were already lost, one of them lost in action. The *Leven* was brigantine-rigged, with three masts, high-pressure boilers, and engines up to 80 horse-power. She used to go puffing along like a locomotive. But under favourable circumstances, and with plenty of cocoanuts about, we could get nearly 10 knots out of her. To save fuel we did a good deal of our cruising under sail, and she did fairly well at that.

Commander George H. Parkin, of the flagship, was a fine seaman, and we youngsters had to work the mizen mast, and under him we all learnt what perpetual motion meant, although the clever people had not yet found out; and since G. H. P. duly saw that all the heads of departments worked us hard too, we knew that we practically knew nothing, so the best way was to go in and pick up all we could. Well, I now had my reward, for I was commanding officer, navigator, paymaster, boatswain, carpenter, and, finally, doctor, with enough knowledge of Chinese to make a lot of Chinamen that we had on board jump, at all events.

As for guns, she was full of them—one 10 in. (86 cwt.), four 24 pr. brass, one 20 pr. Armstrong. The 10 in. on carriage and transporting slide revolved on ways, and we drilled often to get it to fire right ahead or astern.

The heads of departments of the flagship did me the honour of starting all my kindred offices in the right way, which was good of them, for times were lively and a fair start meant so much. With a crew of 50 we had enough men to eat her, but not too many for the guns.

After a good inspection by the Commander-in-Chief we got away in good time and sailed for Labuan, the British colonial island on the north-west coast of Borneo. We managed to run into the tail end of a typhoon, but, keeping on the edge, got through all right, but as the tiller carried away she apparently carried some helm. She had a tiller instead of a wheel, because the 10 in. gun came aft over the lot when in action over the stern. So we had to bear up for Manila, Philippine Islands, which at that time were Spanish.

Our cook was a very despondent man, and he was always leaning over the bows and looking at the breaking waves. When we got down on the coast of Borneo, the place for coral shoal heads, suddenly he would shout out, " See the bottom, sir ? " And later he became quite useful in that way. For at times, when we were chasing pirates, we had to cut it a bit fine to intercept a prahu that wanted to avoid us, and the shoals required looking after, and were best seen if you could get the sun behind you. At the north end of Labuan island are the coal mines, first-rate coal for a London drawing-room, but too fiery for steam. We always went about, when burning it, with our funnel red hot, which was rather against a night work surprise visit to a suspected place. In the coal there were cysts containing gum-like rosin, not so brittle as rosin, but quite clear to see through, of a reddish-yellow colour and highly inflammable. The sub-manager of the mine had it given him as his perquisite if he chose to cut it out. Some of the chunks cut out, weighed, I should say, a hundredweight. The surrounding coal knocked about and broken up a bit, the lump would fall out like the kernel of a nut. The sub-manager must have had very many tons of it stacked up.

Wherever I have been all over the world I have always taken the greatest interest in any local product that might be of use, and I sent samples of this stuff home to the Board of Trade and other people, of course with the captain's approval. And we worried the thing to try and get it looked into. The answers we got were "not known," "not in use," "not on the list," and so no good. Some time after I came home I heard that a fellow, a German I think, came along on a passing visit; *he* knew something about the subject and bought the lot.

Call it mineral Dammar, if you like, and Dammar is a vegetable. But these mines, so far as I could make out, were decayed forests, for, in my time there, they were worked by walking into a cutting in the side of the hill. I have heard since that it can be made into the foundation of the finest varnish you can get. *And no use!*

Whilst we were down there at Sarawak, Rajah Brooke, who was a go-ahead man to exploit a country, asked the Government to appoint a trading consul for his territory. At that time his possessions were not even a protectorate. We were at Sarawak when the consul arrived, and of course we gave him the usual salutes, and there was a big function at Government House and a dinner afterwards. The consul was a fine-looking man of military appearance. Touching his appointment, he appeared to be rather surprised and amused, saying, "Why, they have appointed me trading consul here; *I* know nothing about trade." That was hardly surprising, for he had been an officer in a cavalry regiment before he took the appointment.

Even then the natives used to tap the indigenous indiarubber trees and bring in large quantities of rubber in blocks of about half a hundredweight

and dispose of it for a few cents a pound, getting paid in trade goods mostly. They also brought in Malacca canes, antimony, and sago from the ever-common Nipa palm. There were timber of the best sorts of hard wood, and a profusion of tropical products, with Chinese labour very cheap to get them collected! We were down there on special duty, or I should have resigned and jumped in. Some people used to look ahead in those days. Labuan was a convict settlement, mostly for Chinese prisoners. They made the roads, good roads, too; but there was little other work for them. The local government and coal mine doctor got the lease of an island called Daat, and hired the convicts at their local value, which was not much. They were quite safe over there, and he had the island cleared and planted with cocoanut trees. I used to watch the process. With copra at over £31 a ton now, what a valuable island that must be!

At that time our Government used to pay a subsidy to the Sultan of Brunei, on the mainland. The first time I took over the payment they seemed to think that the seals of one of the cases were cracked or broken, so they opened the case and wanted to take all the others as sound. "No you won't," said I; "you will count the lot"; and every time I went they had to do it too, and as the money was in dollars there were a lot to count, and they did not like it.

The coasts about there are very foul; however, I got to know the way about. One day a vessel in want of a pilot was signalled outside. The weather was bad, owing to change of monsoon. Now the harbour-master was a lieutenant R.N. retired, but he was such a martyr to rheumatism that he could not go. I volunteered to go out and fetch her in. She was a very fine opium steamer

called the *Thunder*, belonging to Arritoon Apcar, and had in opium alone a quarter of a million pounds' worth on board. She was short of coal, and was right down amongst the shoals. She was the first vessel with an overhanging screw, screw abaft the rudder, that I had handled. On a straight course, all right; but it is the very devil to turn. I got down to him and found him in a precious awkward position, with coral heads all around him. From high up I could detect the shoals, so I set to work and jockeyed her round, ahead, astern, and using his jibs or spanker as requisite. It was a case of hit or miss. I had straightened her up and could see ahead, so I came down just as we were swinging her stern clear of a shoal. You could have dropped a stone on it. The captain said, "That's close enough." So it was, but there were lots outside her. I was a hero to the tune of a live sheep they gave me, which I sent up to the coal company's mess, for they were always ready to feed us up. I asked for nothing and I got no more than the sheep, which was a luxury out there.

The Bishop as Doctor.

Dr. MacDougal, the Bishop of Labuan, was a Doctor of Medicine and also a F.R.C.S. I have heard it said that he was a better doctor of medicine than he was a bishop. Since we fortunately had the opportunity of seeing his work in both spheres in very lively times, calling forth all his energy, skill, and devotion, I conclude that the critic did not know the bishop side of the man.

We had a lot of cholera on board, and our doctor had been invalided home. Then the bishop-doctor waded in as coolly as if he had been walking about his drawing-room.

As I had to assume the office of any officer who went down or left, the doctor's duty fell to me. And, of course, in this case, I used to carry out, or see carried out, the bishop's orders as to treatment of cases. And so violent and deadly was this visitation that two hours sufficed for attack, death, and burial.

It may, or may not, be of use to know what his treatment was: the patient to have hot sea-water baths, and plenty of them, and frequent doses, of about a teaspoonful each, of camphorated brandy with three drops of Cajeput oil in each dose; patient to be kept warm.

It is not for me to comment on medical matters, but, so far as we could see, the treatment was very effective.

The following incident shows how the bluejackets carried out the bishop's order to keep patient warm:—The man who was steering when we left Sarawak was seized and dropped where he was, right under my eyes. My attendant was there at once with medicine, and I saw two bluejackets deliberately lie down alongside the patient, one in front of him and one behind him, and clasping him to them with their arms round him to keep him warm. The man died in about two hours, and we buried him when we got outside.

But neither of the men was a bit the worse for his plucky and humane action. We had many cases, but only three deaths out of our crew of 55; and there were no new cases after we got to sea. The best policy is routine as usual, and plenty of amusements under the personal conduct of officers, which begets confidence.

THE *RAINBOW'S* ACTION WITH PIRATES.

The Rajah Mudah and the bishop having got the *Rainbow* in fighting trim were ready to sail.

Now the Chinese and Malay pirates much affected the stink-pot, which was composed of highly inflammable matter creating, when lighted, a constant flame with lots of suffocating smoke, and which was not readily extinguished. The custom was, when at close quarters, for them to fling two or three of these on board and at once attack by boarding. It is curious to note that German *Kultur* has revived the stink bomb.

The *Rainbow* was a clean, high-sided Clyde-built steamer, so that there was nothing to catch hold of, and the top of her iron bulwark was higher than a man in a prahu could reach his hand up to get hold of. Consequently the *Rainbow* could have dropped stink-pots down on the pirate if necessary, but I do not think they were used. The rajah, Sir James Brooke, was in England, leaving the Rajah Mudah in charge of the Government.

Then the *Rainbow* sailed, no one knew whither, with the Rajah Mudah in command, the bishop and eight or ten other white men and a specially selected crew, including the ever-faithful Hadji. I have said elsewhere that the centre of the China Sea is a mass of shoals, the passages towards China being at east and west side.

The east channel borders on the north-west coast of Borneo, and Barram Point is almost in sight of Rajang river, and other piratical haunts are north and south of it. Consequently ships passing up and down were in sight of the pirates' strongholds ; and as nearly all were sailing ships, they were at the pirates' mercy in a calm, and

many were attacked and captured, the crews shockingly treated and made slaves of.'

The *Rainbow* had, ostensibly, sailed for an annexing expedition to the Bintulu river district, lying between Sarawak and Labuan, which had been ceded to Sir James Brooke by the Sultan of Brunei. Lying in that river, the *Rainbow* obtained the information that the pirates were out in force, six Illanun prahus threatening Muka town, with small expeditions ravaging the coast.

I first blew into acquaintance with the bishop when he taught me all the navigation of the two entrances, Moratabas and Santubong, of the Sarawak river, on which lies Kuching, the capital of Sarawak. This distinguished and gallant man had begun life as a midshipman in the Royal Navy. Afterwards he qualified in medicine, becoming a F.R.C.S. Subsequently he was ordained and became the first Bishop of Labuan, Borneo. But his palace and cathedral were at Kuching, Sarawak, the capital of Rajah Brooke's territory.

In 1857 the Chinese had an insurrection of their own there, but, although they made it pretty hot for the Government, all the bishop's cattle were found with a notice on them, placed there by the Chinese—" These are the Bishop's "—and they were spared.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts was a hearty supporter of Rajah Brooke and the mission, and in 1861 had presented him with a fine little Clyde-built screw steam-yacht named the *Rainbow*, of about 80 tons register and of good speed, which vessel, armed with some light guns, constituted the Rajah's steam navy.

Piracy on the coasts of Borneo was pretty bad, and some of the pirates' chief resorts were on the Sarabas, Sakarran, and Rajang rivers, a day's

steam or more from Sarawak; and the Soo Loo pirates on their expeditions were bad too.

Soon after the arrival of the *Rainbow* matters again became critical, for the pirates contemplated a massed attack on Sarawak and the Rajah's territory generally, an attack which might have taken place at any time. The sea Dyaks are devils to fight, and they had a large fleet of armed prahus, fast boats, each of which carries about 100 men as fighters, and armed with heavy guns named lehlahs.

So far as our Royal Navy help went, it must be remembered that Sarawak was not an English colony, nor a concession, nor a protectorate at that time; and there was no ship down there then.

We were sent down to that station after the action I shall now relate, and probably as the result of it. In the three years we were down there for suppression of piracy, we had the bishop on board for several cruises, and we had his interpreter, Hadji, who was with him at the action. Consequently it is not from common report, but from the principal actors themselves, that I got the swing of it. The bishop looked on it as a naval man would—as necessary, and therefore as part of the show.

Here was the chance. They got up steam, sent the idlers (the non-military section of the crew) on shore, and were off over the bar.

They knew that six of the largest and fastest prahus were out, containing some 600 men with plenty of guns, that the pirates were desperate fighters, and that they always attacked by boarding if they could. There were but about ten Europeans on board, including the Rajah Mudah, the bishop, and the officers of the *Rainbow*. There were also about 30 men, including Hadji.

They also had in company to the entrance of the river what was the Sarawak navy before the *Rainbow* came, a sailing vessel named the *Jolly Bachelor*, armed with some small 6 pr. brass guns and two swivel guns on taffrail, with about 25 men.

In the *Rainbow* they had protected the poop and bridge and forecastle rails with planks and bedding, and very useful these were found to be in the coming fight.

The midshipman-doctor-bishop had charge of the poop and quarter-deck and after guns and defences, and, as he had some knowledge of steam tactics, used his experience in the chase and ramming that ensued.

The *Rainbow's* proper crew only had a few muskets, their Malay kris, and hand spikes, but some men from the fort at Sarawak had a few rifles, also a 12 pr. gun and one 4 pr., which having been temporarily placed on the main deck had to be fought there. That day they did some firing and startled some of the friendly prahus.

At daylight they started away to search for the Illanun pirates, and saw them off the point that had been indicated. This lot consisted of three prahus of the pirate squadron, full of men who were standing up and propelling the boat towards the shore as hard as they could, casting off all their captives in order to go faster. The *Rainbow* beat to quarters and prepared to attack.

The leading boat, which was going nearly as fast as the steamer, managed to edge into shallow water. Now to get the *Rainbow* on shore would have been her destruction; for that reason the prahu tried to lead her on.

The second prahu was also racing for the shore, and an exciting chase took place to edge her off and destroy her. Both vessels were pounding

each other—one with shot, shell, and rifles, the other with her native guns (lehlahs) and small arms. But the *Rainbow*, watching her opportunity, swung round and caught the prahu right abeam, rammed and destroyed her. After the *Rainbow* had shouted directions to the slaves to hang on to the wreck she put on full steam to chase the third prahu, which was now trying to get to shore too, preferring a land fight and trying to get the *Rainbow* on shore. She nearly did it, they said, and the *Rainbow* was in pretty short water by the time she overtook the enemy and manœuvred to ram ; but here again it was a risky business, for she rammed the prahu too far forward, so that the prahu fell alongside the *Rainbow* ready to board.

Fortunately many of the pirates had been killed or wounded in the action, and all the fight was out of the others, who jumped overboard with their arms and fought when being taken.

At this point the bishop became the doctor, for there was none other. He had to be smart, for the other three prahus had gone to seawards and the chase of them had begun.

After about an hour's run they were sighted alongside each other, but as the *Rainbow* came up they got into columns of divisions line ahead with all their broadsides to bear on the approaching cruiser to rake her. But the *Rainbow*, before she got within range of their guns, by bombarding them and manœuvring, got them head on and separated them, so that she could ram them one after the other. They had to fight, and they put up a good fight and did their best to take the *Rainbow*. They intended to massacre the lot, according to the statements of prisoners.

In the end the *Rainbow* rammed the lot, and the water was full of enemies and friends, for

there were many friendly natives from all along the coast who had been captured in the pirates' forays. The largest prahu was cut clean in two, and had a lot of plunder in specie on board of her, all of which was lost. The *Rainbow* now stopped and picked up nearly 200, mostly friendlies. The prahus were very fine boats, something like the Singapore fast boats, but very much larger, long and low with a high bamboo fighting deck, through which, if you boarded them, the man below would knock up his kris into your feet, as some of our men found later.

The enemy who got on shore were slain by their hereditary enemies.

The *Rainbow's* fire had played havoc with the fighting pirates. She had command of the sea in speed and guns, and right good use she made of it, for she defeated the force which was threatening Sarawak and the Rajah's territories, which had already done some execution unopposed, and which intended to do more.

The bishop was a sportsman ; he had some good sporting rifles, and he used them. Afterwards he wrote to the maker about his double-barrelled Terry's breechloader, referring to its precision. This letter was published.

Why not ! But Exeter Hall of those days and the Little Englanders had, as they thought, a trump card to play, and they played it for all they knew. Such cruelty to the dear native, and inflicted by a bishop !

Not one of the Exeter Hall lot would have taken his skin to market, or gone on the bridge of the *Rainbow* to meet the critical situation. The well-known ferocity and cruelty of the pirates they did not mention. They were quite safe, thousands of miles away.

The bishop's text, according to his action, was

Psalm 144, verse 1: "Blessed be the Lord my strength, which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight"—a text which seems to have been forgotten by the conscientious objectors and that fraternity.

I will be bound that one bishop, who has something to do with London, would have been on that bridge under like conditions, had he been there as Bishop MacDougal was, and, by results, rightly was.

To show how this bad bishop again behaved in time of stress: we were at Kuching, and had a small expedition up the river, where there was trouble. Unfortunately our doctor had just been invalided, so of course the bishop went up with them as a doctor and priest too.

The night they came back I heard a man making a noise. I had heard that peculiar change of voice, in the flagship, so, calling the quartermaster, I went forward, saw what was the matter, went to the medicine chest, made up a mixture which, according to every doctor to whom I have shown it, was enough to kill the patient, took it forward, and saw it taken. Then I went on shore to the captain, who was staying at the Palace, and reported: "Cholera on board; bad—very bad. We had better get to sea at once."

Now, I had not long left the flagship. At Shanghai during the Gordon episode, as related elsewhere, the cholera was brought off in the same way, and we lost 55 men and had 200 men down with it at one time. With Shanghai under our guns for the protection of Gordon we could not leave: all we had to do was to wait. At last, when another vessel came, we sailed, or the sick would mostly have gone down. No sooner were we at sea than the cholera practically stopped.

That is the best action to take—get to sea. If you are dealing with cholera on shore, change

the position. So I knew the advice to give, and lost not a moment in giving it. The new local shore doctor did not attend: but the "wicked" bishop did!

"I will come off and attend until you sail. I won't have these men left!" And off he came with me. We landed one marine, who immediately died. He was not my patient, who duly recovered.

We filled up with coal on the following morning prior to sailing, and when the petty officer, who was tallying, came off we sailed. The bishop was the last man to leave. "I would come with you gladly, but I have these people"—waving his hand shorewards—"to look after." We had 24 miles to go down the river and to jump the bar to get to sea. I was taking the ship down.

The helmsman stood about six feet from me at the tiller.

About an hour after leaving the helmsman dropped and died, and soon after the death of the petty officer, who had tallied the coal, was reported, and we buried both directly we got to sea—two hours after sailing. Sharp work. The bishop had walked about tenderly looking after the patients until he had to leave. No pay, but sheer love and determination to do his duty.

We got to sea and had not another case after.

Following on the pirates' affair, Lord Elgin called at Sarawak on the way to China, and went about making inquiries with reference, I suppose, to the declaration of a protectorate over the Rajah's territory. This was eventually done. One day Lord Elgin saw a man sitting on a wall dressed in a China rig, a Malay palm leaf hat on, and smoking a pipe. Questioned as to the Rajah, the Government, the bishop, the mission, the natives, etc., he seemed to be a person well able to enlighten his lordship, but rather reticent withal.

Lord Elgin said : " I am Lord Elgin."

" Well, I am the Bishop," was the rejoinder.

The bishop rather enjoyed a yarn and could tell a good one. One was :—

There was a clerical meeting in England somewhere, resulting in a big dinner after. Brains a side dish !

Dinner in room one side of a quadrangle, the kitchen opposite side.

The waiters did not seem to think they were properly treated. So one took the *entrée* side dish to the door and shouted across to the kitchen : " More brains for the clargy ! "

We were concentrating vessels at one of the entrances of Sarawak river, the ships coming down from China, for a big splash against the pirates. One of these vessels got to the Santubong entrance, and could see no one but a Chinaman, in a canoe, fishing.

The cruiser steamed up to him and hailed : " Are you the pilot ? "

" No, I am the Bishop, and unless you put your helm hard a-port and go full speed astern you will be on shore in a minute ! "

In 1865, after leaving Sarawak for the last time, I did not see the bishop again until nearly twenty years after, when in 1884, having walked over to Chichester from Portsmouth, and going up South Street, I saw the well-known form in front of me. There had been a choral service at the cathedral, and all the clergy were making for the official lunch. The bishop knew me at once, although I doubt if he had ever before seen me out of uniform. Just the old manner—" I must come to lunch." But I had no wedding garment nor a ticket.

" Here, take my ticket ; they will let me in anyway," was the bishop's way of putting it. He would not go to the upper chamber, but would

take his seat in what was practically the lowest place, "for," said he, "I know what all these people have to talk about, but I want to have a yarn with you, and all that happened after the *Leven* left."

He was only half through his lunch when a deputation came and carried him off to the upper chamber against his protest, but not before he had made me an honorary member of his official residence in the Close at Winchester, where he was canon.

Often, in succeeding years, when I was stationed at Portsmouth, I walked over the hills, 25 miles as the crow flies, to Winchester, went to the evening service at the cathedral and to dinner with the bishop afterwards, and back to the ship by the last train. One could not meet him without learning something good. He was no courtier, did not mix himself up with parties, but was a fair fighter and a hard hitter if occasion required.

He might have had one of the best livings in the diocese, but in a spirit of self-abnegation he considered the appointment of a younger man more advisable.

The Executioner.

Hadji, one of the men that was present at the great naval destruction of the pirates, and who was often with us as interpreter, was the son of the public executioner.

Executions of men condemned to death in Rajah Brooke's territory in the 'sixties were performed with the kris, or kreese, a long, wavy-shaped knife, sharp on both edges.

The victim sits down, and the executioner, with his finger over the sharp point of the kris, places it on the soft spot just behind the left clavicle, and so awaits orders. The officer

conducting the execution drops his handkerchief, when the executioner, removing his finger from the point of the kris and grasping the handle, presses the weapon straight down to the heart, which means instantaneous death.

Among the yarns Hadji told me was that he was once nominated to take the place of his father and did so. The signal was given and the weapon driven home, but the culprit did not die. In fact, as Hadji said, he struggled and kicked about, which as a rule the victims never do.

Then, said Hadji, someone suggested that he had put the kris in on the wrong side, and he had. As quickly as possible he did the right thing by withdrawing it and operating on the left side.

This peculiar method of execution obtains there and nowhere else, so far as my travelling experience goes.

The *Alabama*.

When cruising in the Straits of Sunda and Malacca we had a good deal to do with the s.s. *Alabama*, a Confederate cruiser, which ship got away from England in July, 1862, in the American Civil War. At that time the China trade of the world passed through the Sunda or Malacca Straits. The American merchant navy was large and enterprising, with very fine ships.

When it was known that the *Alabama* was out in those parts, Shanghai and the China ports were full of American vessels, and Singapore was thick with them. The *Alabama* used to come there and remain a short time. I went on board her on duty. Everyone was civil enough. As for chronometers, there is a saying "Did you ever see a waggon-load of monkeys?" I never saw such a lot of chronometers. Except provisions and coal, chronometers were all that Captain

Semmes took from his prizes. He stacked them up on the transoms (the part of the ship's bottom aft which slopes up to the upper part of the stern), which were full of them on both sides.

We were at Singapore on one occasion when the masters of a whole fleet of American vessels, held up by the *Alabama*, pulled round her one night and gave her a taste of rough music. Captain Semmes's turn came later. As she was in our neutral port we had to keep order, and also to see that she made no captures in those waters within the three-mile limit. But as they wanted to get away, the American ships used these waters in sight of the *Alabama*. Consequently it was necessary for us, as far as we could, to keep the *Alabama* in sight. I do not recollect that we ever had anything to complain of in the way of his violating international law, so far as the practical cruising went.

We were cruising in Sunda Straits, when some boats pulled off to us from the direction of the east end of Sumatra. We picked up the men and found them to be the crew of the fine American clipper *Crested Wave*. The master, a very decent fellow, messed in the wardroom, and gave an account of the capture of his ship. After a long sailing passage out from America bound for China, on approaching Sunda Straits he sighted a steamer ahead with the American flag up, which, as he said, he was glad to see. The steamer signalled him to come on board, where, on arriving, he was courteously received by Captain Semmes. So soon as his papers had been examined, Captain Semmes explained what the *Alabama* was, and said: "Now, Captain, have you any small private gear on board that you would like to save? If so, you can do so, but I am going to burn your vessel after half an hour." And he did. Captain Semmes allowed them to take their private gear, and as

many boats, sufficiently victualled, as would enable the crew to take them to the nearest land, in this case the island of Sumatra. The east end of Sumatra is not its best part, but the inhabitants were civil enough to any Europeans—except the Dutch. Of course, it was a surprise packet for the American captain, for he had never heard of the *Alabama* or her kindred ships.

This is just one case, and we had enough of them, and mostly landed the crews at Singapore. At any rate, while she was out there she kept us awake. The deuce of it was that you never knew where she was until she came in sight. There were no submarine cables in those days out in that direction.

The *Alabama* was sunk in action in the English Channel in June, 1864.

Spirits about.

Taking it all round, we had a fairly lively time when on the north-west coast of Borneo, but in waiting times found Victoria Harbour, Labuan, pretty slow. As already related, I had been specially promoted and put in this vessel as C.O., or next in command to the officer commanding. Rather suddenly a good deal of riotous drunkenness broke out, which necessarily led to much discomfort and unpleasantness, especially to the mass of the ship's company, who were excellent fellows.

Amongst the four commissioned officers there was one who was a spiritualist, and who was superstitious to a degree.

We were smoking after dinner one night, when this officer returned from leave on shore. He was always quite a temperate man. After the usual greetings and chaff, in which he hardly joined, he said :

"It is a terrible night!" (It was in fact so dark that you could not see a person close to you.)

"There are spirits about. I heard their voices on the water as I came off."

"The devil you did!" said I; and gave the order to muster by open list.

This was soon done, for we only had about 60 men. The order was then given to pipe down, *i.e.*, go to bed.

I knew now who were in the ship and who were absent. So, placing the officers and men to watch, we waited until midnight.

Our bowsprit, in order to fight the 10 in. gun forward, was made to run in, and the bobstay shackle was only about three inches above the water. If you stood on that and extended your arm upwards you could just reach the hand of a man reaching towards you from the 10 in. gun port. It was so dark that nothing could be seen, not even the canoe they were coming off in. But the phosphorescence of the water about the moving paddle gave them away, although there was no sound. They made for the bobstay and duly arrived. Now I had my suspicions.

I was over the gun port, when a voice came up out of the darkness: "Is it all right?" and a whisper alongside me directed over the bows answered: "Look out!"

I happened to be higher than this "acting ship's police," and I jumped on him, put him on his back and under arrest, and was up in the old position at once. A voice from the darkness said: "What is the matter?" To which the answer was: "Fell down. All right!"

Then I extended my arm down towards the voice and encountered a hand holding a bottle of square gin, which I took and passed in, and so on, until 15 (a caseful) were complete.

Then I said in a whisper: "Is that all!" To which the answer was: "Yes."

Then in my own voice I said : " Then you had better come on board. Names are known ! "

Some pungent remarks were made and off they went up the lagoon. But we were after them at once, and we could see by the flash of the paddle where they were. Physically they were fine men, and they made that canoe go, but we gained on them. We could steer, but they had not the native touch of steering by use of the paddle ; so that they had to lighten ship, and they flung the Chinaman overboard. We went by him with a rush ; we could hear him, but could not see him, so he had to take his chance.

Finally we overtook them, but as I made a dive to get hold of the canoe, they all jumped overboard and swam in opposite directions, against orders to come on board.

" Well," said I, " You have given us a pull ; now you will have to swim. Call if you want help. Boat is going on board. Men cannot be kept up *all* night."

So we returned in the dark, keeping in touch with them, although they could not see us. We picked up the Chinaman. They could not land as the shore was all mango swamp and thick mud and bad water. They finally got back pretty well played out, and with the feeling that the evening's amusement would scarcely bear the morning's reflection.

It was a pretty bad case, but fortunately the commodore soon called and dealt with it, and with the acting police, who had screened them all through. Never had any trouble after.

I was Governor of one of His Majesty's naval prisons for four years, and found that some 95 per cent. of the prisoners' crimes arose from the same cause.

The " spirits " did some good this time, anyhow !

The Surgeon's Fee.

Among the islands and on the north-west coast of Borneo we often came across some hopeless cripples. They had become crippled because they had no idea of putting back an arm or leg out of joint.

One day a chief's son came off with a smart little boy, who had fallen from the top of a cocoa-nut tree and put his arm out at the shoulder. Our doctor told the chief through the interpreter that he would put it right.

Placing the youngster sitting on deck with his back to the hatchway, the doctor put his left hand on the boy's shoulder, grasped the boy's right wrist, gave it a twist, and the bone went into its socket with a snap. After being so long out, it must have caused great pain, for the poor little fellow fainted right off. However, he was all right the next day. The chief was delighted, and brought off three eggs to show it, one of which was bad!

The people were poor enough, anyhow; and Nature is not so profuse with her edible gifts out there as, for instance, in the South Sea Islands.

The Bombay Shoal.

We were lying in Victoria Harbour, Labuan, when the signalman reported something at sea that was moving, but he could not make out what.

The effect of mirage in those seas is wonderful. The illusion is not steady, even though the object be fixed, the apparent movement being generally up and down. The object was one of our despatch vessels, the *Ringdove*, from Hong Kong bound home, calling at Labuan. She was coming down the China Sea too far over from the eastern channel, and ran on the "Bombay shoal," quite a small

shoal with deep water all round it, as is generally the case in the China Sea.

At the change of the monsoon the weather is not good generally, and so she had found.

However, they did all they could to get her off, pitching guns and heavy stores overboard, but to no effect. There were hardly enough boats to carry all the crew, so they made a raft and abandoned the vessel. Now they were many miles from the coast of Borneo, although if it had been fine they could have seen it ; or at all events they could have seen Kini Balu, a fine mountain in Borneo, 13,700 feet high, which I have seen when over 90 miles distant. They were still in sight of the vessel, when someone expressed the opinion that the wreck was not now heading the same way as when they had left her. And, sure enough, he was right, for the vessel had floated off by herself. No doubt her shifting was due to a sudden abnormal tidal wave, which fortunately for them happened at that moment. So they got on board again, triced up all the spars, raft and gear round her sides, and in course of time arrived at Labuan, looking more like a haystack, and a badly-built haystack at that, than a ship. We were ordered to go up to try and recover her guns, and soon rigged up some derricks to lift them if we could get at them. So off we went, and by the time we got there, we had burnt a good deal of our coal. We got hold of the reef all right, but the weather was too bad to do anything. So we put her under sail, thus saving coal, to hug the position as much as we could. Now the shoal is many miles from the land. There were no lights, and nothing was to be seen. And that night—blow, rain, lightning, sea! The atmosphere was so highly charged with electricity that the copper vane staves—strong copper rods about two feet long—were distinctly

visible, the electric fluid moving up and down them in the most weird way. It was so dark that you could see nothing except in the vivid flashes of lightning. As stated elsewhere, my predecessor had been shot by a man who was tried by drum-head court-martial, sentenced, and hanged at our yard-arm the next morning. That, of course, was before I joined her. But it occurred to some on board that the weird play of the electric fluid on our vanes looked as if the executed man's spook had something to do with it. Some people are superstitious in that way. It was an awkward night, anyway. In the morning we found that we had been blown away for many miles. The weather was bad, and growing worse, and our coal was getting low; so we had to bear up for Labuan, where we duly arrived with a handful of coal left. We never saw the "Bombay shoal" again, as we were ordered elsewhere. I fancy the guns are there still.

The Skull-Hunters.

At Victoria Harbour, Labuan Island, on the north-west coast of Borneo, there is a fine little cemetery. The colony was formerly a settlement for convicts, who were mostly Chinese from Hong Kong and the Straits Settlements, and who worked in the coal mines. There was also a fleeting population of mainland Malays, who come over to trade or fish.

On the mainland of the island of Borneo the inhabitants are a warlike race, the Sea Dyaks on the coast being given to piracy. One of their customs is that before a man can marry he has to possess a number of human skulls. If times are peaceful in his country he is up against a

difficulty, and goes abroad for his qualification, which he obtains by digging up any grave he knows of and so securing the skull.

In the cemetery there was not one skull left. The houses in Labuan are built on piles to allow plenty of air to pass beneath them. About that time the wife of one of the Government officers died, and to prevent the desecration of her grave, the officer buried her under his house and placed a peon (policeman) on guard. He kept the policeman for about a year, then removed him, with the result that the grave was almost immediately desecrated.

My ship happened to be there when one of our passing cruisers arrived. She had lost a petty officer by drowning, and he was to be buried in the cemetery. As we were the ship on the station *we* had something to do with that ceremony. On these occasions there were always a lot of fisher-folk and passing population looking on. At the military funeral this is what they saw: The usual escort and firing party and two gun carriages. The first was pulled up alongside the grave and the Jack removed. Then the bearers closed up and lifted a 10 in. Moorsom shell and very carefully lowered it into a hole made for its reception at the bottom of the grave. Then the coffin containing the body was carefully placed in the grave on the top of the shell, and wires from the fuse were secured in various positions round the coffin.

The natives could not understand the thing at all. They were rather disappointed, too, as they had expected two bodies and the run of two skulls. Nothing was said, and no warning given. But we had some Chinese stokers and carpenters on board, and they knew from their experience gained in our little anti-piracy expeditions what

the bottom dropping out of a 10 in. shell meant, and doubtless they let the natives know.

Anyway, we were down there, on and off, for another two years, but they never touched a grave again in our time.

ALLIGATORS.

On the Sarawak river and even opposite the capital, Kutchin, alligators appeared at times, and in the swampy creeks of the river they abounded. The native canoe used on the rivers is long, very low, and quite shallow, and the native using the paddle sits or squats on the extreme end. The favourite method of attack practised by an alligator was suddenly to rise, to fling his tail out of the water, to sweep off the native from the stern and to turn and gobble him, or her, up. They were mostly women and children who were caught thus. It happened several times while we were down in those parts, and gave rise to a common wish and determination to go for the alligators. The natives prepared a piece of hard wood in the shape of a " tip-cat," as used by boys at home, about 18 inches long, sharp at the ends, the centre scored to receive the rope, which was secured there. The bight of the rope was brought down to one of the points and lightly secured there by a yarn-stop. The whole, point first, was then thrust into a dead pig or a dead dog, which was dropped in the centre of the river. Very early the next morning an expert would gently underrun the rope to see if the bait had taken. If it had, he roused the people by blowing a conch-shell trumpet. The populace, delighted to have a shot at their common enemy, flocked to the place where the end of the rope was secured.

As most of the houses are built on piles with water all round them, many children were caught by alligators, so that most families were interested in the affair.

In answer to the call the natives flocked to the rope and manned it ready for the pull. I am not quite sure but that there was a religious ceremony connected with the operation. At all events, the headman carrying on made a sort of oration, at the end of which the crowd, with a yell, ran away with the rope. When the strain came on, the light stop at the end of the wood carried away, and the wood then lay athwartships, or across, the alligator's throat; and the more the natives pulled the more the sharp end of the wood entered the flesh at both points and made its ejection by the alligator impossible, and they had him amidst great rejoicings.

That was the custom of the country. I never saw it anywhere else, although I have been in many places where alligators abounded.

The captain had a little dog which as a pup he had picked up somewhere, and, so far as I know, was of no breed at all. But the captain, who was reticent to a degree, simply loved that dog, who was named Scamp.

We were then searching the islands to discover the haunts of the pirates on the north-west coast of Borneo.

The captain and I, with the dog, landed on Sirhassen Island, and made for its highest point, having to pass along a forest path through some swampy ground to get there. Scamp was running just ahead, I followed, then came the skipper. We came to slightly higher ground on the edge of a swampy rivulet, in which appeared to be smooth rocks which would serve for stepping-stones. Lively little Scamp jumped down on the first stone,

stopped dead, and became a cast-iron dog in respect of stiffness and silence.

He appeared to be absolutely powerless to do anything. In fact, he had jumped on the back of the largest alligator that I had ever seen, and before the alligator, buried in the mud, made a move Scamp had realised his awkward position.

If he could not make up his mind what to do, the alligator could, for he was up out of the mud so quickly that he sent Scamp flying, and into the mango-covered ground the alligator went. We could hear him breaking the small trees as he went away, could tell that he was circling round and would presently come to about the same place. As we had no guns with us, we did not await his arrival. We got back all right, but I do not think that Scamp ever got properly over the scare; or perhaps his little conscience pricked him because he had not warned us of the danger; for if there had been a native or a buffalo concealed, he would surely have barked. And soon afterwards Scamp died, an event which greatly affected the captain. He was so very much alone, and now his only companion had gone.

The carpenter made a handsome little coffin, and we lined it. I put a bit of chain in it to keep it down, and we buried Scamp at sea off Barram Point. As I put Scamp over the side I could not help seeing the tears on the captain's face as he turned away. And we all felt for him, because we understood his emotion.

Twenty years after I met the captain again, when he was in command of a big ship. We fought the old Borneo cruising over again, but the tender point was Scamp.

One day some Sea Dyaks came off from the coast, and among other things they had a young alligator about five feet long. Our doctor was a great

taxidermist, and wanted to get this subject, and got it. The Chinese stewards and servants were mustered to deal with the patient. To say that the beast was lively is to put it very mildly. The companion way to the wardroom and captain's cabin was just big enough for one to go down or up, with an almost upright ladder. Under the doctor's directions the six Chinamen set to work to get the alligator down into the wardroom, where the doctor proposed to operate. They were laughing at the job, but they did not laugh long.

They did not know which end to put down first, for with a lash with its tail the alligator sent them all flying, snapping at the other end, and using his fins all he knew. In the end he had to be dashed up before they could get him down at all, but not until they had all received a lash of his tail drawn smartly across their heads and faces, to say nothing of scratches. However, he was at last on the wardroom table, which was so small that he overlapped at both ends. We had a fine military medicine chest on board, full of poisons. The doctor came to the conclusion that, in the circumstances, a drop of poison in the beast's eye would do it.

But by this time our friend had rested a bit, and had made up his mind to have a strike out for daylight, and he swept his tail round, first to right, then to left, sending the Chinamen flying, and was off the table and on the floor, right way up, and about over the floor, into cabins, and all over the place to find a way out. The doctor and I, sitting on our respective beds, our legs well up clear of the beast's snaps, duly directed and admonished the Chinamen how to tackle him. But an active alligator, in a place about the size of the dining-table of a decent-sized house, is an awkward customer, and such wounds as he might give, if

only scratches, were difficult to heal. However, by roping him again, they at last succeeded in returning him to the operation table.

Various methods of killing him known to taxidermists were tried, but all failed. Indeed, he seemed to get livelier. Then the poison was with difficulty dropped into his eye, when he just winked, as if he had got a cinder there. In fact they could not kill him.

Finally, the doctor determined to put the beast's brain out of action by driving into it a long sharp, needle sort of instrument that would do the business without injuring the skin. But if movement meant anything the alligator was not much the worse. By this time the place was in a mess, and the doctor was sick of it, and in the end they took the alligator up and chucked him overboard.

Just before we went to sea the next morning the dead alligator came to the surface alongside—drowned. But they were so sick of him that they did not even pick him up.

BUFFALOES.

In those days, if you wanted fresh meat on the north-west coast of Borneo, you had to find it and kill it yourself. Cruising along the coast we were always looking out for wild buffaloes, which at times came in sight. I never could quite understand why, but in a well-wooded country a gentle rising hill would appear covered with grass of a lovely green colour, for all the world looking as if at some time it had been cleared and cultivated. There were many of these hills along the coast, and occasionally they were dotted with buffaloes. Often they would come down to the seashore, when a small party with ship's rifles

landed to stalk them—if they did not stalk us, for they were wild enough. Excellent meat; but the best part was the hump, which weighed anything up to 25 lbs. and was prime. As we generally got more than we could keep, owing to the great heat, we used to boil the meat in brine, which made it excellent and also preserved it.

The first Messageries Imperial Steamer to China.

We were at Singapore when the *Hydaspe*, the pioneer ship of the Messageries Imperial Line, arrived, commanded and officered by French naval officers. After her sailing, we heard that she had been run on the Pan Shoal in the Rhio Straits, and at once proceeded to her assistance. We found her high up on the shoal, with a hole in her bow that I shoved our gig into. The shoal is sandy, with some isolated great boulders on it; she had struck one of these on her starboard bow, and all forward compartments were full. She had watertight bulkheads to but a few feet above the level of her water line; and as she was heeling a bit, it was a job to get her over, as she was not fully loaded, the foremost compartments being nearly empty. There were no appliances for big repairs.

We determined to fill her up with bamboos, of which there were plenty on an adjacent island. These bamboos were the largest I have ever seen before or since. We worked at the job day and night and cut an enormous lot, our Chinese carpenter leading the way in felling and cutting up for stowage. We pretty well filled her up and took other precautions in salving work. She was being kept free of water by keeping the main engines going and so using the bilge injection. She

was all tight aft and stern and was afloat at high water. We had been pretty hard at it, and our working party left her about 6 p.m. to return on board for a rest and some grub, after making arrangements to pull her off at midnight.

The weather was not good, and about ten o'clock we observed some commotion in the *Hydaspe*, and returned on board, to find the engines stopped and the ship going down as the ship's company left her. It was a pity for she was a fine steamer. I thought at the time, and I am sure of it now, that all salvage work should be done with one man at the head, and only one man; and he should be omnipotent.

We got the thanks of the French Government, and the captain received a gold chronometer from them. A Dutch pilot put her there, although the shoal was clearly marked by beacons. I had the chief officer, a good fellow, in my mess for some days.

The Treasure Ship.

In Victoria Harbour, Labuan, there is a lagoon, in which, sunk on the starboard side, is a fine schooner, which you can just sit on at low water. To that schooner attaches a history and, up to my time, a mystery. In Government House, over the mantelpiece, was a fine oil painting, and others were hung in the rooms. All were apparently designed for church decoration.

The Governors of Labuan, succeeding each other rather rapidly, consisted for the most part, of Irish ex-members of Parliament. One of them told me to whom the pictures belonged, and who had left them at Government House. But the owner never returned, nor did they know where he was, although years had passed since he had departed. I gathered from various sources that,

some years before, a man named Quarterman, a Spaniard, had turned up at Labuan and had engaged a native crew for the schooner whose position I have described. There was an air of mystery about the whole thing. No one knew where he came from, or what he was going to do.

In old times, up to a hundred years ago, a very rich trade was carried on by the Spaniards, with Spanish galleons, to convey the specie and merchandise to Europe, mostly sailing from Manila, the capital of the Philippine group. The China Sea, southward to the straits, is full of shoals in the centre, the channels being at the sides east and west. Some time after leaving Labuan the schooner, full of treasure, arrived at Hong Kong. There were no marks on it of any sort by which it could be identified. It was duly placed in British Government custody for a year, subject to claim. Later, the schooner returned to Labuan, was paid off, and in time found her resting-place in the lagoon, apparently as unclaimed as the pictures.

The yarns related on the subject were interesting. It was said that Quarterman had been told by a fisherman who had been driven off the land that he had pulled up on the Fiery Cross Shoal, and while at anchor had quite plainly seen a wonderful old wreck lying on the bottom. She was a vessel with a huge square stern, with windows like an old Spanish galleon.

Acting on this information Quarterman got the schooner in question, fitted her out with all secrecy, and proceeded on his search. He seems to have secured the treasure, but the rub was that he did *not* take the treasure into Manila, which was at that time a Spanish colony, but took it to Hong Kong instead.

Between Victoria Harbour and the north point

of Labuan I always noted a very fine cathedral, built of red bricks, which, having been imported, must have cost a large sum. As it was Roman Catholic, it was not used all the years I was down there, nor were there any clergy to staff it. Up the Brunei river, opposite the city of Brunei on the mainland of Borneo on a hill, standing in a commanding position, was another cathedral of the same build and character; nor was this in use either. The pictures I mentioned were for these cathedrals, having been apparently intended for altar pieces. But there was an absolute silence concerning the whole matter. All the governors in my time were Roman Catholics.

I remember one of the governors saying to me as we were looking at the pictures, "I wonder if they will ever be claimed?"

There was the schooner, there were the churches, there were the pictures; and the salvage was certain—from somewhere. These are the facts.

But the yarns to account for the disappearance of the original man were many. It was said that, as he was a Spaniard, he should have taken the treasure to Manila, and it was the nearest port; but that, after arranging about the churches on his way to Hong Kong, he had called in at Manila, where the authorities had held him up. Some said it was the Spanish authorities, some said it was the religious authorities.

I should doubt if it was the latter, for to let a fine lot of buildings stand idle for years is not the way they go about their business.

Anyway, the pictures were there when I left in 1865. I did hear, many years after, from a great friend of mine, one of that faith, since dead, that all was well there now!

Grasshopper and *Leven* in a Typhoon.

On passage up from Borneo to Hong Kong we managed to run against a typhoon, common at that season of year. However, we managed to manœuvre to the right side of it, and so were enabled to run from the storm's path, with the wind some two or three points on the starboard quarter. As we had not too much coal, we were sailing too. The sea was so mountainous that between the following waves we were at times almost becalmed, with consequently reduced speed. But the following seas did not reduce their speed and caught us up, and if they should happen to break, they would strike a pretty hard blow. However, we were doing all we could by steam and sail. I was standing aft, at the standard compass, conning the ship, for everything depended on our keeping her from broaching-to and so getting broadside on. We were battened down fore and aft, and the watch on deck and all of us were lashed so that we should not be washed overboard.

We got into one of those calms between the high seas, and the following wave broke at our stern and " pooped us "—an old sea expression meaning that the sea had broken all over the poop, a most dangerous thing—and in came the big 10 in. gun ports and everything else from aft ; then the boats and all the side ports were burst outwards, for the ship was under water up to the very top of the bulwarks. As the water rolled forward it cleared nearly everything away, and, finally getting forward, burst out the 10 in. gun ports and went over the bows and away, leaving us a wreck, but tight still. No one was lost overboard, and no one, I think, was injured. Pooped like that, had she been a strong ship, a steel ship, unless she had very large clearing ports to free her of deck water,

she must have gone down. As it was, the ports and bulwarks were so rotten that the sea made the freeing ports. Had she broached-to, she would have gone down sure enough.

It was a near shave, and I have often wondered how the four men at the tiller and relieving tackle, and myself, escaped from being hurt by the stern ports and all the wreckage as it rushed by us on its way forward. I had the ropes around the mizzen-mast close to standard compass, to hold on to. We lost no guns, though, had the wind been abeam, all the bulwarks would have gone and the guns too. However, we ran clear of the typhoon, and went into Hong Kong through the Ly e Moon Pass. The day after we arrived we saw a vessel coming through the Ly e Moon Pass, to find that it was the *Grasshopper* gunboat, a vessel of a class somewhat smaller than the *Leven.* She too was a Crimean war gunboat, and, like the *Leven,* was pretty rotten. Returning from a dashing and successful expedition against Chinese pirates, of whom he had taken several and destroyed others, and rescued vessels taken by pirates, Lieutenant (now Admiral Sir) George Digby Morant was caught in the same typhoon, which clean swept her fore and aft and washed everything overboard—masts, bulwarks, guns, and boats—leaving her with nothing sticking up or out. Good seamanship prevailed, for she was well battened down, the steam pumps were set going to keep her clear of water, and she remained like a chip on the ocean until such a time as the typhoon had gone away to the north-eastward, and the vessel was put under steam to edge in, when she, too, got into Hong Kong. It was spoken of as a pretty smart bit of work at the time, as two large vessels which were near about were never more heard of.

Both the *Leven* and the *Grasshopper* were under repair when I left for home in the *Tamar*. I heard afterwards that the *Leven* was sold to a Chinaman at Hong Kong, and that he made his fortune by running her from Bangkok with rice.

A Training Brig.

After three years in China, I was invalided, and came home in the *Tamar*, Captain H. Sterling. A regiment was coming to the Cape in her too. Plenty of invalids, of whom we buried over 30 on the way home.

When I was a youngster and accustomed to go to church with my father, if we saw Colonel Yonge in front of us, as we turned into the church path, we always knew that we were in time. The colonel had been wounded not long before, and had a decided limp, so that he was easily distinguishable in the distance. He was my hero then, and, as such men always are, most kind and considerate.

The colonel in command of the regiment that came on board at Hong Kong was this same colonel of my youngster days. And the major of the regiment had married, and his wife was on board—a young lady who had been a little girl with whom I used to go to a ladies' school. Later on, when the major was a colonel on the staff of Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar at Portsmouth, I had a lot to do with him officially in the trooping service.

The *Tamar* appeared to have had a coating of some anti-fouling composition before leaving England. Both she and the *Orontes* were fine, powerful vessels, but there was no dock out there to take them, although the bottom of the *Tamar* was covered with weeds a yard long. We could not get

her along at more than four or five knots. On calling at Singapore they had to have something done. Hogging was found to be of no use, so they engaged Malays to scrape her. Divers and diving dresses in those days were scarcely seen outside England. Now a Malay dives and remains at work under water for a considerable time. The Malays scraped her salient parts, and if we had remained long enough they would have made a decent job of it, as I found out later by experience when I was in Torres Straits. In that great pearl-shell fishing centre, up to 1876 or so, the Malays did all the diving for pearl-shells, which is now done in diving suits.

Although an invalid, I volunteered to keep watch on the passage home, and did so. I suppose that we gained about three knots an hour by our scraping at Singapore. We duly landed the regiment at East London and Durban. At East London the troops were battened down in a lighter, which was hauled over the bar on a chain anchored outside and inside the bar, with a tremendous sea breaking over the lighter as she was being hauled over the bar and through the heavy breakers.

After calling at Mauritius, the Cape, St. Helena, and Ascension, we arrived home after about a four months' passage.

On my arrival home I was appointed to the *Victory* for the Royal Naval College. The gun-room was a pandemonium. Many of the members were wasters who were of no credit to the Service, and many of whom never went on in it.

I was one of the senior members of the mess. Had I not been in China I should have passed college about three years before. Now, I always took all my fences as soon as I got to them; no delay, no putting off, but get through exams.

as soon as the Service will let you. So at Portsmouth I lived on shore at a private tutor's, and so ran through all my exams. without delay.

One morning on going on board I found that, after I had gone on shore the day before, about 60 naval cadets had joined, and the gunroom officers had slit the noses of them all that evening! That was the sort of thing that went on in those days. I was regularly on leave, and was only a supernumerary officer. There was a great to-do about the business, and rightly. I had nothing to do with it and no power to stop it.

I applied to live on shore, of course at my own expense, for peace and quietness' and work's sake, and my application was approved by the Commander-in-Chief. About this time the authorities had a clear out of the gunroom.

Immediately after passing all my exams. I applied for service, and was at once appointed to the *Ganges* at Falmouth for service in her training brig, *Liberty*, a post which was just what I wanted, and which I retained until promoted.

Opinions vary, but I think that every youngster should have a short term in a sailing brig. To be sure, you have engines now, but occasionally they break down, and sometimes in out-of-the-way places. You have wireless to help you, but on a lee shore you may have to act quickly. So far as seamanship goes, there is nothing like a brig to teach you. It makes you, willy-nilly, study the weather and the tides. You have to get there, and you have to get back, so that you are always on the look-out, and if you have to go aloft at times *you* see to it that *you* are always fit to be so sent at any minute. And for nerve training it is the thing, and for plotting your day's programme teaches a lesson never forgotten. In fact, when we weighed in the morning to sail out to cruise,

we had all the data in mind ready for instant use and at our finger's ends. There were no chart-houses in those days and few bridges. Our bridge was the forecastle head. Helm signals by hand—not a word except necessary orders for working ship. On our wheel was inscribed in great brass letters the word SILENCE, and as we had 100 boys to train it was necessary. Curiously enough, when we were fitting out the *Euryalus* to go to China in 1862 we youngsters were sent to see the *Liberty* rigged. She was a new brig then.

The dockyard people braced the yards a-box, and so laid her up. When we commissioned her for the first time, we found that the foretop was braced upon the port tack, and the maintop on the starboard tack, and we never got the twist out. Except for not looking square it did not much matter. Once a year we had a roving commission for a fortnight or so to go where we liked, which was generally to eastward up Channel. We happened to be at Southampton when we were suddenly recalled. It was blowing fresh from the south-westward. We beat her down Southampton Water in 36 tacks under foresail, reefed topsails, jib, and boom mainsail. We beat her out through the Needles and down Channel, making use of the tides, or edging in shore out of the flood. So we got back to Falmouth in good time, carrying out orders, although the weather was all against us—a good lesson and good experience for us all. Our Commander-in-Chief was Admiral Martin, who was known as Fly Martin—with all respect. Why so styled I do not know, but he made us fly.

We regularly got orders to cruise to westward of the Scilly Islands for a week, and not to anchor except to save ship; and weather or no weather, we used to stick it. Personally I liked it. The lieutenant in command had occasion at times to

land at St. Mary's, Scilly, and on those occasions I took the brig to sea, returning to pick him up in the evening. Now the Scilly Islands navigation is not to be played with, even in fine weather, for the tides are irregular and very strong. However, he knew that we could do anything we liked with the brig. On one occasion we were well to the westward, cruising under double-reefed topsails, for it was blowing fresh, when we ran up to a French fleet. We cleared for action and saluted their flag with 21 guns. At that time ships did not carry light guns for defence against torpedo-boats, so that the French had to return the salute with heavy guns, which I doubt if they liked. But it was good drill for the boys.

We had 700 of them in the *Ganges* to put through the brig, and it required the closest attention and the smartest work to do it. The boys used to jump to get to the brig, and a boy who had been through the training was a "toft." Remember, this was in the very early days of such training, when everything had to be thought and fought out, and was the example for all that followed. We used to teach the boys fishing, the use of the seine, and improvised lessons in boat cruising, teaching them, for instance, when landing, say, on a desert island, where to look for water, or where is the likeliest place to get it by digging.

At and around Falmouth were plenty of oyster-beds. In those days you were allowed to land on them with oyster-knife, open and eat as many as you liked, but—except when outside of them—to take none away. Lord Falmouth used to place some shooting at our officers' disposal, and there was some trout fishing given too. His lordship had to send a note on one occasion saying that he was always glad to give the officers some shooting, but he trusted that for the future they would leave

his cygnets alone. What had happened was that one of the doctors had gone up the river, seen a lot of wild-fowl, and eased off at them.

There were two brigs at Plymouth and two at Portsmouth, and once a year we had a regatta, at which the *Liberty* usually came to the front. But it was not all beer and skittles. At that time the inspecting captain was—well, not liked. It was not that his visits were disliked, but the methods he employed. At night, getting up the river on the ebb tide, his galley would drop down alongside with tide, and he would board by jumping on the gangway. It was not as if he pulled up alongside. However, there was one of the brigs which was always in it, and which had been boarded as described. On a very dark night the boarder came again, clutched for the man rope, caught it, and rang the ship's bell suspended at the end of it. Then there was friction, and reasons to be given in writing. In effect the answer was that it was the duty of the captain of the brig to prevent anyone from coming on board the ship without informing the quarter-master; that it had been proved that visits of an irregular character could be made (as on the night of so-and-so, when the officer had come before); and that therefore the captain had taken the extra precaution of placing the bell there in order to be promptly informed, so as to be able to meet any contingency, etc: with all respect, etc.

The correspondence all went to the Commander-in-Chief, who settled the matter. But there were no more visits conducted in that manner. Boys are very close observers, and if their captain is brought down in their estimation, a very valuable asset in training is lost.

At that time Falmouth was a port of call for orders for the corn ships bound for European

ports. It was quite common to see a hundred sail of these ships one day, and on the next they had all left. They used to come in in fleets due, probably, by reason of slants of wind. A fine lot of pilots belonged to the port, and their numerous cutters were fine vessels. They had to be, to meet the weather experienced as they met incoming vessels off the Lizard. And the Trinity House pilots were a close corporation, pilotage, rightly as I thought and think, being compulsory. I was a Trinity House pilot too, after the stiffest examination that ever I passed. So that there was a fellow-feeling between them and myself. The tug-steamer lot of them used to keep a pretty close watch on us too in calm weather, especially on Fridays, when we were due in, to see if any servant was up on the " taboo spot "—the stern gratings—making the motion that indicated that there was a bottle of rum or a prick of tobacco about. If they *did* see it, it was not long before one of them was under the bows, a line dropped, and we got a pluck up to windward or out of the tide. For we were not allowed to pay for tugs at Government expense. However, the brig never got on shore in my time—more by good luck than good management, may be. But she was a very handy vessel.

A clergyman friend of mine, whose son was a sub-lieutenant in the Service, wrote to me saying that his son was appointed to a brig, and asking me if I would give his son a tip.

" Surely I will," I replied. " Send him over."

He came. I am not sure but that he expected a long disquisition on the subject.

He asked " What am I to do ? "

To which my answer was : " Keep your hair on. And keep your boom mainsail up. Then you can do anything you like with her."

You can drop the peak, trice up the tack and

scandalise your boom mainsail, but don't get him down, because you won't get him up again, and will have lost command. By keeping your hair on I meant make up your mind what to do and do it—don't fuss and don't wobble. The man who wobbles, whether afloat or on shore, when in charge of lives or public duties involving the same, should be taken on to a common and poleaxed.

After two years of the brig I was promoted. It was submitted that I should be reappointed, as we had done pretty well in the brig. The reply was the appointment of an officer who had never been in a brig or a training service.

I left the brig at Plymouth, and he took charge and temporary command. The brig had been in for her yearly overhaul, so that there were no boys on board, and the seamen crew was very small for so heavy a vessel. As he later told me, he was ordered to take the brig to Falmouth. He left Plymouth Sound, and by the time he got off Falmouth it was blowing a strong south-easterly gale. As he said, he opened up the harbour and saw nothing but ships, the harbour crowded with them riding bows under, and, as he expressed it, "he could not see a hole to get into." Said he: "I had taken all the sail off her and still I could not stop her, so I determined to look for the biggest ship and go for her. This I did, putting my port cat-head to his port cat-head, running along port side to port side, clearing away everything, boats, etc., on both ships. By the time I had got to his stern we were pretty well stopped, so I let go both anchors and rode it out."

He might have done worse, for Falmouth roads and harbour in a south-easterly gale are open to a heavy sea and the full force of the wind.

I went on half-pay for the usual time in those days until I was appointed to the *Gladiator*.

Chapter IV

H.M.S. *GLADIATOR*

In the late 'sixties appointments were scarce and hard to get. Many hundreds of officers were on half-pay for twenty months to two years at a time, and captains for years. One day I was going to Gloucester from Portsmouth, of course travelling third class, because there was no fourth. In front of me sat a very nice old fellow, who had, as was the custom in those days, two enormous carpet bags, one of which was quite enough, if not too much, for him to carry. We talked on various matters on the way up. He said he had to catch the Great Western train at Bristol. The Bristol and Exeter at the time were at cross-purposes with the Great Western, and the Great Western started their train immediately the Bristol and Exeter train arrived. "So," said he, "unless I can get a porter I shall be done."

When we arrived there was no porter to be had. So I caught hold of one of his bags, slung it over my shoulder, and together we got to the other station. He jumped in, and I shoved his bag in after him just in time. But although the time was so short, it was long enough for him to thrust his card into my hand and murmur "If ever you want anything, write to me."

I thought no more of it, but some time after, wearying for employment, I came across his card and wrote to him. By return of post I received

a letter from him saying that he had at once written to her gracious Majesty's private secretary, etc., etc.; and two days afterwards I was appointed to a paddle frigate—when, as a first ship after promotion, I could only expect a small craft. My friend happened to mention his love of flowers, ferns, etc.; and, later, when in the paddle frigate in question, H.M.S. *Gladiator*, on the south-east coast of America Station, I was 60 miles up country, where the most valuable ferns and orchids came from. Under the direction of Dr. Gunning, who was a collector, I got together a fine collection and sent them to my Court friend as a *recuerdo*, much to his delight.

Well, I have been kicking about this world for fifty years or more, and have never been where a civil tongue would not take me—yet. And, personally, I think that the pleasure was mine. And we shall all want help some day!

A Brazilian Estancia.

When serving in the *Gladiator*, the senior officer's ship on the south coast of America, I enjoyed the hospitality of Dr. Gunning, in common with many other naval officers on this station. He was a well-known and highly respected man in Brazil in general, and in Rio de Janeiro in particular, living in a lovely estancia about 60 miles up the railway from Rio.

I stayed with Dr. Gunning on this estancia for a month—comfort itself and a most interesting time. Being so far inland, and well up on the higher plateau, it was tolerably cool for Brazil.

At that time slavery was practically universal in Brazil.

Dr. Gunning was the kindest of masters to his slaves, but as I used to go about among them

all over the place, it struck me that there was a good deal of eye-service, for, except when he was about, they seemed to do but little, and even then did not seem to appreciate that their position was better than that of the slaves of the surrounding estancias, where the work was hard and the treatment, by all accounts, pretty harsh.

For the most part Dr. Gunning's estancia was cultivated for coffee, sugar, and alfalfa, the latter a fine sort of clover which, cut green, seems to command an excellent market, for it is all the horses and cattle get. The senior naval officer, Captain Bedingfeld, was an expert conchologist by sea and by land, and as I was also interested in conchology, he often took me on his cruises. The land shells of Brazil are simply wonderful. The captain would be walking along a road, when all at once he would make a bee line for a hedge, thrust his arm into it, and bring out a monster snail weighing about a pound. Of course, there were many sorts, some of which were quite small, but, taking it all round, the land shells when empty are singularly light. At sea we always had nets out by day, and the microscope under way, and the subject painted before it lost any of its colours.

One of the youngsters on my staff painted beautifully, and the way he delineated these objects was simply wonderful, and fairly won the senior officer's heart.

In the early morning at Dr. Gunning's estancia it was very beautiful to see Nature at its best. The heat had not, so to speak, taken it out of the verdure; and the birds—most beautiful birds, with such plumage as one seldom sees. In Japan one sees some good plumage too, but Brazil, so far as I know, could easily take first place. The humming-bird had its wings going full speed, one

being reversed, I suppose, for they poise opposite a flower as if they were pecking the insects off it, fluttering all the time, but almost stationary, with occasionally infinitesimal drives ahead. At that time, to capture them the natives shot them with fine sand or water. There was always a great demand for the humming-bird for the feather-flower trade, feather flowers at that time being in fashion. But I am afraid that both the fashion and the birds have gone, for there were no laws for the protection of the birds.

There was plenty of sport, if one cared to look for it, but, so far as my experience goes, the birds of the finest plumage do not give the best sport, nor are they so good for the kitchen as those of simpler colours. But the English pheasant seems an exception. As for the fruits, they are too many to mention or describe. In the early morning one wandered forth to pick an orange, green as it ought to be, with the dew on it. To cut your pine-apple, fetch out your knife, cut the top off, get out of your pocket a silver, or even a plated, spoon and dig out the inside of the pine in chunks, running the spoon round inside to get all the juice. *That* is the way to eat a pine, for the spoon will not touch the little black points which are never nice. Or a No. 1 mango would make you appreciate life—at the moment, anyhow.

Soon after I left Brazil Dr. Gunning elaborated a scheme for all his slaves to have the power to work out their own freedom. First, by their market value being ascertained; then the net value of their daily services; with proper allowances for daily depreciation of value, to apply at the final settlement.

So far as the slaves' position went, it vastly improved it, and as a whole it was very liberally worked out. The scheme naturally gave rise to

much adverse criticism from the slave-owners, dealers, etc., which was to be expected. But the slaves themselves, Dr. Gunning's slaves, what did they think of it ?

They shot him soon afterwards, but fortunately they did not kill him.

No doubt Dr. Gunning's action had a great effect upon the Emperor and Government of Brazil in hastening the decision of September, 1871, gradually to abolish slavery, thereby anticipating Dr. Gunning's scheme for "automatic freedom by their own purchase," which he had started.

And what was the effect on the coloured race so emancipated ? It is common knowledge that the Brazilian freed man, especially now that Brazil is republican, is—well, not the sort of man that you would care to have anything to do with unless you were obliged to. The krooman on the West Coast of Africa is a gentleman, not in the least obsequious, but civil and polite ; but the Brazilian freed man is neither. You can take his measure when he is coming off to coal the mail steamers. The deposition of the late emperor, Dom Pedro II., by the bloodless revolution in 1889, and the influence the mass of the people had in producing that result, should be considered.

Since I have served for years both on the Brazilian south-east coast and on the Chilian coast in the Pacific, it may be that my notes will help to an understanding of their climatic conditions. Few people seem to understand the very great difference in climate between, say, Rio de Janeiro and Valparaiso, and the reason for such difference. The influence of warm currents we experience in England all day and every day, particularly in winter, yet thousands would be quite unable to tell you all about the Gulf Stream.

The reason as to difference of temperature and climate between the south-east coast to La Plata and the west coast of South America is simple enough. The equatorial current, a hot current, running along the west coast of Africa, turns to westward, roughly along the equatorial parallel. Arriving over on the south-east coast it strikes Cape St. Roque—the north-east point—and there splits, one portion running right down the south-east coast to Rio de la Plata, a hot, and therefore a more or less steam-producing current. The other half from St. Roque runs along the north coast of Brazil, through the West India Islands into the Gulf of Mexico and out of the Gulf of Florida, and is the Gulf Stream which warms us in England.

On the other hand, on the west coast of South America the current due to the strong westerly winds about, say, the latitude of Cape Horn, coming from the westward, strikes Cape Horn and there splits. One part goes round and past it, the other, a cold current, runs right up the coast to Peru, and makes all the difference. It is not only colder, but the effect is that the current makes the atmosphere drier, and, being both colder and drier, it is more healthy.

Simon's Bay.

Simon's Bay was not much of a lively place anyhow, but Simon's Bay without a club was not a place that would break your heart at leaving. The flagship and the P.M.O. of the naval hospital were leaving when the *Gladiator* arrived on the station in 1869. The senior captain was to remain as senior naval officer in the commodore's absence.

We remained in Simon's Bay for nine months, during which we helped to put the new club on a

proper footing. The senior officer had sanctioned the loan to us of an old Government biscuit store standing in a good position in the main street overlooking the sea. We turned the upper part into an officers' club and the lower part into a canteen for the men. With a good stoep, or verandah, good reading and billiard rooms, and plenty of papers, the place was soon knocked into shape. Later, even meals could be got, and at last a bed or two for benighted Cape Town officers. The guarantees were soon all cancelled, the club being in a thoroughly sound financial position. Both to officers and men the place was conducive to good all round. It was somewhere to go to.

At this time, and long before, the Cape was on the Cape and East Indian Station, which was changed later to the Cape and West Coast of Africa. Under the former arrangement, the officers serving in India and the old East India officers could come to the Cape without its counting for home leave, for they were practically on their station. As a consequence, the pretty outlying districts of Wynberg and Rondebosch were inhabited by these officers and their families, and a very nice set of people they were, in the main. But changing the limits of the station, cutting the East Indies out, upset all that.

I first ran against the effect of the former state of affairs in 1862, when we went to China in the *Euryalus*. One of our doctors, who had been there before, and to China too, and who knew his way about, amused himself while on leave at the Cape by picking up all the dollars and rupees he could get, which at the Cape were relatively of little worth. When we got to China the exchange was anything up to five shillings the dollar, and the rupee about two shillings.

A Chinese Tea Clipper in Trouble.

We were lying in Simon's Bay, and a very strong south-easter was blowing, when it was reported that a large vessel was running for Simon's Bay with call for pilot flying, and that she had only a foremast standing. As she was coming in pretty fast, there was not much time to be lost. The only pilot was an old man, who was mostly lying on his beam ends sick, and for a job like this he was physically incapable. Captain Bedingfeld was senior officer, and on my volunteering for the service he immediately approved.

We had a capital sailing boat fitted with a standing rig for bad weather work. With a volunteer crew we soon got away, and beat out to windward as hard as we could. The master of the vessel brought his ship to the wind, and we got on board all right. But it was not so easy a job as if she had had all her masts, and of sea—well, there was enough. Now we were running before the wind. I had arranged with the senior officer where, if possible, she was to go, which was into a position clear of the man-of-war anchorage, and as near the shore, for convenience of repairing her, as possible. I soon found that it was not possible to stop her while she was running before the wind, and that if anchors were let go no chain would hold her.

Having reduced sail to topsail jib and fore staysail and furled all the rest, I found pretty well what speed she would sail as I hauled her round on a big circular sweep; and, trimming yards, had her up to wind abeam on port tack and heading to windward of where I wanted to drop my weather anchor. She was going five or six knots after I had braced her sharp up. Just before I got my first anchor position abeam I put the helm down and shoved her up in the wind

as far as she would go, all aback. That stopped her, and we let go the first anchor, shortened and furled sails. She had fine anchor gear, and we gradually veered and snubbed her round until she was head to wind, veered away, steering her as she went astern by canting, as necessary, the headyards, to ensure her arriving at position for second anchor. At that spot the second anchor was let go. Cables middled on the spot arranged, so that there was no shifting berth until she finally sailed.

Together with the staff commander of H.M. dockyard I surveyed the vessel. Then came the question as to how she was to be repaired. There was little to be done by private concerns in that way. The master of the vessel was quite a young man, and this was his first ship ; and the accident was due to no fault of his. With the approval of the senior naval officer, Captain Bedingfeld, we volunteered to do all we could to help him. The only mast he had was his iron foremast, and that was so crippled that it had to come out. We floated it on shore for him, where it was repaired. Such work as the outside people could not do was done in the dockyard and paid for. The bother of the thing was that he could get no spars big enough to replace those lost. I think that he paid about £500 for a spar to make his mainmast, but, all told, he got his work done, which was the main thing, and on the whole at a reasonable figure.

While we were at it the *Serapis*, Indian trooper, Captain H. D. Grant, R.N., later Admiral-Superintendent at Devonport, arrived. He approved, and reported all that had been and was being done, for it was a heavy risk for underwriters. When on half-pay he was for many years one of the most distinguished special service officers of the London

Salvage Association, and the recipient of several sets of massive silver plate for services rendered in some noted cases.

We soon had her masts off, got them in, fitted new rigging, crossed his yards, bent his sails, and got him ready for sea. Finally we unmoored him and set his sails, and off he went. And no one ever wrote even to say thank you, for which incivility the master was not responsible. However, it was good exercise for our men, and showed a good sporting feeling.

About a year afterwards, on my arrival home, I was asked if I still adhered to my statement made in the survey that she was unseaworthy when she left England. I replied " Yes." Then litigation began and it went on for three actions and then to arbitration ; and the point that she was unseaworthy was established. It appeared that the master had received instructions from home " to make no admissions." Some humorous situations occurred during the procedures. One day the plaintiff's counsel claimed that the ship's fitting was proper, that many ships were fitted that way, and that there were ships now building in London fitted that way, and further contested what we had done. The judge then ordered the names of these ships to be put down and given to him, and Lieutenant Wonham was called. The judge then ordered me to survey these ships and to report to the court on the following Monday, giving me the court's authority to act. That was on a Saturday afternoon in winter. All I could do that day was to make arrangements.

Now, singularly enough, the *Blackadder* was one of the ships, and she was in London at the time. Pretty early the next morning, Sunday, I was down close to the *Blackadder*, and, looking round the corner, I saw a fierce and fiery-looking

man walking her poop. He was her captain, for the other man had left. I could see what that meant. So, watching when the captain turned to go aft, I was alongside the ship, over her bulwarks, and into the ship's galley before he turned to come forward again. The cook, surprised, was quite civil, and took care of my great-coat and stick. Looking out of the galley door, I saw the captain turn round to go aft, was out of the door, and up the rigging like a lamplighter. I had my sketch-book out, and was at work making a drawing for the court of the way things were done, which was as we had done them at the Cape, when I heard a shout from the deck: "Who is that aloft there?"—now that was meant either for the cook or for me, for there was no crew on board —and finally a peremptory order for me to come down: What right had I to come on board his ship? etc. All this with plenty of embroidery. Continuing my drawing, I felt the rigging shake and knew that someone was coming up. Finally the fiery face was close alongside mine and the storm of language recommenced. I still went on with the drawing. Having finished, I turned and looked at him, and casually said: "It is a very cold morning." I had looked him over, and come to the conclusion that if it came to shaking I could hold on as long as he could. The dismal fate to which he condemned me if I did not go down and off his ship was pretty nearly enough to shake the rigging itself, but left me cold. Having exhausted his vocabulary of expletives, he descended to the deck, with a parting shot that he would be ready for me there. He had to be.

By the time I had got my coat and washed my hands—for the cook was a sensible man and got his tip for it—I was ready for the captain, who finding reproaches useless, had gone off to

the gangway, over which, this time, I intended to go.

Now I had seen him in court at the time the order was made. I began by asking him why he had used the language he had used, and the threats he had employed, provoking a breach of the peace and thus interfering with the duty of an officer of the court, which of course I was for the time being. I put him on the gridirons of the court's order, and read out to him the penal clauses to warm him up. They were clauses which might have made an old inquisitor reproach himself because he had not thought of them.

I left him at that. I may add that I did not report him.

But next day I had to report on another vessel, a new ship with masts just stayed, no rigging, but just a gant-line to go up by, a single rope rove through a single block and a boatswain's chair.

I could see them smiling as they explained " to an old brig " the dangers, difficulties, and inconvenience of going aloft. Even if they had told me the truth it would have been no good. I had to see, and meant to see too.

However, I was taking no risks, so I called an officer of the ship and a dock policeman, and ascertaining the leader of the gang who had the work in hand, had him up too, and called on them to assist an officer of the court or to refuse at their peril. I went up all right, and did all I had to do in a few minutes.

I duly reported to the court next day: " *Blackadder*, condition same as we put it in; other ship, properly fitted and not the same as *Blackadder* was fitted at time of accident. The other ships had sailed."

The point was this, and, as it affects all steel and iron masts, it may be interesting to note.

The hounds of her masts were not properly fixed to the mast. All the rigging—weights and stresses of sail, rolling, etc.—comes on the hounds. These hounds were tap-screwed on, the head knocked off and hammered down like the head of a rivet, while someone was not looking. The tendency of a screw is to work loose. In a sailing ship case, such as this, on one tack all the strain is on the one side; she goes about and all the strain is on the other side—just the thing to work a screw loose. The carpenter reported to the captain that the "rivets" of the hounds were looking out. The captain at once got every bit of chain he had, rove it under the eyes of the rigging over mastheads, and frapped it all in. In a calm she again took to rolling, the chain on main-mast parted in a flash of fire (as per log), down came the hounds, down came the rigging, and over went the main-mast, taking the mizzen-mast with it, a clean sweep. On the fore-mast the hounds came down on chain lashings, which fortunately held, but the rigging was so slack that he had to spar and frap it all in, and so saved his fore-mast.

After over three weeks of trials the matter was settled by arbitration in a very short time; and they were good enough to award me, without my asking, a fee which worked out at a guinea a minute for the time I spent with them on arbitration.

If I have dwelt on this subject, it is because the importance of the proper fixing of the hounds of a mast is as great now as it was then, for now you have heavier guns, boats and strains generally; and if you use hounds, then their security means everything.

There is no man who looks after your duty as you do yourself, or ought to. And in these times you may be called upon for anything.

Sport at the Cape.

In the *Gladiator*, in 1869-70 we had in the ward-room two Irishmen, one a lieutenant and the other an assistant surgeon, and very entertaining mess-mates they were. Each differed from the other on every point except one, which was sport. The lieutenant's cabin was a sight to see — spurs and saddles, bridles, fishing-gear, guns, rifles, and pictures to match. The doctor had hardly anything of the sort except a fly or two round his old mufti hat and an old smooth-bore single-barrel gun. But if there was anything in air, on land, or in water, he got it. When we arrived in Simon's Bay the bay was full of poisonous toad-fish, as we called them. In the sailing directions they were mentioned as poisonous. They were ugly little fish, about 4 inches long with big heads, coloured brown with yellow stripes, and directly you touched them they swelled out as if they would burst. Of course, with the general approval, the doctor went for them. The handling of them was awkward, as they were all over sharp and poisonous prickles. The doctor got a broomstick, fixed a large fish-hook at the end, point upwards, and tied to it a small piece of cotton attached to a piece of red bunting, which, when the hook was submerged about 3 inches, floated just over the point of the hook. Thus armed, the doctor sat at the bottom of the accommodation ladder and thrust in the stick and hook about 3 or 4 inches deep. The toad-fish would at once come up to nibble the red stuff, when he was sharply transfixed as the doctor drew the stick and hook up. The toad-fish would then practically burst and was knocked off. Many hundreds were destroyed in this way, but at last the fish got wary. Then with the same stick and the same sort of bait,

but with a ship's razor lashed at the end of the stick, the doctor continued his fishing. There was no hook to see, and the fish did not look above his head, so he came up to get the bait, when the razor sharply descended and cut his head or his tail off.

There are plenty of other fish in Simon's Bay, mostly horse mackerel, with which you can have good sport as they will rise to a fly. But you can get a ton or more in every haul of the seine.

In the season when snook, a fish about as big as a 12 lb. salmon or hake, are in, there is good sport in fishing from a boat under sail with rod and line with fly. But for the purposes of the big catch there is a lot of open fishing boats with a standing rig. These, with a soldier's wind, sail over the ground to and fro all day, trailing a long cod-line with a large barbless hook, with a bit of red bunting to float over it. There are fishermen on both sides of the boat. One man throws the line over ; another has his hand on it. The bait is at once taken, when he immediately hauls the fish in, passing line and fish to the first man, who flings the fish under his left arm, head towards him in front, catches hold of his stick, and hits the fish a hard blow on the head. With a movement he throws the fish clear into bottom of boat ; at the same time with a twist he frees the hook, throws it over again, and is ready for the next. This goes on all day for a month or so. The fish are gutted and open-air dried, and generally go to Roman Catholic countries.

At Buffals Bay, 'twixt Simon's Bay and the Cape lighthouse, we used to get capital bottom fishing for very good fish of various sorts other than mackerel. But it is a dangerous place at times. The staff commander of the dockyard was drowned there by his boat upsetting.

CUTTER RACE AGAINST COCK OF THE WALK.

After the *Gladiator's* arrival on the station it was not long before the flagship's cutter pulled round our bows with an enormous brass cock forward as challenge for us to row against them in our cutter. They had swept the ports, beating the cutters of all the fleet, and those of passing ships as well. Of course we accepted. Course round Roman Rocks Lighthouse and back—say two miles out and two home—for a case of champagne. Now we had not long been in the ship, and so had no exercise or work together of that sort. There were not too many officers, either, in a paddle frigate. And physically some were no longer young, and some whose chests had slipped down all too early, and some to whom a twelve-oar service cutter oar to be pulled over about a four-mile course meant business—too much business. It was arranged that I should steer. I had to lay down the law at once, more or less in these terms: "They will surely despise us, and while they are in that trim I want you to give me a couple of hundred yards start; get that as soon as you can, and when you have got it, keep it as long as you can, but don't break your backs over it too soon."

A gun from the flagship sent us off. It was a fine sight to see the chaplain pulling well enough to earn him the lawn sleeves, and the two doctors pulling together, for once, while the two lieutenants set the stroke splendidly. The paymaster, an old Canadian boatman and his assistant, the boatswain, the carpenter and the gunner, a midshipman and engineer made the lot.

We easily gained on them until we were well over 200 yards ahead, and we got up pretty close to the Roman Rock Lighthouse and had to round

it. Well, I knew more about that sort of work, than they did, and whipped her round close to, making the sea that was getting up help me a bit. We passed round ahead of them and were well away before they woke up. We were evidently doing better than they thought we should. Consequently, they thought it was time to get in front to play.

I do not think that such a race would be allowed now. There was no fouling, not the least. I never turned to look at them. I heard them, and as their course inclined to starboard so did mine; as they steadied, so did I; as they altered to port, so did I, at each alteration telling the strokes to give it her. Now, if I had been in the other boat, with all their advantages, I should have seen the game at once, have altered my course 45 degrees or so, gone clear, and then resumed my course for home. They had the speed up their sleeve, but did not know how to use it for fear of fouling me and so losing the race. By the time we got to about a quarter of a mile from the flagship the fun got fast and furious. Our lot twigged the move, and at the psychological moment, when it looked as if the others could overlap us, they gave such mighty strokes that with judicious use of helm our after-oars were dangerously near those of their bow, and they *had* to edge off or slow down, in either case losing ground as much as we did. In the end we rounded the mark first and won. We pulled alongside the flagship, and both crews together got outside the case of champagne. We claimed and got the cock, slipped it in the bows, shoved off, saluted the flag, and pulled back to our ship.

It is a great mistake to despise your enemy. The Saltash women and the Medway gravel shovellers have made us sit up at times for that reason.

A Gale in Table Bay.

We were sent round from Simon's Bay to Table Bay to assist at the opening of the new docks and breakwater by Captain H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh on July 12, 1870. There was plenty of bad weather about, and it was the season for north-westers, blowing right into Table Bay. This was pointed out, not because we did not want to go, but in case we should not be able to hang on there to do the job. It is only some twenty odd miles, but when we rounded the Cape of Good Hope we got it hot. A heavy paddle frigate, the *Gladiator* would not look at it in the way of going ahead. We drove her at it for twenty-four hours, burnt all our coal, washed a man overboard and lost him, smashed our gear, and then had to bear up, and were back in Simon's Bay in a couple of hours. We coaled at once, and ran round in about a couple of hours in a lull.

The harbour authorities had made all arrangements for our reception, mooring, etc. We were to take the dock moorings. The breakwater consisted of about 200 feet of unfinished wall, and was no shelter for us. I advised going into the docks or getting away to sea at once. We had been some time on that station and knew something about the weather and Table Bay. It was decided that we were to remain outside at the dock moorings to salute. I had it out with the harbour-master, and insisted on having our best bower with ten shackles of cables on, etc., away to north-west of his moorings; and as Captain Bedingfeld strongly approved, we dropped the anchor as I said, veered away, and picked up the moorings.

Pretty nearly everyone went on shore. The first lieutenant and myself, the paymaster and chief engineer, and our doctor remained on board.

We had an anxious night for the sea was getting up—a sign that the wind was coming too. However, we had another bower, and two sheets of same weight ready, steam up, and lower yards and topmasts down. By 10 in the morning the wind had flown back to north-west and was blowing very hard. And the danger was that in the brief lulls between the squalls the ship would break her sheer. The water forced into the bay wanted to get out, and created an undercurrent which, acting on the stern, just swung her round a bit, until the next furious blast caught her on either bow.

One of them caught her at this critical moment, and she fairly romped away with the dock moorings, and then my anchor began to come home. We at once let go the other bower, which parted, then the two sheets, and both those parted, and there we were in Table Bay, steaming full speed and my anchor coming home. Se we were well in the soup that Sunday afternoon. Just before dark the commodore and Captain Bedingfeld and the harbourmaster came off in a little steamer.

But I could not stop the engines from running full speed ahead to let them come alongside. Had I done so, she would have been on shore and smashed to matchwood in five minutes; and I said so. They asked me what I intended to do. I replied: "You go on shore and run that little truck with a light on it to the spot where the breakwater joins the land. I am going to try and pick my anchor up, and, if I can, I will run the ship close into the bight where the light is, drop the remains of my anchor in as close as she will swim, veer off a little, and steam ahead until daylight."

This we did, and the men worked splendidly, the ship pitching heavily and we heaving on the capstan, steaming ahead full power all the time.

The well-known maxim that you should never use your engines with the cable on the capstan had to go. All the iron stock of the anchor had gone, and it had dragged home on its side. I then ran the ship into the corner, dropped the remains of the anchor, veered until I could feel by my hand on the cable that it was holding, and then steamed her as requisite all that night. But in the lulls she would forge ahead, so that constant watching was necessary and adjustment of speed by revolutions.

And she did it all right. We had fired the salutes the day before. The harbour department picked up our three anchors and sent them to us. Soon after, we returned to Simon's Bay, taking about two hours to do so.

I do not think any account of the matter appeared in any newspaper, for it would have been but a poor advertisement, and no trouble arose over it. But it was a near shave! Shortly before a Union Company mail steamer, under similar conditions, got on shore and was wrecked with great loss of life.

The Duel.

In 1870 I came home in the Royal Mail from the south-east coast of America, at the time of the Franco-Prussian War. The ship carried a large number of French and Germans coming home to fight for their respective countries. The feeling between the two sets was what might have been expected; but while the French were polite, sedate and confident, the Germans were given to bluster, and were occasionally downright offensive to any of the French whom they thought they could bully. A little French gentleman, a first-class passenger, who was wonderfully proficient on the violin, liked to go down into the lower saloon

and play to an admiring audience in the upper saloon.

It may be that the passengers' appreciation of the music and the popularity of the violinist put the Germans out a bit.

In any case, a biggish German was excessively rude to the little French gentleman, grossly insulted him and his nation, and received a slap on the face to emphasise a challenge to a duel to be fought at the first opportunity, which happened to be at St. Vincent, Cape Verde, being our next port.

The Frenchman had plenty of backers, and so soon as the seconds had arranged for pistols to be the weapons all was ready for our arrival. The spot chosen for the duel was some distance out of the town, at the back of the cemetery, a mournful place enough. Upon our arrival after *pratique* had been obtained, the Frenchman and his numerous supporters landed.

The sentries may have been looking for the next transit of Venus, but they did not interfere at all, and may be they had their reasons. The party proceeded to the cemetery, marked out the ground, and waited, waited, waited until long past the hour. But the German never turned up. The German would have been a pretty good target, but of the Frenchman, by the time he had turned himself edgeways, there would not have been much to be seen.

The feeling ran pretty high on board, and it was a good thing we got home soon after, or we should have had the Franco-Prussian war on board with a good many neutrals volunteering to serve on one side. The little Frenchman took everything quite calmly, like the gallant little gentleman he was.

At times, arising amidst the babel of tongues,

would come up from the lower saloon a few notes of some German music, followed immediately by a violin impression of a donkey braying—loud at first, but gradually sinking as if heard in the distance. You can imagine the result.

Chapter V

H.M.S. *THETIS*

Bilge Keels.

Wooden ships used to roll very much, but when ironclads came in they rolled more. For when an ironclad set to rolling she rolled enormous masses of solid metal, the momentum of which, more particularly in some ships, gave a tremendous angle from an even keel. In 1872-3 Captain Charles Fellowes was captain of the Steam Reserve at Devonport and I worked under him, but I am not certain who initiated the experiments unless he did. Then the provision of bilge keels was mooted, and the proposal gave rise to all sorts of objections. They would impede progress of ships, make more weight, and, if she got down by a roll, more difficult for her to recover herself, etc.

However, the Admiralty got all the scientific naval and civil people under way about it. At Devonport they had two old small cruisers, the *Persius* and *Greyhound*, vessels built on the same lines and of nearly equal tonnage, with like fittings. These two vessels were made to correspond as exactly as possible. I had charge of the *Greyhound*, and the fact that she was a slightly smaller vessel would, I suppose, account for the ballast we had on board.

On bad weather threatening, they used to tow us out to the buoy under the breakwater; and

when the bad weather came, off came a staff of scientists—Mr. Froude, Mr. Brunel, and the Chief Constructor's staff. All the instruments for roll recording were ready fixed. Then we were towed out clear of the land and placed broadside on to the worst sea they could find. I am afraid I must say that they generally saw their breakfast again, as the bluejacket puts it, for the rolling was simply awful. The time, the angle of roll to port or to starboard, and the segment of circle covered by the roll both ways, were noted. The depth of the water, the state of weather, barometer and sea, and conditions generally, were also recorded, in order to get the two trials to correspond as closely as possible. In the meantime they had to hang on by the skin of their teeth. After several of these trials, this vessel's roll and period and the other data required were duly registered.

Bilge keels, not very deep, were built on one of the vessels, and they were both taken out, put broadside on to the sea as before, and their respective rolling angles were taken, with all data as before. Then the ships were brought in again and bilge keels were deepened on one, and out again they went for comparative rolling.

From the first the vessel with bilge keels had the advantage in steadiness, for, putting it shortly, she had to push one bilge keel downwards and to pull the other upwards. And so they went on until they had arrived at the size and form bilge keels should be, and by experiment had proved that such keels, properly calculated as to size and position and line, would not seriously interfere with the speed of the ship. In fact, all the results pointed to the efficacy of the bilge keels in moderating the rolling of ships, thus giving them a steadier gun platform.

Admiral King-Hall was Superintendent of the

Dockyard. I met him as I was going in to report, and he asked me who I was. I told him I was navigating officer just appointed to the *Thetis* pronouncing it *Thettis*.

Said the Admiral: "What! There is no ship of that name here."

Then I pronounced it in the Service way—*Thétis*.

"Ah!" said he. "Why did you call it *Thettis?*"

I replied: "When I received the appointment yesterday I read it out to my father-in-law, who is one of the New Testament Revision Committee, and is supposed to be a good Greek scholar. He at once said 'E epsilon, short—do pronounce it *Thettis*.'"

"Well," said the Admiral, "I was captain of the old *Thetis;* it was *THETIS* in my time, and it is going to be *THETIS* now."

Now, Admiral Hall did not like matches about. If anything roused him loose matches did, and to take away a man's excuse for having any he had a little iron-plated recess made in the wall at every gate of the dockyard with a hole in the cover, into which a man could put his pipe and light it. The same thing was done at Sheerness, and later in all yards.

It so happened that my successor joined on the inspection day of the *Thetis*. The Admiral asked who he was, and he lifted his cap, as you saluted in those days, and a halo of lucifer matches flew about all over the place. The fool used to keep his matches in his cap. Then there was a row, and it was only owing to the Admiral's kindness of heart that no court-martial resulted.

The Admiral got me out of the *Thetis*, which was now going to China, where I had spent three or four years not long before, and into the

Barracouta, which was going to Australia. Captain C. Fellowes never forgot me, and when he hoisted his flag on board the *Minotaur* as senior officer commanding the Channel Squadron he nominated me as his navigator. The Admiralty, however, would not in this case agree to the Admiral's nomination, as was usual, because I was too young. I wish they could make the same complaint at this time, but they now have me on the other tack on my applying for service during the war, saying that I am too old. Too old . . . . With all respect, a man is as old as he feels.

"NOT UNDER CONTROL."

We had been out for some trials in the *Thetis,* a new vessel, and were secured to a buoy inside a Plymouth Breakwater, with only a navigating party on board. The weather was very bad, blowing a strong south-westerly gale. The *Atrato,* for some years one of the Royal Mail paddle steamers, had been sold, turned into an auxiliary screw, and fully rigged. A few days before she had been into Plymouth Sound and embarked several hundred emigrants for the Australian Colonies, and had then sailed. We were on deck having a look round when I caught sight of the *Atrato* coming in, with the "not under control" signal flying. So we understood that the engines had broken down.

As an old brig sailor, I was interested to see how the *Atrato* was going to come to anchor, as she was going pretty fast, and did not seem to have much sail aft. As a precautionary measure our warrant officer, a very smart gunner, was ordered to get a new hawser in the boat, tell off his crew and be ready to shove off at any moment. And this was pretty smartly done, for

there was not much time to do anything. Having passed the west end of the breakwater, the *Atrato* had to keep away a bit to get to her proper anchorage, and then she should have hauled up to get head to wind, or as near it as might be, but in any case she must stop her way. A pilot was in charge.

Whether they could do anything with the ship under sail I did not know. But whether they could or could not, they did not. She seemed to be going five or six knots when she let go her first anchor, with the wind abeam. She parted that at once, then let go her second anchor, and that parted too. So soon as I saw what had happened, the gunner shoved off with my directions to make for the West India Mail steamer mooring buoy, to secure to that, and, when she came down within range, to pass the end of the hawser to the *Atrato*, and to take his men up to help to secure her, getting another hawser from ship to buoy, to back up ours, as soon as he could.

Now it is a fairly long stretch from the breakwater to that buoy. But the gunner and the men were quite up to the work that had to be done. So soon as I had seen the party away, I followed it. By this time the *Atrato* was drifting rapidly towards Jenny Cliff Bay.

What really enabled us to do what we did was, as I reported, the prompt action of a Dutch schuyt anchored almost in the path of the *Atrato* as she drifted. In passing, the *Atrato* received a four-inch new manilla line from this vessel, and, judiciously rendering it, did not carry it away, and that just checked the *Atrato* and brought her within reach of our hawser as she swept by the West India buoy. Then the gunner's boat made a dash for *Atrato*, got her heaving line, which I had warned them to have ready, secured the hawser

to it and got on board just as I arrived. Everything depended on that hawser. She had no other anchor ready, and the schooner's rope was gone. By tending the hawser, my men freed the crew to furl the sails and trim yards, and by carefully rendering the hawser prevented it from carrying away. The *Atrato* soon swung head to wind, was hauled up to the buoy, and chain moorings were taken in and secured.

The *Thalia*, a vessel known as a flying fighting trooper, was anchored in the Sound, and after we were secured to the buoy, a boom boat from *Thalia* with 50 or 60 men came on board to render assistance. But as the work was already done they were sent away.

Lloyd's and the Salvage Association were pleased, and at once sent £150 for *Thetis'* boats' crews, which I duly forwarded to the Captain of Steam Reserve. The money was declared salvage, to be distributed as prize money, all present being entitled to share, including *Thalia*. About a year afterwards, in the midst of the Ashantee War, whilst serving in *Barracouta*, I received £5 for salvage. What our boats' crews individually got may be imagined.

But it was a kind of work which appealed to me, and which, as I think, one cannot know too much about. The Admiralty and the Emigration Department approved, and Lloyd's and the Salvage Association were well clear of an awkward grounding and loss. The *Atrato's* main shaft had gone, hence the accident.


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Chapter VI

H.M.S. *BARRACOUTA*

Salvage off Gibraltar.

Captain the Hon. E. R. Fremantle commissioned the *Barracouta* for service on the Australian Station in 1873. In due course we left Sheerness, called at Portsmouth and were ordered to touch at Gibraltar on our way out. We duly arrived there and waited orders. While we were waiting, a signal was made for a ship in distress outside, and off we went ; for the *Barracouta* was just the ship for that work, and was ready for anything.

We found a big Italian barque on shore to eastward of the Rock, on or about the spot a good many ships get to, because, for the most part, the set is into the Mediterranean, but if it blows hard, particularly from the southward and eastward, the wind checks the inset, and creates an eddy, and a counter current which runs strong on to the land about the entrance and just to the eastward of the Rock, hinges where it strikes the land and runs away to the westward along shore as fast as five knots an hour.

Merchant ships waiting orders get into a snug corner out of the traffic and clear of port dues, fail to keep a proper look out, are caught in one of these eddies, and are set in and up on the beach before they know where they are, especially if the weather is thick. And there was the barque



ADMIRAL SIR E. R. FREMANTLE, G.C.B.

with her sails set, deserted, and her people on shore waiting to see her broken up. They did not have to haul the boats up! We had a look round the vessel and arranged a plan of operations coinciding with the time of the tides, and the run of the currents. We anchored so close in that there was little enough water to spare for us, but we were enabled to veer away on our off anchor until our hawsers would reach her. We secured a hawser to her anchor and chain cable and then hove in on our cable, going easy ahead with our engines at times to give her a start, taking care, before we moved our engines, to secure our cables. By heaving the anchor and chain cable out of her, we lightened her forward. As there was a pretty good sea on and she was jumping a bit, every lift she made forward, we gained a bit, shortening in our cable, so that what we gained we did not lose. It took some time, but in the end we pulled her round head to sea, and then off with a rush.

Our first lieutenant, Wells, was in charge on board with the working party. He afterwards did very well in the Ashantee war, was ordered home, appointed to the Royal Yacht, which meant promotion, and died of yellow fever on the coast on his way home.

We took the Italian vessel into Gibraltar. The Italian Consul arranged with the senior naval officer at Gibraltar a gratuity for salvage services to the ship in question, and a year afterwards I got about £5. But if the old ship *Barracouta* had bumped, I should have been tried by court martial.

The *Barracouta* was always in the swim while Captain Fremantle was in command, and it was a sad day enough for us when he left, after the war.

A Right of Pre-emption.

In 1863-4, I was in the *Leven*, on the southern part of the China Station, looking after the beautiful and fertile island of Sumatra, which was then in possession of its native Government and rulers. Our interests consisted in the right of pre-emption, if ever the natives gave up the island.

The Government of the adjacent Dutch island was looking after the same interests, but the Sumatrans were anxious that we should annex them, and protested that they would never come under the Dutch rule but would fight for their freedom. Although we were on different tacks, we enjoyed meeting the Dutch war vessel which was also looking after Sumatra.

The chiefs and natives were very friendly. In one of my long walks I stumbled in the long grass over two heavy brass guns, short but of 22 in. calibre, beautifully finished with this inscription on them :—" Francis and William Pit "—(only one T)—" made this Pece 1660." I am not certain of the last numeral. I asked the natives about them. They knew nothing, except a tradition that some foreigner brought them, and that the discharge made a great noise. Soon after a deputation of chiefs came on board, and made a present of these guns to our captain, wishing us to annex the island, and the guns too. But it was rather a delicate matter, and the captain declined to accept the gift. So we lost that chance.

When the Dutch war vessel came along, we used to fraternise, dine or smoke on board each other's ships. The captain of the other vessel we always put down as a Prussian—there were no Germans in those days out there—as his sympathies were all that way. In person, the captain of the Dutch vessel was very much like Prince Bismarck. One

night when we were on board, smoking on deck after dinner, the Dutch captain, leaning back in his cane chair said, "Ah, gentlemen, in time you will see Germany a great united Empire, the first nation in the world!

The sentence, long drawn out, was spoken with conviction. I am not sure that it improved our relations. Anyway, we went north after a bit, and I came home.

In 1873 I joined the *Barracouta*, proceeding to the Australian Station as already related. At Gibraltar, after salving the Italian ship, we were ordered to call in at Lisbon, where we picked up a contingent of Royal Marines, and proceeded at full speed to Cape Coast Castle, arriving there just as the Ashantees were on the point of attacking Elmina, which they did two days after, when they got it hot.

The troops were landed at night, which was pitch black, the ship rolling heavily. I was in the steam pinnace. As the ship rolled, the bight of the standing boat-rope got under the steam whistle, by accident, and whipped it off as the ship rolled over the other way. We had a hundred pounds pressure in the boiler, and the shriek the steam made in escaping might have spoiled our plans for a secret landing. I whispered an order to plug it. I can see that old leading stoker now—out firewood, piece sharpened to fine point, bit of wire round it to hold by, point laid just over hole, wood horizontal. With a quick action the plug was brought upright and a smart blow with the copper hammer did the trick, in as short a time as I am writing it. No alarm was given.

There was a smart action on June 13th, and in the result we held up the enemy until Sir Garnet Wolesley arrived.

King Coffee claimed that Elmina was only

leased to the Dutch, who paid him tribute yearly for it. As we did not pay, he declared war, and attacked the tribes all the way down the coast; beat them, and passed on to give us our share, but that part of the show did not come off. Thus the cession of the right of pre-emption in Sumatra led to the Ashantee War of 1873-4. In methods of business, it is said that the Dutch have a habit of giving too little and asking too much! I was involved in the affair both at Sumatra and at Elmina.

The Ashantee War.

The big action on June 13th, 1873, fought under the command of Captain the Hon. E. R. Fremantle, the senior naval officer, was the means of holding up the Ashantee forces until the army under Sir Garnet Wolseley arrived. As already related, we had raced down from Lisbon with 100 Royal Marines, and had arrived at Elmina on June 9th, at a time when the enemy was almost in sight of that fort. Elmina with its small hinterland, as I have explained, was exchanged by the Dutch for our right of pre-emption over the island of Sumatra. The King of Ashantee declared that Elmina did not belong to the Dutch, but was only leased to them in return for payment of tribute.

In Captain Fremantle, the Service had an ideal senior naval officer. His was a somewhat invidious position, as the commodore was cruising down south, and there was little chance of his arriving in time. Captain Fremantle and Lieutenant-Colonel Festing, R.M.A., who was in command of the marines, had to meet a critical situation. Two better officers for the work could not have been found. Working with them was Colonel Harley, the administrator-in-chief of the govern-

ment on the coast, with headquarters at Cape Coast Castle.

The Marines were at once landed at Elmina. Lieutenant-Colonel Festing was in command of the whole of the naval brigade. The available forces were small compared with the strength of the enemy.

The naval squadron consisted of :—

The *Barracouta*,	Captain the Hon. E. R. Fremantle.
Druid,	
Argus,	Captain Luxmore.
Seagull,	
Decoy,	Lieutenant Hext.

These were disposed at Ft. Elmina, Cape Coast Castle, Dix Cove, Accra and Secondee, the latter contiguous to one of the Ashantee lines of advance.

A blockade was at once declared, in order to prevent the Ashantees from getting arms, powder and lead.

The landing of the naval brigade took place very early in the morning of the 13th, while it was still quite dark, and was carried out with great success, the boats being taken into a small river and there moored opposite the town and near the fort at Elmina. At the same moment, the land forces took possession of the inner side of the neck of land on the end of which the fort and town stand, thus cutting off all entry, and, what was more, bottling up the disaffected in the town.

All this is just a short summary of the "get the work done" people's operations, but it just shows what can be done when all sections heartily co-operate under a good leader.

The dispositions having been made, the enemy was called upon to surrender and to give up their arms by noon. But they did not respond. On the

contrary, if they had a chance to do a bit of sniping, they did it, and evidently they knew of the rapid advance of the Ashantee force.

I was ordered to take charge of the coast about 300 yards off outside, to prevent the escape of the enemy seaward, or under shelter along the small cliffs facing seawards, and to signal the movements of the enemy westward, which, owing to an intervening hill, the fort could not see. I took the steam pinnace to the required position. The hour of noon was to be indicated by flag signal, and on the lowering of the flag, hostilities were to begin.

At noon, no surrender having taken place, the fort and the boats in the river opened fire, and let them have it for a quarter of an hour or so. Talk about being under fire, sure enough we were. Already we could see the enemy endeavouring to escape along the sea face, hiding as much as they could under the cliffs. So when the action commenced, we were as close in as we could get. The boats in the river with their rifled guns and with rifle fire, were attacking the town, which was full of the enemy, and the shot and shell came right through the town to us. The sea was simply torn up with the stuff, and we were in the line of fire. We were not long before we took up a safer position. Then we had the escaping enemy to deal with. Our bluejackets and marines carried out that duty admirably. We were close enough in to be able to distinguish what a man was, whether a naked Ashantee, or a clothed enemy from Elmina. There was one whom we particularly wanted to stop, as he was evidently bound out to communicate with the enemy, then coming up in great force from the westward. We at once began to break them up with our war rockets, and very effective work was done at long range. So soon as I had signalled to the fort—"Enemy rapidly advancing from westward in

great force," we took to rocket work as fast as we could, breaking up the closely packed native hordes, the rocket rushing about like a live thing, and setting fire to the bush.

I found that the pinnace was too close to shore, and was consequently almost in the breakers. I put the helm hard-a-starboard, and signalled "Full steam ahead," just as a huge swell capping to break was on our port beam. How that boat ever went over that sea I do not know, for as she was taking it she appeared to be nearly right up on end, her bow high in the air—but she just did it. That was all right, but the rocket tube party had just fired a rocket, and the rocket was still in the tube, when the rush of the advancing sea and the sudden altering of the course, threw the inner end of the rocket tube athwartships, pointing it right inwards to the boat. Off it went, sending its stream of fire about 6 feet long and 4 inches in diameter right into the pinnace, and the rocket went pretty close to our people. It was as near a shave as one would want for that sea would have taken her amongst the breakers. The rocket backfire caught several of us and blew my hat off, and for years we carried specks of powder in our face and hands.

Captain Fremantle mentioned in his despatch the usefulness of the rocket work, and the way they dealt with the advancing party, now broken up.

The naval brigade was landed from the boats, and proceeded to attack the advancing enemy, who was in no way loath to attack us. The right flank of the enemy rested on the sea shore, so we had an advantageous position. They endeavoured to outflank our landing party, but Lieutenant Wells outflanked them by getting into the Governor's walled garden, where I suppose the greatest

slaughter of the war took place. In any case, we beat them; we held them up until the army arrived. Numerous minor actions took place all along the coast at which the *Barracouta* was present, and invariably attained her objective. The arrival of Commodore Commerell superseded Captain Fremantle as senior naval officer.

It was put forward that the chiefs and Ashantee King were open to make peace after a meeting on the Prah river. Thither went the commodore. He was attacked, wounded and invalided, and Captain Fremantle again became senior naval officer, and so remained until the arrival of Commodore Hewett to take command of the station. From that time the war was mostly a land campaign, but the blockade gave plenty of work to the Navy.

Having volunteered for blockade work, I had quite an interesting time, just such work I should have gloried in as a youngster. Being well up in the coast, its currents, winds and characteristics, I was able to get about a lot with very little coal, an article that you had to commandeer from a steamer if you were away from your ship. I used to take advantage of the land wind at night, or the Guinea current, for soundings were too deep outside the surf for boat work as a whole. The Guinea current used to confuse some of the fellows in the transports. I was cruising along at daylight one morning, when I sighted a collier steaming furiously to the westward. Passing the word round to get the home mail ready, we intercepted him. He said he was bound for Cape Coast Castle.

"Cape Coast Castle! Why you are 50 miles to the westward of it! Alter your course to east and you will pick it up." But nothing would persuade him, so I took charge of him and took him back, and our mail to England did not go that time.

I used to make surprise visits, arriving in the middle of the night at suspicious places where I thought that powder might be landed, for my chief, Captain Fremantle, had said: "You stop that powder and that will stop the war."

On a Sunday morning at daybreak, I steered north from seaward for a place I suspected, and there was a large ship at anchor off a place or no place, certainly not a port of entry. I boarded him, saw his papers, found them all correct. "However," said I, "as everything is correct, you can have no objection to my having a look round?" But he objected, and hoisted a big foreign ensign.

I may here say that there were the concessions of various Powers on the coast, separated by imaginary lines running north and south, an arrangement creating a legal difficulty. If a ship was opposite the concession of her own state, and within the three-mile limit, she was in order.

If the coast runs east and west, and the boundary line north and south, and the blockading officer approaches a suspected ship from the eastward, a transit line run through the ship and produced to the land gives her position as opposite her own concession or that of another neutral. But if the blockading officer approaches a suspected ship from another direction, the transit line may show her position to be off the concession of the blockading officer's state, in which case he is within his rights in boarding. In any case, I decided that this vessel was subject to search, and we took her hatches off. I crawled along from her after hatch to her main hatch over small casks of powder.

So this vessel found herself at Cape Coast Castle. I do not know what came of it in the end, but I do know that the Ashantees never got that lot

anyhow! I expect by the time the matter was settled, we were annexing Fiji, as the *Barracouta* left for the Australian Station very shortly after the war was over.

Presence of Mind.

During the campaign, the ships were shelling the thick bush running down to a narrow beach in Tacorady and Appoassi bays in order to clear the enemy ahead of a landing party which was advancing along the beach.

Somehow one of the bluejackets was left behind, and found himself surrounded by the enemy, who went for him. Although they could be seen from the ship, no ship's boat could live in the breakers. It would have been quite easy to have destroyed all the lot by shell fire, but we should have wiped out the seaman as well. But the bluejacket was quite awake. Surrounded on all sides, he snatched off his cap and flung it in the face of the chief, he took off his knife and flung it at another man, took off his silk handkerchief and flung it at another, took off his jumper and flung it at another, took off his flannel and flung it at another, took off his boots, one at a time, and flung them in opposite directions, and finally took off all he had left, and flung the clothes as far as he could. For all the time he was looking for the help he saw coming.

For each article of his clothes, and particularly for the last, there was a fight all round, and trousering was up that day, for they all ran for his breeches as he stood in his buff for one second. Then he extended his right arm and floored one, doubled, and tripped another up and raced down to the sea, jumped in and swam for his life.

The boats were in by this time, just outside the surf, and as they manœuvred to get him out

of the line of fire, they let the enemy have it hot with rifle fire. In the meantime, a breaker (a small cask), with a small line on it, had been launched from the boat nearest to the shore. Carried in by the surf, the breaker was easy to be seen, and was as good as a Morse signal to the bluejacket. He fought his way out to it, made it fast to himself, and was victoriously hauled off.

Sir Garnet's Hostage.

When the troops under Sir Garnet Wolseley had arrived, their landing and advance were delayed owing to the want of carriers.

The heat is so great and the climate so trying, that for purpose of transit of supplies, the stores were made up in 50 lb. packages, to be carried on the heads of the carriers in question. To obtain these men, all the kings in the British sphere of interest were commanded to furnish so many, being a percentage on the number of the tribe. And these men had to assemble at Cape Coast Castle. One king, who lived 200 miles to eastward of Cape Coast Castle, did not send his contingent. A civilian local Government official was sent to wake things up. Plenty of promises, but no levy. A military officer was sent, with like result—no levy. At that time, I was carrying out blockade duties along the whole Gold Coast, in a steam pinnace, well armed, with a good crew. I was ordered by Captain Fremantle to call in at ——, see the king, and get his levy sent on immediately.

The next day I arrived off the king's capital. There is no harbour, and owing to the heavy surf, all landing has to be done in native boats. The native boats at once came off to land me, and I went to the palace. At the audience, I made the position quite clear, and received the usual protest

of loyalty, and a promise that the levy should at once be sent. Then I proposed to re-embark, and for that purpose, the king had to provide a boat. It struck me at the time that things were getting a bit thick. But I could do no more, for the moment, as he had not promised anything to *me* before.

I did not much like the look of the boat he supplied, but said nothing. The surf was very heavy that day. Off we went, the men chanting their war song as they paddled. Looking seaward, I saw a huge breaker coming. By the time it reached us, it was on the point of breaking over, just like a wall. I came to the conclusion that she would not go over it. And she did not, she went right into it. It broke all over us and we were all in the soup in a minute. Not many Europeans survive such an experience. The breakers batter you down, and the drawback is simply awful. Everyone who can afford it carries an umbrella out there. I had one. An old saying is that a drowning man hangs on to a straw. That is as may be. Thank God, I got through all right, and had my umbrella to keep the sun off as I walked back to the Palace. I am not sure that I was expected, but of course, I was officially welcomed and my accident was deplored. It did not take long to get your wet clothes dried out there, and as Pepys says: "Then to Breakfast." From the palace you could see the steam pinnace, and very nice she looked; arms all bright, men well dressed, nice white awning and white ensign. Not many ships had such boats in those days, and on the Coast they were a rarity indeed.

Casually, I drew the king's attention to her. Had he ever seen one, had he ever been on board one, and would he like to see her? In the end, he

came to the conclusion that he *would* like to see her, and to have a run in her. I did not say so, but I thought that if he went off, I should go off too. And so we did, in state, with several of his chiefs, each a peripatetic armoury, for it was war time. Having steamed them around, exercised some evolutions, and done some firing and signalling, I was told by the king, after he had expressed his wonder and approval, that he wished to land.

" Land, sir ? With all due respect, you are not going to land. You are going to Cape Coast Castle, to make arrangements about your levy of men, whom you have not sent and who we are waiting for."

The effect of the statement awoke a babel of language among them, but they could see that resistance was useless. They had not much to grouse about as to the way they were treated, for we were well provided with creature comforts.

So we steamed away all night, and at nine the next morning arrived alongside my ship. Going below, I found the senior naval officer and Sir Garnet Wolseley at breakfast.

I reported. " Come on board, sir."

" Well, have you got the levy ? "

" No, sir. But I have got the king."

" What ? Got the king ! Turn up the guard and band."

Sir Garnet fell back in his chair and laughed.

King duly received with usual etiquette and formalities—rash young officer, etc. " You shall have a man-of-war to take your majesty back so soon as one is available. In the meantime, proper accommodation will be placed at your majesty's disposal in Cape Coast Castle."

On the coast they have men they call runners, who earn their name by what they do. In war time,

they are stationed at various points. The runner receives the letter—book, as he calls it—rushes off at speed until he reaches the first station, there he hands it to the waiting man, who in turn rushes off to the next station. It is astounding how soon they get news across long distances.

The king despatched runners so soon as he got to the Castle, and, absolutely as soon as could be, the levy consisting of some hundreds of men, arrived.

It might have been a coincidence, but there did not happen to be a man-of-war available until after the last man of the levy had arrived.

So the king had the opportunity of walking over the stone in the pavement of the parade in Cape Coast Castle, which marks the grave of L. E. L., Letitia Elisabeth Landon, the poetess, whose husband had been Governor of Cape Coast Castle.

It may be interesting to remark that the corps of carriers did not do very well at first. There were no roads, only bush paths through very thick trees and verdure, amongst which the enemy lay doggo, until the advancing party came in line with his gun and then he eased off at them. At which the bearers dropped their load and disappeared into the bush, too. But there was one man about who saw his way to stop that. He had a long, strong, light rope, fitted with a series of two light tails set about 3 feet apart on the main rope. The carriers were placed on each side of the rope and the tails were passed round them quite lightly, but with a sailor's knot. The carriers took to the arrangement quite nicely, as it seemed to give them mutual confidence. But as one could not drop his load and go without all the rest, and as the rope stopped the chance of that, the plan succeeded very well.

A Puzzle.

When the *Barracouta* was refitting on her return home at the conclusion of the Ashantee War, a shipwright officer and myself were standing in the dry dock, under the ship's bottom, looking at the copper which it was necessary to replace with new. In coppered wooden ships, when the old copper is stripped off, the Muntz metal nails are brought out too, and leave holes in the planking. These holes are plugged with pointed wood spigots, made by machinery.

The shipwright officer bent down, and picked up a mismade spigot. The machine evidently had given a jump, spoilt two spigots, and made the object he picked up.

Said he, "This puts me in mind of something that happened years ago. I will give you two small wood models, the former to raise the question, and the latter to show if the answer is right. And you will never get a correct answer."

This he did, and for years I had them. During my three years in command of the *Sprightly* at Portsmouth, I conveyed to Cowes for Osborne, many cabinet ministers, visitors of all ranks and naval and military officers. In the chart house (which, by the way, the Admiral-Superintendent, the Hon. F. A. Foley, got for the *Sprightly* from the Royal Yacht, and therefore it was a good one), where the visitors used to sit and have a cup of coffee and a cigarette on the passage over, this model was always on the table. And nearly always they wanted to know what it was. Then handing them the model, I put the question. There is no catch in it at all. So far as I remember, only one has answered correctly, and he was a colonel of the Royal Engineers, who said: "By the way you asked the question, I could see that the model is

not what it looks, and so I made a guess for the answer, which happened to be right, but looking at the model, I should never have thought it."

It is simply a question of quantitative analysis of the object.

Among the people to whom I showed the model was one of the first life insurance actuaries in London. He failed to grasp the subject and to answer correctly, and acknowledged his inability to do so. But, in return, he said :

"I will give you a computation that requires some answering, and I do not think that you will find many that will answer it."

"A boss costermonger who went to market every day, had a following of five old men, who, meeting him with their baskets on his return, assisted him in the sale of his day's purchases, he dividing the stuff to be sold among them according to the district which was to be the scene of their labours, the possibility of large or small sales, together with the means of the inhabitants generally to pay higher or lower prices.

"On this particular day all that he had to divide among them were 300 oranges :

To the first he gave			20
,,	,, second	,,	40
,,	,, third	,,	60
,,	,, fourth	,,	80
,,	,, fifth	,,	100
			300

"Addressing the men, he said,

"'You will go out and sell at this, therewith mentioned, tariff,'—which he mentioned. There were no individual instructions at all, they were all to sell at identically the same tariff, the tariff

he gave them collectively. They went to their respective districts and proceeded to sell, and came back to render accounts of their sales. They had all sold all they had received. And they all brought back precisely the same amount of money.

"The man who had taken out 20 oranges brought back the same amount as the man who had taken out 40. The man who had taken out 60, the same as the man who had received 80 or 100 respectively. In fact, they all brought back exactly the same amount of money, and all had sold *all* they had and absolutely at the same tariff. There is no trickery or catch in it whatever.

"At what tariff were they ordered to sell, and as a fact did sell?"

Method of Preparing Explanatory Models for the Puzzle.

Procure two pieces of wood, of good quality, of 1¼ inch quartering, and each 5 inches long. Plane up smooth.

Both pieces to be precisely alike.

To mark them, with flat ruler and soft pencil ready:—

Put the wood on table before you, one end to your left, the other to your right. You make all lines looking down on top of wood.

Lightly number the pieces as you mark them.

No. 1. Place the ruler on lower—nearest side to you—left-hand corner and upper right-hand corner. Pencil in that line.

No. 2. Now turn the wood over towards you, ¼ turn. Place the ruler over top left-hand corner and bottom right-hand corner. Pencil that line in.

No. 3. Turn the block over towards you. Place the ruler over lower left-hand corner and upper right-hand corner. Pencil that line in.

No. 4. Turn the block over towards you. Place the ruler over upper left-hand corner and lower right-hand corner. Pencil in that line.

Now proceed to line in the ends.

Place wood in same position as before—with last marked face on top.

Join up right-hand upper corner and right-hand lower corner.

That will be a diagonal line cutting that end in two.

Leaving the block in same position—

Mark a line from the lower left-hand corner to the upper left-hand corner.

This is also a diagonal line, but at right angles to that at other end. This too bisects that end of the wood.

To prove diagonal lines are put in right: hold the wood endways and see that saw put in on that line and cutting along lines will saw away to point at end.

To proceed to cut one model.

With a good tenon saw, the wood secured end up in a vice, insert the saw at the small end of the piece that you are cutting off, *i.e.*, where the lines converge.

On no account must the edges of the saw be allowed to get off the lines at any time.

At the finish of the first cut, you should find that where it comes to the end, one half of it has been cut away over the diagonal line marked there.

If more convenient, you can insert the saw over the diagonal at end and gradually cut away to tapering end of piece you are removing. The

second, marked, block is to show, or place in the hand of, the person to whom you are putting the question.

An elastic band round the parts of the cut up block is convenient, which block is, so to speak, held in reserve to show or not as you please.

When you have finished cutting up, all marks, except the lines, should be carefully removed.

Making Ascension Island.

The island of Ascension, lying 760 miles to north-west of St. Helena and in the line of the south-east trades, was so called because it was discovered by Portugal, on Ascension Day, 1501. It is an interesting place with a naval history, for it is, and always has been, run by the Navy since we took it in 1815. It has been often described as a cinder, where they put green spectacles on the goats, who are said to eat the ashes and think that they are eating grass. During the long years of the suppression of slavery, the island of Ascension and St. Helena were almost the only rendezvous of the sailing cruisers engaged on that service. Originally there was no soil there at all, except what came from volcanic sources and the guano due to the thousands of birds locally called wideawakes. " Wide-awake fair " was one of the sights of the place, for you could go into the centre of a wildly flying lot of birds, which might be knocked down with a stick, a practice which however was not allowed.

For the birds and the turtle, which abound, constitute the natural life of the island. The turtle industry, when an enormous number of fine turtle come in on the beach, is closely watched and regulated, the statistics compared with former years, and is in fact conducted as a close preserve.

As many of the turtle weigh one or two hundredweight, to sally out at the proper time, which is usually at night, to " turn turtle," when they are making for the sea is an exciting episode. There are fine turtle ponds, and for years the leading officials at Admiralty have been sent their allowance of live turtle, shipped in men-of-war, and having painted on their backs " First Lord," " Second Lord," and so on. They bear their sea passage very well, lying on their backs with a wet swab under their heads.

All other life has been imported, for it was a strict order of many years standing that every ship coming from the coast of Africa was to bring so many tons of earth, the amount being according to her size. Coming from west coast of Africa, the earth contained all sorts of living stuff, insects, plants, etc. The whole of the importation was taken to the summit of the mountain, which later was named the Green Mountain, where was a farm, with a farmer in charge of it, who remained there for many years. Sufficient green crops were grown for all the officers and men stationed there, and Her Majesty's ships calling in their passages to and from distant stations were also supplied.

There was a canteen, at which you could get everything from a tintack to a sheet anchor, the officers taking it in turns to run it. As a certain proportion of the officers had the privilege of having their wives and families there, the canteen had to look after them too. Goodness knows how many times I have been there. It was a capital place to produce your stale chestnuts, for a visitor from the outside world held the floor. I was staying with the chaplain, an Oxford man, once a pupil with some of my people, a great friend of mine, when he was in charge of the canteen. He explained what he was doing in

consequence of his being suddenly thrust into that position. He was a single man, and knew nothing of household matters. The canteen was, financially in a splendid condition, for it had been running for years, with the custom not only of the island men but of passing men-of-war with thousands of men, and of course all ready money. Not that they were out to make money, for the prices were very reasonable. But the chaplain found that there was an enormous stock of all sorts of things which had been accumulating for years. Stock had been ordered by officers who knew nothing about the matter, but who had acted on the advice of some other officer, or his wife, that so-and-so was the thing, all the fashion, etc., and had taken one such article, no one else following suit.

Now the Padre was a man of action, so he determined to clear the lot out. But no one wanted the things. The way he got over the difficulty was worthy of him. He made a list of all the officers concerned. On leaving the island, every one settled up with the canteen, so the chaplain had only those present to deal with. Taking the list, so far as the stock would go, everyone was given one article of a sort. Take crinolines—they were out of fashion to be sure, so were most of the things—it might be that the recipient was a bachelor. But that was his fault, which he might easily cure. Anyway he had his crinoline, and a baby-bottle if there was one due to him, and something of every sort. The chaplain allowed no selection. Like a wise man he left the recipients to change or exchange as they liked. There were umbrellas and oilskin coats, sea boots, etc., but it hardly ever rained. There were ladies' hats and bonnets, in which they would not have been found drowned, they were so out of fashion,

but these were duly served out. I saw the Padre's lot at his house, and to see him distributing his share *gratis* among his flock was a lesson, as everything was done so delicately and with so much good feeling. Still, by the time you send an officer of standing, who had missed his promotion, a crinoline and a baby's bottle, it would seem to indicate that he was qualified for their reception and it was time he retired.

However, all went well, and the chaplain got rid of the surplus stock, which had all been valued down to a vanishing point, so its removal did not affect the financial part of the show.

I have said that it never rained, but that was a figure of speech. In the region of the south-east trade winds rain is rare, but when it does rain for a short time, it does rain, and everything is done on the island to save every drop.

The Padre, one evening casually remarked that they had had a very dry bout, and the tanks and cisterns were nearly empty. The officer commanding had sent for him and requested that on the ensuing Sunday he should pray for rain.

The Padre pleaded, in answer to that, that there were some fine condensers on the island (to make sea water fresh) and plenty of coal, all provided for this very purpose, for use in case of such contingency. This reason was accepted, and the service passed without the prayer. "That very night," said the Padre, "it came on to rain in torrents and I wished I had done as he requested. If I had, how true it would have come!"

Barracouta v. Australia.

Upon our arrival on the Australian Station, after the Ashantee War, at the very first port we

called, they challenged us to a cricket match. Of course we accepted, although how we were to get together an eleven was the crux. However, we did, if heads count. A huge attendance and a fine ground. At last I went in.

Now cricket is a game I never took to, and I can truthfully say I don't know a bye from an over, or any other of the technicalities. The enemy, I won't say bowled, he appeared to fire at me.

I made a mighty drive at the ball, just touched it, and it flew off ever so far. Now if I can't play cricket, I can run. So I legged it as hard as I could, and made two runs. How they cheered—for, as always out there, there was a crowd, and they are sportsmen, and like to see good play! At the next shot, the enemy was more careful, and simply made a scrap heap of my wickets. My total score, 2. We were all out for eleven, and the biggest score was 3!

I can quite understand why the Australians have made such a mark over here!

A Chance Meeting.

The *Barracouta* was on the Australian and New Zealand Station from 1874 to 1877, and, for peace time, had some interesting little expeditions and hard work. Owing to the whole-hearted hospitality usual on that delightful station it was heart-breaking to come away. They are great people for festivities, which break out in the shape of dinners, breakfasts, but I think picnics carry the day, as with the lovely harbours, pretty scenery and nice climate, these seem to be most liked. Now if you add to all the universal, absolutely universal, hospitality, especially to a stranger, you will understand that picnics, etc., are delightful.

We were in Hobson's Bay, Melbourne, when

there arrived the first steamer of a line which was started to compete with the P. and O. And of course that meant a ship picnic and a dance on board, to which we were all invited. In the course of the turn out, I drifted up to the cabin of the captain of the new steamer, where we had a smoke and a talk over the new venture. Since we Service people have a good deal to do with this class of shipping abroad, and owe much to their civility, I always like to know the men, for we can, and do, help one another.

The captain incidentally said, " I have always liked your men in the Service. They are ready for anything. I was in Shanghai in 1862-3. There had been some trouble over in Japan which, for the time, interrupted the merchant service. There were four lines of fine ships, two on each side of the river, on the 20 miles' distance between Woosung and Shanghai. Many of them wanted to get on to Japan, where some grand trading business promised. But no charts were available, nor instructions for navigating purposes. My brother was an officer in the Chinese Customs, and between us we owned one of these waiting ships, of which I was captain. The flagship of the Fleet was at Shanghai, where there was trouble with the Taiping rebels. Chinese Gordon was helping to drill the Imperial Government troops. So matters were a bit lively. We got to know an officer on board the flagship, who approached the Executive for permission to get sufficient hydrographic information for a voyage from Shanghai. A young officer volunteered to get out the work. It was not long before I had charts and sailing directions sufficient for my purpose. We were practically the first ship over, and ran between Shanghai and Japan with full cargoes, with the result that my brother and I each made a nice

fortune and I retired. I did not do so well in my investments on shore at home, so here I am at sea again, and like it."

"Good," said I. "I am always of opinion that the merchant service and the Royal Navy should stand shoulder to shoulder, and have always so acted. In fact I always treat their men so that after—so to speak—putting him down I can pick him up again." Continuing I said, "Captain your ship was the *Eupatoria*, was it not?"

"Yes, but how do you know?"

To which I answered, "Why, I was the young officer."

I could tell him all about his vessel, the cabin I used to work in, and in fact all about it.

If you speculate as to what I got for this work, of which the captain's version shows the importance—I got nothing. I asked for nothing, I expected nothing. I have always volunteered. A man is suddenly wanted, someone has dropped out. If you want to get on, be the man to volunteer. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, you will succeed, because you mean to. But in addition, quite unwittingly, you will find yourself so well up in the new subject that you will qualify by examination in it, and so have another string to your bow. Apart from the fact that the man who drops in on a scrap heap and smartly puts things right, is remembered.

I do not know if the *Eupatoria* captain is still alive. I hope he is and that he will read this. Good luck to him! He was a sportsman who could take his hammering and come up smiling, as he did in taking command of the first steamer in the new line.

A Brother's Advice.

In my Introductory chapter I mentioned that in 1857-8, I met my brother in Australia, and that he would not let me remain out there, although I wished to, remarking: "I made a fool of myself, and I will take good care that you don't."

He had gone in the rush to the diggings in 1851. In November, 1874, the *Barracouta* called in at Adelaide on our arrival on the station. There, after 16 years, I again met my brother. A steady able man, he was practically in about the same position as when I last saw him. Adelaide, as it was then, the capital of South Australia, was a very beautiful place. The inhabitants were mostly Scotch. You might just consider yourself at home, with every hospitality. We only stayed a few hours, so I saw little of my brother; but I saw that he was made for better things. Going on to Hobson's Bay, Melbourne, then the capital of Victoria, we had a good time there among the hospitable go-ahead people. We were at Melbourne several times. I think at this time I was staying as a guest with the Minister for Lands at his sea-side residence at Toorac. Arriving late, I soon turned in, that night seeing only the Minister in question. At breakfast the next morning, the lady hostess appeared, and I was asked if I had ever been out there before.

I told of my visit in 1858, and how I arrived in the vessel bringing the first cargo of malt to Australia. "As a youngster, I thought the consignee, a very rich old brewer, was a sportsman, for he sent off several barrels of beer for the crew, which I considered very generous of him!"

"What was his name?" asked the Minister.

"Murphy."

"Let me introduce you to my wife, his daughter," said the Minister.

The world is not so big that such episodes are rare to a traveller, but they are interesting.

We soon left for Sydney, at that time the capital of New South Wales, and a naval station, although then all the "naval" there was about it, was a small yard and a store house at Circular Quay.

We soon got to know the Sydney people very well, for as in all the Colonies out there, they were civility itself. And you could quite easily choose your friends and intimates.

The Surveyor-General, the head of a department conducted on the same lines as our Ordnance Survey, was the gentleman with whom I had most to do. It was a most important department, with a staff of hundreds of highly trained surveyors making the survey of New South Wales. At the Surveyor-General's house on the north shore, or on board the ship, we met a good deal and to our mutual liking. I remarked one day that I had a brother at Adelaide.

"Why did you not tell me before; why is he not here? as your ship and you are mostly here!"

A few days afterwards I received a note from the Surveyor-General. His private secretary had been promoted, and would my brother take the appointment? He did so, coming at once. But he did not hold the appointment long. In the Surveyor's Department it was all surveying work, computations, reports on the same—a mass of necessarily accurate figures. And the man was found whose very bent it was, for my brother was a born statistician. Mathematics to him were as easy as falling off a log. But for years he had been, out there, employed in digging and clerking, like many others.

Before I came away in 1877, he held an excellent Government appointment and was hundreds a year ahead of me in pay, with good prospects in that happy country. He killed himself with overwork at last, and a beautiful marble monument in Balmain cemetery erected by the Surveyor-General's Department would appear to show what was thought of him.

To return to his advice to me in 1858 out there. "I have made a fool of myself and I'll take care you don't do so too!" And the result!

> "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough hew them how we will."

It was my brother who got us permission to haul our boats up on Garden Island, then covered with scrub and not used. A tent for the men and a shanty for the carpenters—and the splendid naval establishment of Garden Island to-day!

HORSEMANSHIP.

This is a subject on which I can give an opinion, because I have been there, and I got my experience in China, where I owned my horse. We were homeward bound from Australia, and called in at St. Helena. The first man I met was the colonel-commandant, whom I knew pretty well in the Ashantee War.

Said he, "You are just in time, we have a riding picnic to Long Wood this afternoon. You *must* come."

Now I had, in my mind, the very excellent fresh butter and water cress you get in St. Helena, so I demurred, "not a horseman," etc.

"Oh, I have a sure old cavalry horse here—take you up as if you were sitting in a rocking chair."

So I consented, and we went to the barracks, where the picnic party was assembled. And in due course, the old cavalry horse appeared. What he had been doing before I don't know, but, so soon as the party moved off, he did not want to do anything now. He did not seem to know where the barrack gate was, and his one thought seemed to be to get back in his stable and sit down. Is that right? Eventually, the orderly towed him out of the gate, and on turning to the right to go up the hill, I saw the party waiting for me. The only reason the horse did go up the hill as it seemed to me, was because if he went down the hill he soon would be in the sea, and he would have to come up again, and there was no grass that way. So he strolled up the hill. By the time we got up there, all the others were out of sight. Directly he got to the top, he seemed to get an inspiration, and set off as hard as ever he could towards Longwood. After about a mile or so on that road, doing just what he liked, he suddenly altered his course and turned at right angles up a side road, and nearly shot me over his starboard quarter in doing it. But if I can't ride, I can hang on, and did. He was fairly on the move now, and so continued for half a mile or so, when he altered his course again, just as suddenly, at right angles up a road to the right, rushed up an avenue, bordered with trees, to a nice bungalow, where a soldier orderly was posted.

And there the horse brought up all standing. The orderly saluted, I got down and went into the officer's club, as I found it was. I said nothing. I don't know if they treated the horse as they treated me, but I take it they did not, for he was in a beastly temper.

I mounted again, and we went off at all his speed for Longwood, but when he came out

into the main road again, go Longwood way he would not. There was not a soul in sight anywhere. I lavished all the terms of endearment on him, but without effect. Finally, I thought, if I get down and lead him past the junction with his head the right way, and then get up, we shall go. But he went off on another tack. He kept going backwards, and in the end, slipped the reins and bridle over his head, and kept at their full length from me, sidling down the road homewards. And so we gyrated, and so we might have gyrated until now, for as soon as I tried to mount him he kept circling away from me. This had gone on for some time, when I saw a rock with a perpendicular face towards the road, against which I could lay his side, if I could get him there. Altering my tactics I had sufficient influence over his movements to direct the gyrations so that eventually the segment of the circle we were then making, was intersected by the rock, against which he brought his stern with a bump, and before he had time to get clear of it, I was on his back. That was a surprise for him. But get him to go Longwood way, I could not. On the contrary, he set off on his wild career homewards. It was all right along the flat, but down the hill we went at a speed that made the people look round. Then, at right angles into the barrack gate and up to the officers' mess, where he stopped as if he had been shot.

Orderly came out, saluted and took him. I said nothing. *But . . . !*

Annexing Fiji.

In 1874, the *Barracouta* took part in the annexation of the Fiji Islands, and for a year was more or less mixed up with Fijian affairs, bringing from Sydney the first Governor, Sir Arthur Gordon, in 1875.

The inhabitants of the outlying islands were still cannibals, and before the annexation, Fiji was the city of refuge for criminals who had to fly from islands under British rule to some place where the Queen's writ did not run. When the British flag went up there was an exodus of the worst of them. They appeared to take rank among themselves by the greatness of their crime and the smartness of the way in which they had weathered the authorities and got away with the plunder. They were all pretty well off, and as a rule quite decently dressed. If we casually asked who so-and-so was, you got his history. So-and-so cleaned the cash out of such and such a big commercial firm, and was highly respected until he was found out. That man? Oh, he murdered his wife and cleared out with all the cash. Many of the refugees fled to the outlying islands, and became advisers to the native chiefs there, and acted as interpreters when British ships came along.

Living native fashion, we often came across men who, it was probable, had to keep out of the way. As they were interpreters, naturally we had much to do with them, if we were going to some island of which our staff interpreter did not speak the lingo. Often, as they listened to our conversation while we were smoking and someone happened to mention a university, quite involuntarily one of them would interject the remark: "Oh, yes, I took my B.A. there."

After the annexation, we had a lot to do knocking the Government departments together and cleaning out the old ones. I had mostly to do with the harbour departments. In Ovalau harbour, which had been used for years, we set to work to make a pier. But we were stopped at once because one of the missionary societies had bought

up all the foreshore and the land round the harbour.

Ovalau harbour, if you can call it a harbour, had only a sunken coral reef parallel to the shore to protect it against hurricanes, and in fact its conditions were so bad, that we reported in favour of making a harbour at Suva, Viti Levu, instead. The Admiralty surveyed it, and the headquarters of the Government were shifted there.

But the deuce of it was that the Jews had bought up all the foreshores around there, so that the Government were out of the frying-pan and into the fire. I do not know how they managed the affair, as I was not there, nor had anything to do with it. The last time we were there, on entering the port, I was at the mast-head and got in all right. I never leave anything to chance in navigation.

On that occasion we had on board his excellency the Governor, who was on his first round of inspection. We had to leave in a hurry at daylight the next morning. Someone, who shall be nameless, came to the resolution to take the ship out himself, and before we left the anchorage insisted on doing so. Unfortunately, he charged the reef, but fortunately inside of it, and up she went so hard that afterwards the men were walking about at low water under her bows. The Governor, with not much on, soon made his appearance on the after-bridge. I think she pretty well shot all the standing-bed sleepers out of their bunks, she went up so hard, for she was going full speed at the time. She was nearly high and dry forward, had about 100 fathoms depth of water in gangway and much more aft. Now being called in, I advised that we did not want a stern anchor at all, because there was no place in which to drop it, and all they had to do was to get the guns and weights aft. But,

to help if possible, I went to the masthead and sighted a little coral patch, lying some distance off astern, and indicated it.

One of my youngsters was in charge of the paddle boat detailed for the service. I had him up, pointed out the patch and told him, "You must drop it on that—for if you do not, you will do no good and will incur great risks. Look out for your lifebuoys. I will signal to you, and when I drop my handkerchief, let go."

Thus it was arranged, and I duly corrected the boat's course towards the shoal. But just before the boat got on the coral head, the order was given from below "Let go," and the youngster had to carry out the order—I was at masthead. Then there was a lively scene. The paddle-box carried a bower anchor with chain cable slung all round outside her. Fortunately the end was in the ship. Needless to say, there was no bottom where she let go. That huge great boat, capable of carrying well up to a hundred men, went end up in the air, flung all the men out, and they were all, so to speak, in the soup. Soup, yes, with sharks in it. We were smart with our boats, and picked them up with their lifebuoys; and fortunately the sharks got none of them. The anchor and chain cable hung up and down from our *stern!*

I calculated the time of high water, we got the guns aft in time for that, and then backed her off under her own steam.

The incident cut short the Governor's interesting cruise of inspection, and we returned to Levuka and landed him.

A fine set of temporary houses had been built on our decks for the Governor's residence until his house was built, but he never came off any more.

In those days, so soon as we annexed a place,

the people at home, among other things, always sent out a railway. There was a line of steamers that left New Zealand, came to Fiji and went on to San Francisco, calling at Levuka with mails. Now Fiji's principal islands are mountainous, and therefore are not the place for railways at all. Nevertheless, in course of time, in came one of these fine steamers with a railway engine slung over her side, all ready to drop into a lighter. But a lighter did not exist. The engine, a fine large one, weighed tons. Even our paddle boats would not do. In the meantime the mail steamer was rousing the place with her steam whistle.

There were a few Royal Engineers on shore, and the engine was consigned to them. They represented to the Governor, who represented to the senior officer, and the senior officer sent for me. Now with us naval people, the chief's order has to be obeyed smartly and well, and everyone who gets in the way has to get out of the way. Boats there was none, piers none, spars none. But there was a big elongated box, a sort of lighter, used to bring light goods from steamer. I seized that, went on shore and cut down half-a-dozen straight trees. There were plenty of empty rum casks about. We slung these, and secured them to the trees, now made into spars. Securing one on each side of the box-lighter with plenty of spans under from one side to the other, to distribute the weight, we rushed her off to the mail steamer. They duly lowered away, and I was glad to see that the old box took it well. And the steamer left to time.

Yes, but if it had come on to blow, the box-lighter would have gone, with my engine, to the bottom in countless fathoms of water. And I had to get the engine up the beach above high-water mark. We went on shore, cut down more cocoa-

nut trees, with which I rigged triangular sheers, calculating the rise and fall of tide. At high water we brought the box and engine under the triangle, hooked the purchase, hauled it taut, and when the tide fell, it left the engine slung in the air. More trees were cut for skids, leading right up to the top of the beach, and for a carriage to slide on the same. Then we lowered the engine on to the carriage. By this time, all the Levuka people were looking on, natives and all.

They all had to clap on the purchase fall, to heave everything up on the beach. Not a word from anyone all through. The man who makes a noise does not usually know anything about his job. A shrill and continuous note of the boatswain's whistle, and up she went to her place. The engine was never moved in my time and may be there now.

This scandalous use of trees and the box was awful! But any complaints were referred to the senior naval officer, who referred them to his excellency the Governor, who referred them to the commanding officer of the Royal Engineers; and they may be at it still. But the engine was up on the beach.

The native Fijians are physically fine men, but they are of no use for labour, for which they are too proud. As a soldier or policeman, or watchman, a Fijian is first class, but all labour was done by the women, or by imported labour from the adjacent islands, known as the Line Islands—on and near the Equator. Since this was written, you have a Fijian contingent fighting for you over here, showing that my original estimate of a Fijian's characteristics was right.

Measles in the Islands.

At home the youngsters generally get measles

and have done with them. But in Polynesia and Australia and generally in the Colonies, the children do not get the infantile disorders as ours do. But measles contracted by adults out there, brings complications, often with fatal results, and the chance of infection is great.

After the annexation of Fiji in 1874, the Home Government, apparently thought it advisable to give the late king of Fiji, Thakembau, his sons and his suite, an official visit to Sydney. We took them over, as we had good accommodation on deck for the lot. We had some heavy weather going over, and pretty sick they all were. I remember looking at our principal passengers, at that time, and wondering about the cannibalism—and now their present state due to heavy weather. At Sydney they had a right royal time, and in due course were brought back in one of our corvettes.

At that time there was some of that sickness, measles, about, nothing very much, but it was about. When the corvette arrived at Levuka, Fiji, Ratu Timoté, the eldest son, was not well. A consultation was held as to whether he should be allowed to land or be quarantined. The harbour was swarming with canoes full of natives from all the islands, come to welcome the king back. Into one of these canoes Ratu Timoté slipped, and was landed in it. The place was full of the king's late subjects, representing practically all the islands, which were over 200 in number. And they had war dances and such like evolutions, the whole mixing up together. The festivities went on for several days, and then the canoes left. The war canoes were big vessels. Supposing that such an outbreak was desired, and every means taken to make it effectual, nothing more could have been done. The mixing with all these

people on their arrival back, eating, drinking, living, and for the most part, sleeping together in numbers in their huts. Some of the islands were pretty near, but the furthest one, Ono, was 700 miles or so away, and that right in the eye of the south-east trade winds. The disease could not blow there, it was taken there by the party on their return.

Then the disease broke out. The Fijians are very cleanly people, nearly always in the water if possible. They got feverish and hot, and used to go and sit down in the water, and that finished them by driving the measles inwards. The casualties amounted to some forty thousand. Some of the islands were practically decimated. There sat a Royal Commission on it—I do not remember the result. Two doctors, Dr. Macgregor and Dr. Mayo, were sent out from England, and we already had two doctors on board. We were filled up with all sorts of medicines, bedding, medical comforts, etc. We immediately left to visit all the islands, and a pretty pitiful business it was. Most of the natives were dead, and those who were alive would have nothing to do with us or the doctors, and would take nothing, not even a bag of yams. The survivors seemed to look upon the sickness as a divine visitation, according to their religious beliefs. The doctors, who were most able men, did all they could, and for the most part the epidemic was over by that time, so we returned without having done very much.

I have heard fools carp at quarantine, but if this affair did not open their eyes, nothing would.

Doctor (later Sir William) Macgregor eventually became Governor successively of some of the most important colonies, a notedly able administrator, but I do not know what became of Dr. Mayo.

SALVING THE *DAUNTLESS*.

While we were at Levuka, the principal town and harbour of Fiji, the American captain of a Hawaiian schooner and his crew arrived in an open boat, his vessel, the *Dauntless*, having been wrecked on a reef 70 miles from Fiji. The American was a decent old fellow and owned the stranded schooner. The *Dauntless* was a very fine large schooner, quite curiously moulded. She had practically no floor, but was like a letter V. On shore she would not stand upright on an even keel but, so to speak, lay down on one of her sides. She was very heavily rigged and a fast sailer, and I understood she was built to carry mails.

As he did not get much help on shore, the old fellow came to us.

The ship was the old man's all, and we had a good deal of sympathy with him. So, with the senior naval officer's approval, I offered to take a volunteer party out and see if we could do something. I only had to hold up my finger to get as many men as I wanted, on this or kindred services. So we had one of our big paddle boats, a steam pinnace, and about 30 men, and away we went. The reef lay right in the teeth of the south-east trade winds, so I had to jockey the wind by travelling by night when the trades, among the islands, take off a bit.

However, we soon picked her up, a big vessel. She had struck the reef right among the breakers, but her peculiar shape saved her, for she was right over on her side, and before she could right herself the next wave floated her on top of the reef, and inside, clear of breakers, and in about 4 feet of water, quite safe so long as there was no hurricane.

I found out from the American that his cargo consisted of copra—dried cocoa-nuts—an enormous

quantity of bottled beer, and three casks of whisky. I arranged that the men were to have a liberal allowance of beer, a real treat out there, but that the whisky was taboo, being for the owner. We got the schooner's huge masts out, and secured them under her keel and the side that was in the water, together with all the spars, for floating purposes. We did the same with every buoyant lifting power we could get. Remember we had no plant for salvage purposes, and were 70 miles at sea. There is not much rise and fall there, but at low water we hove her down, secured, and had her just afloat, carefully battened down as she lay on her side, and pumped out. All hands worked as if it was their own ship—and duly got their beer as well as their rations.

I duly retrieved the beer, and two casks of whisky, but the third cask we could not find. But the working parties, especially towards the evening, seemed to show that they knew where the whisky was. In fact to some of them, although there was no disorder, it was pretty plain that the evening's amusement would scarcely bear the morning's reflection.

We floated that vessel for over two miles, away from the reef, then put her upright, and towed her up to Levuka, where we handed her over to the owner, and did not charge him a penny. Just a sporting help for the old man, and a pleasure to us and a help too, as it kept our hands in. When we had got her over the reef, and were just leaving for Fiji, a Levuka boat came off, as they said, to help, but, beyond drinking some beer, they gave none. Of course they pulled a rope or so, to say that they had done something. Coming back we had rather an interesting race. I was in the steam pinnace and had the patent log towing astern. In the distance we saw a school of black-

fish, small whales, who soon came our way, all in fun, of course, but it was not fun for us, the way those fish dashed about all round us, at our sides, ahead and astern.

Throwing their enormous tails clean out of the water, and diving right under us, the water they splashed in was a lot. That did not matter, but if they *had* hit us, it would have been a case of all up. And they seemed to get wilder in their sports, as if each was trying to outvie the other in close shaving, hit or not. The patent log, a bright brass and copper instrument, with a revolving cylinder, was towing astern, and it looked as if that was acting as a spinning bait, so I hauled it in. Then the black-fishes' attention seemed attracted to our screw, which was also of bright metal. Finally, it got too hot to last with safety, so I ran into the coast and got into shoal water, where they will not go, and so shook them off.

The people who came off in a boat from Levuka claimed salvage, and among them and the lawyers and the American, the fight went on until all the money the sale of the schooner fetched was gone, and the captain was on his beam ends. He had given me his chronometer to take care of, and the last I saw of him was when I sent for him to come on board as he was leaving in the mail steamer for, I suppose, America.

So he had his chronometer and that was all he had.

Our people had (and wanted) nothing except the run of their teeth in beer. According, I suppose, to the things a sailor said he would like: "A couple of caves, some beautiful slaves, And the run of his teeth in rum."

It was, I suppose, 20 years afterwards, when I met a man coming out of a dockyard. He saluted

me and said : " I have just been pensioned. You don't remember me, sir ? "

" No, I do not."

" Don't you remember the Haiwaiian schooner *Dauntless* that we saved, got off from the reef at Fiji, and brought into Levuka ? "

" Yes."

" You could not find that cask of whisky, sir ? "

" No."

" Ah, sir, if you only knew what a job we had to keep it out of your sight, for you were everywhere. One of us was told off in the hold to stand in the water up to his neck, with the cask of whisky just afloat in front of him. As soon as they passed the word down that you were coming—taking a long breath, he had to disappear under water holding the cask under water with him."

I said, " You blackguard, you were the man."

" Yes, sir, I was the man, and I had to disappear often enough. But if the fellows thought it was getting too long, one of them came up to you with, ' Please sir, that head hawser is all slack, and I'm afraid, etc. Will you come and look at it, etc.' And then," said the culprit, " I came up to blow, but several times I nearly bust and gave the show away. But they *did* want that whisky, sir. Hope no offence ! "

Trouble in Samoa.

At that time, the Samoan, or Navigator group of islands, was largely under the influence of the Germans. The principal trading company was German, the Goddefroi firm. This is a very fine group of islands with an amiable and a courteous population, and peaceable withal. The women are lighter in colour than the Fijians, and are

absolutely different from them, the Fijians being surly, and the Samoans friendly and pleasant. Both men and women are stately in carriage and are good-looking.

A Fijian is a soldier or some sort of a fighting man. He will not usually work in fields. He will fish, and his wife is, or was, practically a slave. With Samoans, everything is just the opposite, although the Fijian and the Samoan groups of islands are less than 500 miles apart.

The islands are lovely, and, I should say, productive and well cultivated. And so far as we ascertained, it was altogether a peaceful happy country to live in before the German influence came to poison everything.

Maleotoa was the king, and he had as a European adviser, a hyphenated German-American, one Steinberger. Whether or not it was that King Maleotoa was not sufficiently amenable to German influence, Steinberger worked against him and in favour of Maafa, a great chief, but with no right to the throne.

The situation culminated in a political crisis upon our arrival at Apia, the capital of the group, in Opolu island. The Americans had a coaling station at Pango-Pango on Tutuila island, and the American Consul, an excellent man, looked well after American interests. I am not sure whether the other consuls had anything to do with the matter. But what we did know was that there was a jolly row, and that suddenly Steinberger was arrested and brought on board us as a prisoner at large—or under open arrest.

The House of Parliament stood on a prominent point, easily seen from the ship, about two miles off. The situation was to be debated in the council on a certain day, and on that day we landed a large party to be, it was said, a guard of honour

at the opening ceremony. The party was in marching order, and fortunately for them they were armed. Nearly everyone went on shore to see the function. I was on board looking after the ship, and Steinberger and I were walking the bridge. Suddenly we heard firing, and looking at the guard of honour then we could see that the natives had attacked the guard, firing into them as they stood. Steinberger jumped on to the paddle-box, and involuntarily exclaimed: "The boys have commenced." Just so. The rebels were his lot, and they were attacking our men for guarding the king. But our first lieutenant, A. Macleod, who had been with us all through the Ashantee War, and was at Coomassie, was in command of the landing party. And the men, too, had all been through the war and the bush fighting.

Macleod got his men into a formation fit for the position and awkward for the enemy, who were now right up against it. But in numbers, our party was small as compared with the attacking native forces. On board we had cleared for action and with our guns we could have inflicted heavy losses on the enemy.

The difficulty was to distinguish between the king's party and the rebels. But the sharp fighting was soon over and not to the enemy's liking. Lieutenant Macleod's withdrawal of his party from the point, to a position near the consulate and opposite the ship, where they entrenched, was very smartly done. It covered the retirement of the king and other notabilities.

So soon as the firing began, the European residents, consuls and all, made for the ship as political refugees. Their embarkation and the embarkation of the wounded made things lively for the ship and boats. The refugees believed that

the natives were going to attack the town. But if they had, they would have been between our party and the town. We had the matter well in hand, when I saw a foreign consul on shore waving, so I got into a gig, and on shore quick, picked him up and also two of our men, mortally wounded both. And one could not resist taking some European women and children of the residents.

It was on the Sunday following that Lieutenant (afterwards Admiral) Macleod wished to get some information as to the positions of the enemy. He had noted a missionary building of good elevation on a commanding hill some distance from the front, and together we went there. The women were about, and they said "Kalofa" and seemed friendly enough, an attitude which seemed to show that the natives, except those who had been seduced from their allegiance, were not unfriendly. And all my experience in island work up there is that if the women and children are about you are pretty safe.

We came to the missionary buildings, got to an upper room with a small window, and looked right down on the enemy's camp, with a result that good information was obtained. Nominally, we were only looking out of the window at the country. But there was no more fighting, for the enemy had been pretty hard hit, and a ship with decent guns could have made hay of any attack within range.

Speaking quite generally on the subject, terms of peace were concluded, with the extraordinary provision that the king and the pretender were to be kings alternately, each for a specified time. I remember that in our estimation we thought that such a policy would lead to further trouble, because the one off the throne would be always scheming to get on again before his time. And, so



ADMIRAL ANGUS MACLEOD, C.V.O.

far as we heard later, such was the effect, and apparently these peaceful people never really had peace afterwards. And no doubt the German influence came in to keep alive the unrest, and ultimately triumphed in the annexation, in 1900, of nearly all the group.

But the Germans did not get round the Americans. In our time all the Americans had was a coaling station at Pango-Pango harbour on Tutuila island, but as a result of the Samoan Convention, Tutuila and all islands of the group east of longitude 171° E. were annexed by America, Germany annexing Savaai, the largest island, and Upolo, the island on which is situated Apia, the capital.

It may be remembered that in the present war Samoa has been captured by the British.

We left soon after the revolution, taking with us Steinberger. Before we left we were on the most friendly terms with the natives, who never ceased to express their regret for the rebellion into which they had been led, and the resulting loss of life.

Apia, the harbour of the capital, was at its best nothing but an open roadstead, with a sunken reef outside which broke the sea. It may be remembered that our *Calliope* and a German cruiser were in there together, when a hurricane came along. The anchorage under such conditions is bad. So the captain of the *Calliope* took his ship to sea in the middle of it and saved her. The German cruiser, however, was totally lost with many lives.

A Close Shave.

Before our relief came, it was necessary to send away the men who had been wounded in the trouble. As there were no steamers, we chartered a sailing vessel for the transportation. Having been duly fitted out and the wounded placed on

board, she sailed in the afternoon, the master expecting to clear the islands with the land breeze, and to pick up the trades later. I was up early the next morning, and at once caught sight of the vessel. She was about ten miles off, and appeared to me to be dangerously near the sea reefs.

Fortunately we had steam in the steam pinnace, and I was off so soon as she was ready. I had to go round the encircling reefs, keeping as close round to the breakers as I could, a good twelve miles. And it was a race. It was just a chance if I could get there in time to save her, for she was becalmed, a nasty swell setting right on to the reef, through the breakers, in which no boat could live. And she could not anchor, for the very deep water, hundreds of fathoms deep, reached right up to the reefs, which were under water at high tide. There was no middle course; you were either on or off the reef, if you did not go to pieces right on top of it. Usually, ships run against such reefs, get broadside on, and break up in a few minutes in the heavy surf.

The reef at low water was mostly uncovered for a few inches above water. It was past low water, and a rising tide, and my experience in similar circumstances told me that as soon as the tide had risen sufficiently to run in over the reef, the inset would be very strong, and right towards the reef; for, unlike most reefs, this one had no channel, and the nearest point of safety was the way I had come. We steamed as hard as we could, burning all the tallow, rope yarns and anything else inflammable.

I saw that the ship had her boats ahead, holding her up head to sea, but I could also see by transit through her to some rocks in line further down coast to eastward, that all the lot was going in towards the reef, although the tide was not over

the reef yet. At last we were with her. I dashed in, got a rope and went ahead to tow her if I could. I had, as I said, a capital transit mark by which I could see at any moment what we were doing. For a short time, we held her up, and if the tide had been ebbing, we might have done it. It was absolutely calm, not an air of wind, and the sails flapping in the heavy swell.

I was not long before I saw that we could not hold her up even then, as the tide was just topping the reef. Slipping, and sending the boats back to the ship with a message to the commanding officer of the naval party, to order the medical officer and the master of the vessel to get the wounded and sick on deck and to get as many in the boats as possible, I steamed ahead and held her up, in fact we never stopped. It was a case of all or nothing.

We had a capital officer and medical staff on board, and the way those fellows slipped into the job, the quiet way in which the work was done—no panic, no noise—was wonderful. Soon the cot cases were being hoisted over the side and lowered into the boats which, when loaded, were ordered to pull out seawards, although the rollers were just beginning to cap on the crest, a precursor to breaking.

As soon as the worst cot cases were out, and those who were able to get out of their cots were out too, and the boats were clear, I cut the tow rope, circled the boat round, and brought the steam pinnace alongside the vessel and secured her, so that I could keep on steaming to hold the vessel up to the very last moment.

Rapidly getting the remainder of the sick and wounded into the steam pinnace, the officer on deck reported all clear, and was then ordered to jump in. The situation at this moment was pretty

critical. To be sure we had her head to sea, which for letting go and getting away was convenient, but the swell was in earnest now, and visibly cresting as it ran up the steep incline under water to dash on the reef. Not a moment was lost. With a boat full up everywhere, we cut away everything and steamed away ahead out of danger. No sooner did we leave the ship than a swell struck her, drove her astern and broadside on, and in about three minutes she was matchwood, and some solitary portions of her in shoal water on the top of the reef. A pretty close shave.

The wounded were not injured, and there was nothing to pick up, so we returned to Apia. The cause of the vessel getting into this critical position was, that although the master did not pick up the land breeze, he got far enough out to think that he was all right. But after dark, he was out of range of the very poor light at Apia, and had nothing to show that the inset on the flood was pulling him steadily towards the reef and danger. At daylight, seeing his danger, and it still being calm, and the vessel not being under control, he had to use his boats to keep her head to sea. An early morning pipe, a cup of tea, and a look round did not come in amiss that day.

Of course, looking across a mass of reefs with the breakers foaming over them and seeing the horizon beyond the islands, required the eye of some one used to taking in such a position.

Shortly afterwards, our relief came, and we took our wounded to Sydney.

Fishing in the South Seas.

It is interesting to note the various methods of fishing used by natives in the Polynesian and South Sea Islands. I had seven native inter

preters for our work among the islands, for the dialect, if not the actual language itself, varies even in groups near to each other, Samoa and Fiji, for instance. These men used to take me about in my boat, pulling or sailing. At times they would mention a good reef as having " plenty of fish."

The water on some of the reefs is only about up to your knees. The reef is almost flat, with lumps of stones or seaweed about, showing like a black patch and clearly visible a long way off, for the water is as clear as glass. The water around the black patches was always much deeper. But you have to be very careful how you go, for there are many huge bivalve clam shells buried in the sand nearly up to their outside edge, wide open, and from the shell fish inside beautiful coloured filaments and tentacles float for several feet around the buried shell, so that you cannot see it. The shells measure as much as 2 feet at their greatest length.

The moment you put your foot in, they close up, and their strength is so great that they would dislocate your ankle, and the grip can only be relaxed by cutting the fish. However, the men look out for the shells and will indicate them if they can. Directly you get on the reef in the boat, you will see plenty of fish, which dart about in all directions, mostly making for the dark spots and stones. Then, selecting one such spot, the fishers star it, surround it at some distance off, then gradually approach, shouting. When they are about 5 yards off, with a scooping movement of their feet they raise the sand, and so obscure the water that the fish cannot see them. Then one or two are delegated by the others to dive to get under the rock, and to feel all about under it like tickling trout, and to grasp their fish. Rising above the water they give a yell of

victory if it is a big one or of a specially good sort. It does not take them long to get a big basket full.

At Levuka in Fiji, on occasions, all the women go out on the reefs to fish. No men are allowed to be present. The women carry torches made of resinous wood, and these are all lit up at the same time, and you can see hundreds of women dancing, with plenty of noise.

The fish are attracted to the reef in large numbers.

When the women think that the effect of the light has done its work, they begin to use their nets, of which every woman has one. In form the net is like an umbrella covering taken off the umbrella. The net is made of fine native-wove cotton twine, sometimes with women's hair in the weft. All round the outer edge are small lead sinkers, threaded on to sink the outer edge in question. Each woman holds the line at the top end, in her left hand, and the net is laid over the right forearm. With a graceful sweep of her right arm she pitches the net right over where she sees most fish, or sees the phosphorescence due to their movement. Then she gently hauls in on the line resting on her left arm, when the weights bring the outer edges of the net together, dives her hand down, collects all the weights together, and holding them, lifts the net over her basket, empties it, and goes on. This fishing is for the capture of small but very good fish for eating and drying.

But I think for cool preparation and methodical mechanical fishing, that of the Chinamen or Japanese in suitable districts, estuaries of rivers, etc., are the best that I have seen.

At the entrance of Sarawak river, there are many mud and sand flats. The Chinaman had noted how

the tides ran, and the pools where the tide was least in force. From the low-water mark on the land to a mile or more off, he ran a line of bamboos. These were stuck in mud, but with no other support, nor were they tied together, and were set 6 to 8 inches apart. At the sea end, an arrow-shaped head is built, that is to say, looking down on it; it is arrow-shaped, like the north point of the compass on a chart. And over that a few bamboos are lashed to make a bamboo floor, and some Nipa palm leaves to make a roof.

At this arrow-head the bamboos are set closer and closer together, so that a fish once in can't get through. At the bottom of the inner part of the arrow-head, there is a net with sides set out. To this net, slung at four corners so that it shall go up square, the hauling-up rope is fixed.

Now the Chinaman has studied the habits of his fish, and he knows that it comes up or goes down river, within (say) the mile of bamboos he has put up. But he also knows that the fish will see his bamboos but will not go between them. As a rule the fish will go towards deeper water, so it goes on to the next bamboo and the next, and so on. Nosing along these long rows of bamboos, the fish seems to miss the commencement of the arrow-head on the other side until it closes in on him. Between the bamboos of the arrow-head he can't go, but he still continues his course along the line of bamboos, for he sees an open space ahead, and in he goes; and finally, he works, for the same reason, into a fine open space, the bulb-shaped part of the arrow-head. While the fish are looking about them, the Chinaman sees them, or the flurry in the water they make, and raises the net from the bottom and takes the lot and, the net cleared, drops it again.

A couple of Chinamen will live there for a long time, with no boat, and no communication with the shore, until their sanpan comes from a market miles away.

At the entrances of rivers, we frequently had to enter through this line of bamboos. We acted as sportsmen should, and did no damage, for with a clean-sided vessel, with all the guns run in, we simply separated the bamboos at the top and we passed through them. If we wanted fish, the Chinaman was glad enough to exchange for a bag of biscuit or a bit of tobacco.

A Chinaman is a very careful, patient man at this sort of sport. It is not sport to him, it is his profession or business, with the result of which he supplies a market and keeps himself.

In one place where our boats were, the Chinamen caught wild ducks by putting a big pumpkin calabash, with small peep-holes in it, over his head, reaching well down to his shoulders. Then, suiting his position to where wild ducks mostly resorted, he walked into the water until the lower edge of the calabash was level with it.

There he stood, or sat, until a duck flew off and perched on what he thought was the floating calabash. Then the Chinaman put his hand up, grasped the bird, killed it, tied it to his waist and waited for the next. An accomplice rouses the flight if the ducks are too near the shore for these tactics.

I heard a yarn, that one of our boat's crew passing down, brought his boat-hook with a thwack across the pumpkin, which he thought was floating away, with a view to getting it. He was most astonished when two hands appeared above water, lifted the pumpkin and disclosed the face of an infuriated Chinaman, backed with his " Hai yah ! " To be bonneted is not nice, but

to be hit on the pumpkin with a 10-foot ash boat-hook with a metal hook at the end means business.

The Island Trader.

While we were in the Solomon Island group in the South Seas, we fell in with a nice little steamer, the *Ripple*, owned and sailed by a very decent Scot, named Ferguson, who was trading among the islands. I took passage with him on several occasions, and could not help admiring the thorough way in which his work was done and its good results. No money passed, for the use of it was unknown among the natives. Cowrie shells were used as symbols of value, but nearly all the business was done by barter. Trade goods consisted of jews-harps—the natives have thin lips and can use them—fish hooks, brass wire, knives, tomahawks, and (but not when I was there), trade guns, and what they called cloth, which was cheap calico of the most glaring colours, and some cloth and beads. For these things the trader got tortoise shell, pearl shell, cocoa-nuts, copra (*i.e.*, dried cocoa-nuts), and india-rubber. All our cruisers had to carry trade goods to get their supplies.

Tortoise shell, which is really turtle shell, was worth about a guinea a pound in England at the time; and for that amount the natives would get a yard or two of cloth, some fish hooks, a bit of brass wire, some beads and a couple of jews-harps if their inclination lay that way. In fact the profits were very large and trade very good. The *Ripple* was a screw steamer with a roomy deck-house built at the after-end, with a passage all round it.

If the captain wanted fish for the crew, he

used to man the boat and go up some lagoon or bay—he knew where. Several times I went with him. He would stand up in the bow, smoking vigorously, with a pocketful of dynamite cartridge, directing the men in the boat as to the course. When he saw a school of fish, he would out dynamite cartridge, light the fuse at his pipe, and pitch it into the middle of the shoal of fish—and a quarter of a boat-load was the catch. But he liked a go at bigger game than that, if he had the chance, with his gun. Nearly all the natives up there were cannibals on occasion. They would attack you, take your ship and eat you, as they did in the case of the *May Queen.*

I often talked with him about the risks he ran, but he said that all the island people hated one another, that his crew consisted of men from every island, that they had fought and would fight to defend the ship, and that they were always ready for action.

The captain came on board several times, and gave us some valuable hydrographic information, and political information too.

Although the dialects varied among the islands, he seemed to be able to speak them all.

Soon after we had gone down to Sydney, he came by his end. He was sitting in his cabin, the side window of which looked out on the gangway. Hearing a noise, he looked out of the window, and was immediately tomahawked and killed. The natives who had come off from the islands to trade, had risen and attacked the ship. The captain was the first victim. But the crew behaved as he had said they would. They went for the enemy, and pretty well exterminated the lot of them, thus saving the ship and executing a bloody revenge for the captain's murder. And then they took the steamer down either to Auckland or to

Sydney, at which latter place I think she is now, a water tank.

I do not know what was done about it eventually, but it only proved that in such cases the punishment must be severe and prompt, as it had to be after we had lost the commodore and several merchant ship's crews.

Steam Reserve: Early Torpedo Craft.

While I was in *Devastation* and *Iris*, waiting for commissioning, I volunteered for the trials of the new first-class torpedo-boats which had just come into the Service. *Lightning* was No. 1 of the new series, and I was ordered to take No. 2 to Plymouth. It was the first time one of these vessels had been to sea. The sailing orders came straight from the Admiralty, and directed that the voyage was to be shortened by calling at Portland on the way. So we went to Portland. Order carried out. But the next morning it was blowing pretty strong from the south-east. I took the precaution to go out round the breakwater. Now these new vessels had very thick and very short funnels. I could put my hand on the top of the funnel when standing on deck. On passing out from the shelter of the breakwater, I saw a sea like a wall advancing. The vessel did not rise to it, she went right through it. We were battened down, and those of us on deck were all lashed, but the deuce of it was that she shipped a sea down the funnel, which extinguished all the fires and warmed up the engine-room staff a bit with the steam from the ashes. However, we had just enough steam in the boilers to enable me to get her back into Portland Harbour through the hole in the breakwater. It was a near enough shave, for no anchor would have held her in that sea outside the breakwater.

As I was ordered to test the seaworthiness of these vessels, the experience was not lost. We ran to Plymouth the next day at a speed of about 18½ knots, which in these days was considered prodigious.

There was one boat I had to try which was declared by her inventors to be the wonder of the age. This was the American Herrischoff torpedo-boat. She was the first vessel fitted with a coiled tube for raising steam and proceeding in (say) five minutes from order. The coiled tube was about 600 feet long and 2 inches in diameter. The coil began in the centre of the top of a flat-topped beehive-shaped erection, and was wound round till the surface was about 4 feet in diameter, forming the sides until the end, which was in the engine-room, and which was connected direct to the engine. This pile was about 6 feet high, the coils being close together, and the whole cased in with a rough sheet-iron covering. Underneath, there was just a common fire grating on which chips, oakum, wood, etc., were placed ready for lighting.

The boat herself was one of the most extraordinary craft I ever saw. She got the name of the "Coffin," and came perilously near time after time to being useful in that respect. With a stump of a mast, and an absurd little funnel, she had only room on her topside, for she had no deck, as the sides of her sloped up to nothing on top. As she stood about 10 feet high out of the water and only drew 4½ feet of water, she was a beast and looked it. In the numerous cruises we had, the staff, conducting the experiments from comfortable boats in the distance, used laughingly to say that I was always the prominent official in the vessel, and so as a matter of fact I was, for there was no room for anyone else up there. Anyway, I was better off than the engine-room staff. There was a manhole

forward up which the look-out man used to put his head.

In the centre of the top of the coiled tube, was a pipe connected with a hand pump, and also with a steam pump when steam was up. At each revolution of the engine, the steam pump injected about a pint of water into the top of the coil. The hand pump was used to start the steam.

At the order " Up steam," the kindling was set on fire, and at once the whole of the space inside the casing and round the coil was a mass of flame, and the tube got red-hot in a very short time, hot enough to raise steam in about a minute.

The procedure was " Light fires," and as soon as they were ready in the engine room, they signalled " Ready." The bridge then gave the order (say) " Ahead." The steam gauge, which the second before had registered zero, at once flew up to 100 to 150 lbs. pressure, as the first lot of water was put in by the hand pump.

While going ahead, the feed was regulated by the revolutions of the engine. Yes ! but jumping off at 16½ knots means business—for at that time they had little means for regulating the supply of steam to the engine. Consequently the officer on the bridge had to see that he was all clear to speed off like an arrow. As the Admiralty, the Admirals commanding, and all the heads of departments attended these experimental steam trials, evidently the matter was considered very important. And these were undoubtedly the pioneer trials of a system of torpedo warfare. And I do not doubt that these experiments were the forerunners of the kind of steam fire-engine now in use, and also for naval purposes.

I suppose we were running at about 16½ knots on trial, when the leather belt that connected the running engine to the feed pump, ran off, and the

steam went down to zero. Anxious—too anxious—to keep up the speed, they jumped at the hand pump and used it not wisely but too well, and gave the boiler tube more than it could digest. Having too much water, the steam pressure rose, put the indicator of the gauge up to the top of the index, and then blew the gauge right off—right under my nose—and split the coiled tube, and fire was reported forward and aft. Well! there was not enough boiling water to do damage, and the amount of steam to escape was not much, although it was enough to warm them up below and to look for promotion skywards. This was the last I had to do with her.

The Experiments of Admiral P. H. Colomb.

While I was serving in the *Iris* (Steam Reserve) all my spare time was devoted to assisting Captain Colomb, Captain of the Steam Reserve, in his endless experimental work. It was a pleasure and a real good training to work with such an officer, and eventually all his projects were adopted by the authorities, and also largely by the outside marine interests.

It may be taken that formerly a vessel with her helm hard over pivoted from about one-fourth to one-third from her bow, say, under her foremast. From that point to the after side of her rudder, less her screw aperture, was, so to speak, a solid wall, which, in the swinging due to helm action, she had to force laterally through the water. It was *then* considered that this form of building was necessary for the strength of the ship, but Captain Colomb proved that the theory was mistaken. But he had to fight hard for it.

We began with a steam launch, and cut away the dead wood aft by inches at a time. Then the

turning powers of the launch were again tried as compared with the same power before she was so cut. The turning power was most carefully ascertained. The boat was started at a certain speed, at a certain second, as taken, at a certain draft of water, and helm angle in a certain trim, with two objects in the line of transit ahead at the start, and then bearing plate angles at each octant of the circle as she passed around. It was my work to assist him. It was always found that the more we cut away, the quicker the boat turned, and the smaller the distance and area of circle. Then we cut away again, an equal portion every time, until we had cut away everything, from the body of the ship to the stern post and rudder, leaving only the keel plate and rudder post. The effect was simply wonderful, and the form has since been universally adopted. For it gave quicker turning, and made the diameter of circle very much less. And consequently the boat was more effective—especially in war service, where so much depends on smart manœuvring. But it took quite a time and hard work to convince the doubters.

Following on the alteration of boats, the turning power of ships was the next subject of Captain Colomb's investigations. Here again, he advocated the elimination so far as possible of the dead wood, as we used to call it. But in this case it was a larger proposition as regards material, although the theory was the same.

Captain Colomb's researches were all in addition to his own heavy official work. But he could do as he liked with his own carpenters and his own Steam Reserve boats. But apparently he could get no ships to alter, or money voted for experiments.

Nevertheless, his theory has since been acted upon to a very great extent, with splendid results in quicker and better turning of heavy vessels.

Said Captain Colomb, at the time: "Every captain on joining his ship should be supplied with full particulars as to the best, the quickest, and the most effective method of turning her, and in such a way that he can take the thing in at a glance. For he may have to operate, before he has the opportunity of finding out the good and the bad points of his ship."

So we at once began to turn every ship at her steam trial. Hitherto, all that was done at steam trials was to throw some black boxes overboard, take some angles and thus determine the diameter of the circle. We turned the ship scientifically.

The accurate times, helm angles, revolutions, draft of water forward and aft (a most particular item to note), the bearing plate angles as she passed round the octant of a circle, sea, wind and weather conditions: all these were computed and tabled, so that an officer at a glance could see his quickest way to turn was so-and-so, but that if he had time and a restricted area to turn in, he required so much speed and so much helm angle.

At that time the distribution of the weights constituting the ship, her turrets and armour, had not been fully considered; as it was shown when we turned the *Colossus* and *Edinburgh* of that date. These were both new ships, identical in every way, and were said to be improvements on the *Devastation*, which was one of the best turning ships in the Service. We turned both *Colossus* and *Edinburgh*, but we could not get the authorities to take in the results, they were so disappointing—the diameter of their turning circles were so great, that is to say, their turning powers were so bad. I am speaking of fair turning, using both your screws. For that old myth of reversing your inner screw was killed and decently buried during these experiments. If you reverse your inner

screw, what you gain in one way you lose in the absence of the strong action of the rush of water from your stopped screw, and your rudder is acting in a vacuum, made by your stopped screw.

The reasons why *Colossus* and *Edinburgh* turned so badly were that their turrets were too far from bow and stern respectively, and that their armour was more amidships than at the ends. They had no weight at the ends—bow and stern—to which a momentum could be given.

Take *Devastation* for an instance of the opposite. Her turrets were well forward and well aft, her 12 inches of iron armour tapered to 8 inches at bow and stern, and was 14 inches at the turret gun ports.

I never ceased to wonder as I watched her reply to the helm. It was immediate, and then she went on swinging, increasing the speed of her turning at every octant, due to the fact that we had thousands of tons of armour on the swing, the action of the screws and helm angle increasing the momentum.

Why, the *Minotaur* and *Agincourt*, sister ships, greatly longer and 1,200 tons heavier, were infinitely better turners than *Colossus* and *Edinburgh;* for although they were not turret ships, they had their armour evenly distributed like *Devastation* and *Thunderer.*

However, it was well to ascertain this bad turning phase, and it undoubtedly led to the improvements which have resulted so satisfactorily in present ships.

Captain Colomb used to have lectures on all this with practical exhibitions.

For the *Colossus* and *Edinburgh* he had a cylinder of white paper the size of a black ruler. For the *Minotaur* and *Agincourt* he had the ruler itself. Both these objects were suspended by

a piece of cotton. Holding the paper one up, he gave it a tap to make it revolve, which it did for a very short time. He then did the same with the solid black heavy ruler, and that went on for a long time. In any case it was all useful, and, as I thought, most interesting work, and in a quiet way helping one of the most able men I ever knew.

SALVING H.M.S. *EURYDICE*.

The *Eurydice* was lost on March 24th, 1878. She upset one mile off Shanklin Pier on a Sunday afternoon. Had all gone well, she would have anchored at Spithead about an hour afterwards. Among other duties in raising this ship, I had charge of all that was recovered from her and power to deal with it. The ports were all open, and in the bow port a man had been sitting with his ditty box, writing to his sweetheart a letter in which he said that he hoped to be home to meet her on Easter Monday. By the time the divers had recovered the ditty box and letter, it was getting along to Easter Monday. On Easter Monday she received that letter, with official regrets.

After the vessel had been raised and taken into Portsmouth dockyard, she was taken to pieces, and her timbers were sold. The makers of mementos were largely the purchasers, for there was a great demand for anything from her, the public interest and sympathy were so great. Only two men's lives were saved, and over 300 were lost.

In lifting the *Eurydice*, many anchors had to be employed to keep the lifting ships over the wreck, as the tides were running so strongly. On preparation for the lift, I had to star the lifting vessels

with anchors, ahead, astern, on each bow, on each beam, so as to have the lifting vessels immediately over the *Eurydice*, and to retain them there until the lifting ropes were secure. But there were so many vessels engaged that no hawser would stand the strain. So the hawsers parted, and anchors were lost, and were replaced by others until we had 50 heavy anchors somewhere on the track the ship was, lift after lift, brought over. After the vessel was raised, I had to recover from over eleven miles of track passed as many of these heavy anchors as possible.

I used to sweep with a steam lighter and tug, with 400 fathoms of sweep out, mostly coming up with the flood, or down to westward with the ebb. When we got a bite, down diver, on steam lighter, up anchor and begin again. Early in the course of the work we had a nibble in Sandown Bay, and sent down a diver. He signalled for a rope to be sent down, then signalled to haul up. The two men hauling brought up an old anchor about 8 feet long, with a huge ring, a foot in diameter, puddinged for use of a hemp cable. The palms were very large, but the whole, except the ring, which still had the covering on it, had rusted away till there was little left of the original. It was evidently a man-of-war pattern anchor, for Sandown Bay used to be a resort of our cruisers when they were looking out for enemy cruisers. They used to slip in a hurry to get into chase without the delay of getting in their anchor, a long job in those days.

About twenty-four hours after it was put on deck, the sailors said that the anchor began "to sweat." It threw off flakes about $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch thick, shedding all its oxidised outer covering, leaving the anchor even more thin, but as bright as silver. You could see the grain of the metal

clearly. It was sent on shore to some Government museum. We supposed that it had lain at bottom in that position for nearly a hundred years.

Of the 50 anchors lost, we recovered 48, and then the Admiralty came to the decision to write off the other two. But I should surely have got them had I gone on. About two years later, a heavy draught vessel was to go alongside the South Railway jetty at Portsmouth. A diver was sent down to see all was right. He reported a heavy anchor lying just off the berth, but nothing could be discovered as to how it came there. I happened to be at Portsmouth, and asked to be given the number of the anchor. This was done, and I produced my book, for this was one of the 50—and one of the lost two.

How did the anchor get there? Thus.

As soon as we were ready to get the lifting ships over the *Eurydice*, we had to remove the main-mast. This was done by cutting it away close to the deck and breaking it off, which was a mistake, for we ought to have cut the mast-head off under the rigging. However, it was done. It was bad weather, we clapped on two powerful tugs, and one broke the mast off and towed the lot away; but the iron rigging was still on the mast and, hanging downwards, swept the bottom in a mass. Apparently, while we were securing the mast for towing—the tugs drifting the while—the rigging caught this anchor and picked it up, and it became entangled with the loose rigging. I was on board, and we had a heavy tow in, caused no doubt by the anchor being mixed up with the rigging. We went alongside the South Railway jetty late at night, and then the anchor dropped out; singularly enough it was not discovered when the rigging wreckage was hauled in.

So now there is only one anchor missing! and



Charles Beresford
admiral

I should like to have the job to find it—just for the sport of the thing.

During the evolutions resulting in the raising of the *Eurydice*, and towing her with the fleet of lifting ships, hulks, etc., into shallower water, preparatory to the next pin down, the *Thunderer* at times took an active part. Lord Charles Beresford was commander in her, and it was a case of "get things done" when he was about. If I remember right, he had a Thomson Compass on board, not officially, I suppose, but, as it was rapidly coming to the front, to try it, with its huge but light card. Some years afterwards I had something to do with swinging the *Camperdown*, which had a Thomson compass for standard. On the compass pedestal was a board, with a notice painted on it :—"Standard Compass."

There was a skit about it at the time. Why that board? Why, because the navigators are so stupid they don't know where a standard compass should be. Someone suggested that the notice on the board was out of place. It should have had on it :—

Sacred to the memory of dear old ——
Who departed his Service life
On Thomson's Compass becoming Standard!

Chapter VII

H.M.S. *SPRIGHTLY*

How to do It.

I was given the command of H.M.S. *Sprightly* for services in respect of the *Eurydice*. I sailed in her under orders to go and blow out the masts of a wreck sunk outside the Needles Channel, with a party from H.M.S. *Vernon*, under Lieutenant the Hon. A. E. Bethell, one of the smartest torpedo officers of that ship. My experience in getting up the *Eurydice* came in well here. In dealing with this wreck, we put at the masthead, close under the rigging, a dynamite sausage, which exploded and cut the masthead off. Then another sausage was placed round the mast partners on deck. Both masts were withdrawn and shot up into the air, steps and all. We then triced the masts up one on each side of the ship and returned.

I reported to Admiral the Hon. F. A. Foley, Admiral-Superintendent of the Dockyard, with good proof that masts were out, as I had the heels of them, and submitted that the spars recovered be sold and the amount obtained be given to the Seamen's and Marines' Orphan School, as all the people concerned in the salvage were naval and marine. The suggestion was submitted, and in course of time a reply came to the effect that the Admiralty had a claim, the Trinity House had a claim, the Board of Trade had a claim, and that when all these claims were settled the balance

might be paid to the Seamen's and Marines' Orphan School. The Admiral-Superintendent happened to be acting as Commander-in-Chief when the reply came, and he dealt with it by sending for the auctioneer, selling to him the spars, and sending the proceeds, which were only a few shillings, to the Seamen's and Marines' Orphan School at once. I am afraid that the departments in question still have their claims unsatisfied.

A Timely Tow.

The *Sprightly* was coming down Southampton Water one evening about seven. A nice breeze had faded away to a perfect calm. Off the Royal Hospital at Netley, I saw the Royal yacht *Britannia*, heading for Cowes. As I passed, I saluted by dipping my flag, and, acting on impulse, I took up the white end of vang and gave the seaman's signal, "Do you want a tow?" by shaking it. The answer was "Yes."

Having stopped, and backed astern, we slowly steamed past the yacht, putting across a heaving line with grass line attached, which was run in and secured, the whole evolution taking less than two minutes. We took her over, put her on the tide and, giving the yacht just way enough to run up to her anchorage, slipped her, as the barge appeared. I heard a voice from the yacht—"Thank you. Just saved my dinner."

Embarking the Coast Guard.

One day, for a change, they suddenly ordered me to embark for mobilisation the coastguards of stations from Dover to Portland, a duty usually carried out by coastguard cruisers. Owing to

bad weather, the coastguard could not come off in their own boats, so I signalled to them to rendezvous at Newhaven and other ports.

When I arrived off Newhaven it was blowing a bit with a nasty sea. However, I steered for the harbour, although there was none too much water for me. When I had run in a certain distance, the land broke the sea a bit. I was closing the entrance rapidly, and my bow was more or less under shelter of the land, when a lump of a sea caught my port quarter and threw the ship's head straight for the west pier-head of the harbour. I was only about 100 feet away, and it looked as if I was going right into it. I was steaming half-speed. The people on the pier cleared out.

I jumped off the paddle-box, put her on full speed, helm hard a-port, and I could just touch the pier from the paddle-box as we swept by, and cleared it and passed on up the river, righting the helm at the same moment, and alongside in a couple of minutes. The coastguard men there were embarked and we were ready for sea. Strong flood tide. I was moored head up river, and owing to my draught, there wasn't much room for me to turn. I had a grass line passed out of the port fore sponson, round the bows and secured to the shore, some distance astern. The coastguard on shore was instructed to let go my rope when I put my handkerchief downwards, and to let go my after ropes now. The ship at once dropped into the new spring, the tide caught her stern and swept it off; so soon as she was half round, one back turn of the paddles cleared the bow from the jetty. By the time she was in mid-stream, she was heading down river, I dropped my handkerchief, and we steamed right out and away. Not a word or order from anybody. They came down to see us make a smash of it—we showed them a move,

anyhow. Had I hesitated a moment, or stopped her, nothing could have saved her.

We picked up our coastguard all along, bad weather or no bad weather, and arrived at the mobilisation port as punctually as if it was war time.

A Lesson to Princes.

As the *Sprightly* was an old yacht, and had excellent accommodation and plenty of it, she was requisitioned a good deal for family parties, especially when the Court was at Osborne. One day I was ordered to embark a foreign Prince, his brother or sister and their English governess, to take them to Osborne where the Court then was. The children were quite young, and the governess was a charming young lady, who, one would have thought, in her very self would have earned respect; which, however, she did not get. In fact, so much the reverse, that one could not help but observe the pain that it gave to the lady.

The boy was not rude in the general sense of that word, but rather after the manner of the Queen in "Alice in Wonderland," "off with his head" style. And on occasion he stated his opinion and looked it. When we came up to the north-east Ryde middle buoy, I saw, and he saw too, that the ball on the head of the buoy had been knocked all on one side, evidently by a collision. We passed pretty close to it.

Coming up to me, the boy said: "What is that?"

"That," I said, pointing to the buoy, "is a naughty little buoy who has been rude to his governess, and he has had his head knocked all on one side, as you see, and deserves it."

He took it in quite nicely, but gave me a look

that plainly showed he was not accustomed to get such a straight tip as that.

During both passages thereafter, he always came to me if he wanted to know anything, and to everyone he was more considerate. The governess was not present when I gave him the tip—I looked after that. But I gave her a hint as to how he took it, and that a little more of the like would do him good thereafter.

CHAPTER VIII

H.M.S. *DEVASTATION*

HELPING THE CHURCH.

WHEN I was in the Steam Reserve, in 1883, for service in H.M.S. *Devastation*, a card was sent down to my cabin, bearing the name of a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic.

Now what this noted and much respected canon wanted to see me about, I could not think.

The canon began by saying: "You have a man named —— on board."

I referred to my watch bill and said—"No."

"But, excuse me, I know you have."

So I sent for the officer of the watch and said: "We have no man named —— on board?"

"Yes, sir, joined this morning. This clergyman's card came before I had time to report."

It appeared that one of our men, when he was in a ship on the West Indian Station, had married, had lived with his wife, and had come home and paid her (as they say) with the fore topsail. She was a Roman Catholic. After a time her church took the matter up. They had gone so far as to send her home to Portsmouth, hence the canon's visit to me.

The canon's request was that I should order the man to take to his wife at once.

To this I demurred, as it was a matter for the civil court. So long as he did not bring himself within the Naval Discipline Act, we had no power, nor any inclination to strain what power we had

as to the men's private affairs. Of course, I referred the canon to the Commander-in-Chief.

The canon was a bit put out about it, which I did not like to see, for he was only doing his duty and wanted to succeed. So I said :

" Look here, canon, this is my private cabin, and if you like you can stop here. I will see the man, and although I cannot order him to see you, if he likes to come and see you here, he can. But please understand that, officially, I have nothing to do with the matter, and that his attendance will be purely voluntary."

The canon was pleased.

In ordinary course, on his joining, I should have seen the man. Who was rather surprised when I said, " I understand you are married." It appeared that he had changed his religious flag on marrying, and, to put it shortly, had tied a knot with his tongue which he could not undo with his teeth.

" Well," I said, " your wife is in Portsmouth, under the care of your church people." This surprised him ! " The canon is in my cabin, and if you wish you may go in and see him, but it will be a purely voluntary action on your part if you do."

He professed to be quite willing to see the canon and he went in. What happened I did not care to know, so I cleared out and went on shore out of the way.

But this I do know, that the man got leave that day and that the couple were reunited at once. Such, you see, was the canon's tact.

Chapter IX

H.M.S. *MONARCH*

A Chatham Ship.

After paying off the *Devastation*, I was at once appointed to that much-desired billet, the *Serapis*, Indian troop-ship, but as trooping was not in my idea the best form of service, I applied for the cancellation of the appointment, which was granted. I was then appointed to H.M.S. *Monarch*, which was fitting for the Channel Squadron at Chatham, an appointment I infinitely preferred. If all men thought the same, there would be fewer fancy waistcoats.

The *Monarch* was the first heavy battleship to rendezvous, fit out, and return to Chatham periodically from the Channel Fleet to refit, as Portsmouth and Devonport ships did to their ports. Captain (afterwards Admiral) Lord Walter Kerr, was the exponent of that policy, and the excellent results, which are in operation to-day, exemplify his foresight in arranging that the port contiguous to the North Sea should be prepared for emergencies in that quarter.

The *Monarch* had been paid off at Malta, so that her officers and men left her, and she was brought home by a navigating party, who upon their arrival were also dispersed. Then the dockyard, in order to get on with the repairs, took all the stores and fittings out of her.

But as the ship was not in the Steam Reserve, nor in dockyard hands, nor in commission, there

was no one to take charge of this great mass of valuable stuff, which the working parties dumped under the outside porches of a store, but open to dockyard use. The dockyard having done most of the repair work, the ship was commissioned, and there we came in and the trouble began, for it was a race against time to catch the Channel Fleet on its projected cruise. In fact it was a regular tangle. For instance, one department demanded 50 fathoms of 2-inch wire rope from the yard. The yard turned up the paying-off Malta survey and said: "Here you are, 50 fathoms 2-inch wire rope—you have it already, therefore as that is all you are allowed, we cannot issue any more." And they did not.

Multiply that instance by many hundreds and you can understand the worry, loss and delay. But the *Monarch* had to be got away to become the Channel Fleet Chatham ship.

It was a deadlock, for, of course, the officers of the new commission would not sign for what they had not got, and if they did not get it the ship could not be made fit for service. But at this point, I fancy, someone got plenary powers to deal with the matter. Captain Buller was, I think, captain of the Steam Reserve, and what he did not know was worth no one's knowing.

We all went in to back up the policy of making the *Monarch* a Chatham ship, and we got her ready and left Chatham only a day late, arriving at Cromarty before the Fleet.

That was the beginning of the Chatham ships, and it showed how the work could be done. Later, of course, the Chatham contingent was largely increased.

A Night Alarm.

The *Monarch* left Sheerness on December 10th, 1884, to pick up the Channel Fleet at Lisbon. In the Bay, while under steam and sail, we ran into a strong easterly gale. At 8 p.m. on the 18th, just as we had fixed her position, the engines broke down, pretty badly too. I jumped up to the bridge and found the idea was to shorten sail.

I demurred, and when I was asked for my advice, objected to the suggestion, inasmuch that we did not want to go to America. I thought we ought to shake out the reefs, set the courses, and sail her up to Cintra and get into Lisbon. And this we did, and very well the old craft sailed, fetching up to within a mile of Cape la Roque. By the time we arrived, the engineers had the engines patched up to a five-knot speed, to go ahead, but not go astern. With that limit of speed, it was not much use trying to get into Lisbon through the main channel. So as soon as we were as near as sails would help us to get, we shortened sail and down top-gallant masts, and altered course, to take her in through the north channel, and put her at it. It blew so hard that it took us seven hours to get into the river, and the sea on the Cachopas bank on the starboard side was a sight to see.

Not a word was said, not a voice was heard as she slowly worried her way up through the channel. We heard afterwards that the people on shore made sure that we should end upon the Cachopas. The critical moments were when we were passing obliquely out of the north channel to the main channel into Lisbon, with the Cachopas close to on the starboard beam, and the full force of the ebb-tide catching us on our port bow. But a few degrees of starboard helm put that all right.

And she entered the river Tagus safely. Yes, but you could do anything you liked with the *Monarch*, if you made up your mind what you were going to do and did it! In fact did not wobble.

Our orders were to moor on the exact spot where we had moored when we were with the Fleet at Lisbon before, so as to allow the flagship and the Fleet to take up absolutely the same positions as they had then occupied. Now, in a running moor, I maintain that the first anchor let go is the best anchor, for he falls properly, he bites at once, and the strain on the cable pulls him into proper position. In fact, he is fairly laid. Whereas, the second anchor is let go when the proper amount of cable on first anchor is out. That cable may, or may not, be a little slack, and the ship may over-run her second anchor, ever so little, the cable may be paid down on the top of it, and a foul anchor be the result.

I had, too, Lisbon ebb-tides and freshets on them, in my mind. As we were a single ship, and Captain Church was consideration itself all through I took her up on a line of bearing to secure my distance from the shore and leave room for lee line when the Fleet came in. Taking her well up to enable me to fall back and moor with seven shackles on each anchor, I dropped first anchor with slight sternway on (by transit) and let the ebb-tide bring her down, using the helm as necessary. After dropping the second anchor, we middled her, and found that she was on the same pin-point mark as before—it is true there is nothing much in that, but if I seem to have been diffuse, mark the sequel.

The *Minotaur* and *Agincourt* duly arrived with the other units of the Fleet. The *Monarch* was to be No. 2 of weather line, No. 3 *Sultan*, and so

on, all as usual. *Minotaur* came close past us, went ahead dropping her first anchor when clear of ours, and passing on, dropped his second, and middling, was exactly in position from us, and we from her. *Sultan,* too.

Lee line on south shore.

A day or two afterwards, I was called in the middle of the night. The weather was quite calm, and the night intensely dark. The freshets were coming down the river, and the *Minotaur* was dragging down on the top of us. It was so dark that you could not see either the flagship or the *Sultan,* our next astern, but from the way their lights were altering their position, one could see that at times the ships were right across the river. Just as I got on the forecastle, the stern of the flagship caught the end of our bowsprit, which brought out an order to get it in, to which I demurred until the captain came up, for, said I, " Don't you see it is preventing us from ramming him ? " So it was not got in.

Our bowsprit was square, of great size and strength, and fitted to run in when we cleared for ramming. The way that bowsprit held on was wonderful. It cleared all the Admiral's walk, and the anchors, etc., secured round her stern, but it got hold and somewhat steadied the flagship and undoubtedly held her up and kept her off our ram. I was quite happy as to our anchor holding, for our cable had all been out and replaced, and the ends secured to the ship under my own eye. I always saw to this.

As I said, you could see nothing a few yards off. We heard a shout, and the surging of a chain cable. The *Sultan* had broken her sheer, rendered through first one bridle and then another, parted one and then the other, and with the momentum she got from the last fling, had run into and over

and sunk a French transport which lay inshore of her on her port side, and had then been swept down the river by the tide which was running at over seven knots an hour, with freshets. Subsequently, the *Sultan* pulled up opposite to Belem Castle.

Unfortunately some 35 lives were lost by the sinking of the French transport. And that with a fleet of boats available, but again, it was so absolutely dark that you could see nothing, although everyone was looking out in all the ships.

Eventually the matter was amicably arranged between the two Governments.

So soon as the river got a bit quieter, we veered a couple of shackles on each bridle to clear the flagship. But so far as the anchors went, with all the additional strain our anchor did not come home a bit. The *Agincourt's* cables were so twisted up owing to the swivel choking, that Government lighters had to be employed to clear them—and the *Agincourt* was a smart ship.

A Fine Seaman.

Admiral Fellowes, my very good friend, died on board his flagship, the *Minotaur*, when she was alongside the Mole at Gibraltar. Admiral Heneage took command of the Fleet. That officer was popularly supposed to care for little but dress, and I heard that he was known as "the tailor." I said: "You call him that—but he will show you a move yet, if you don't look out and wake up."

In preparing for sea, when moored off Lisbon, we unmoored on the last of the ebb, swung to the flood, weighed and went out. The first time we carried out that evolution with Admiral Heneage, the officers and men expected to unmoor in accordance with the old custom. But they got a surprise packet.

Long before the flood made, up went the signal. We unmoored, and up went the signal, "Weigh." Then the critics said: "There!"

Following the signal to weigh, came the signal "Columns of divisions line ahead single line," and up the Tagus we went in that formation. We went up several miles. The Admiral turned the Fleet, *Minotaur* leading, not a hitch for a minute. They all came round beautifully. It must have been a fine sight from the shore, and decidedly opened the eyes of the Portuguese naval officers.

It was blowing a strong breeze off the Lisbon shore. When about a mile above Lisbon, up went the signal: "Make all plain sail." It was not understood.

"It's quite right, sir," said the signalman. "There go the flagship's men into the tops."

And it was so. Then the flannel sheeters, as they were called, were caught, as the Admiral, with his glass on this ship, and that, made signals: "Why do you not sheet home your main top-gallant sail?" The reason was, the sheets were not bent. Much of the gear was not bent.

A good many got asked to breakfast over that job, and not the last of the sinners was the *Monarch*. By the time we got off Lisbon, everything was put to rights, and we went out at a speed at which I should fancy the Fleet never went out at before. I am not quite sure that we did not salute the Portuguese flag as we passed.

We had a portion of our day set out on the routine board for refitting rigging. And we had sail drill days. One day, a few minutes before the sail drill began, the *Monarch* asked by signal for permission to repair 14 ratlins. The Admiral was just going on shore. The flag-captain showed him the signal. The Admiral asked if there was not a day allotted for repair of rigging.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, approve the signal, and signal 'Report when ready.'"

It might have been a coincidence, but the *Monarch* did not report ready until sail drill was nearly over.

Then came the signal: "Unbend sails, down lower yards and topmasts, shift topmasts, in bowsprit, cross royal yards," and several other evolutions in succession.

The Admiral had asked me to dinner that night, and I did not get back until after ten. The "Monarchs" were still hard at it.

I am afraid that some one, not the Admiral, got the name of "Fourteen Ratlin Jack" over the job, and the laugh was against the *Monarch*.

But these two episodes had their effect. Admiral Heneage was afterwards my commander-in-chief in the Pacific, and at dinner one night he remembered the episode and said, with a smile: "They did not ask in that way to be excused from drills any more, did they?"

The Portuguese Sentry Box.

The north bank of the river at Lisbon is faced with a fine line of stone-faced embankment, on which, at intervals, are placed sentry boxes built of wood, very substantial and heavy; so heavy that it would take two or three men to lift them. For many years the chance of the Channel Fleet, of a dozen ships or so, coming to that port was anticipated by the Portuguese with the greatest interest. It is many years ago, and I think that all concerned have long since learned "the great secret."

There was a great to-do one morning, because a lot of midshipmen on their way off, after dark,

had captured a sentry, put him in his sentry-box, and laid the sentry-box down on the ground on which it had stood. It was impossible for the sentry inside to move it. So he had to remain inside until it was lifted. But the row they made brought down the guard, who arrested a couple of the midshipmen, in fact caught them red-handed.

There was some difference of opinion as to how the matter would end, and the punishment that should be awarded. The consensus of opinion was, that an apology to the Government and, in effect, a good smacking for the youngsters would do. Said one officer to another officer, who happened to be one of the very old style and very strong on the merits of good behaviour :

" What do you think of it ? "

The reply was,

" When as a officer transgresses hisself, he repoodiates his capacity in life ! *And*, renders hisself open and amiable to the constooted laws of the country."

But the Government adopted the general opinion, and soon put the matter right. At the same time, all the sentry-boxes were fitted with substantial crossbars, so fixed to the bottom of the box, that there was at each corner a projection, which kept the lower end of the sentry-box, when it was placed downwards, clear of the ground, so as to allow the sentry to creep out.

Captain R. F. Scott of Antarctic Fame.

It was the custom, and a very good one, in those old times, to detail two midshipmen to work with the navigating officer, for actual practical work. Personally, I am not a shining light, but what I want in brains I make up in close attention to detail. So far as the youngsters went, they had

to work with me, to take all their sights and work them—rate chronometers, swing ship for compass correction, etc., and without using my data, and produce the result to me. Then came the criticism—errors pointed out, best way to do it, in fact, the lessons which experience gives but which books do not. By the time our six months or so was up, all my midshipmen knew as much as I did, and frequently more.

When, in 1870, I was invalided to save my life, from the senior officer's ship on the south-east coast of America, I turned my duties over to another officer. The next morning he came to me in the devil of a way. In winding the three chronometers he had got them into a position with all the 6 hours at the top of the dial instead of at the bottom, where he had all the 12 hours. He said that they had given him a very warm time (Rio de Janeiro is a warm place, too), as he had turned them over and over to adjust them, but had failed.

He did not appreciate the fact that two movements were necessary, that is to say, to turn them over in a fore-and-aft way and in an athwartship way too, and that the two movements must be simultaneous. With the face of the chronometer inverted, if a comparison were required, the observer would have to place himself in a position similar to that of a magpie looking into a quart pot! Or, if you remember, when the Sunday school teacher asked the pupil: "What would you require if you wished to turn round and look yourself in the face and think of any errors in your conduct?" the child answered, "An india-rubber neck."

In the above case, my youngster, whom I had left and who knew as much about it as I did, was apparently either not there or was not consulted. But when the new navigating officer was appointed,

this youngster went on shore to take sights to rate the chronometers. He took his sights, worked them out, and delivered the results, which differed from the navigator's by 20 nautical miles. But, as he was a youngster, his work was apparently ignored. The ship was homeward bound, making a sailing passage, and it was blowing strong, weather rather thick, when the officer of the watch sighted the high land of the Flores western islands close to, had to trim sails, haul sharp up, and so just cleared the land. The ship was 20 miles out in her longitude—the 20 miles in question.

In the *Monarch*, two youngsters I had at the same time were R. F. Scott, later Captain R. F. Scott, of Antarctic fame, and the Hon. L. W. Chetwynd, later Superintendent of Compasses at the Admiralty. What they did not know in our duties was worth no one's knowing, so to speak, which was proved by their examinations and after career.

Quite inadvertently, I got Scott into a mess, and his leave jammed for a month. We were at Milford with the Channel Fleet, and short leave was being given. The Portsmouth officers determined to go to Portsmouth, and we had to catch the Irish mail train, which left the Neyland Railway pier at 4 a.m. And we were landing in picket boats. I had been stationed there often and knew the place well. It was very dark at the time.

On approaching the pier, I said to the midshipman in charge, " Look out, the tide is going for low water, springs. Keep her out a bit until you are nearly abreast the pier, then straight in for it." He did so, and shortly after the boat ran upon the mud abreast of the pier and about 20 feet away from it. We had no small boat. In fact, the order I had given had just mucked the thing up. A big vessel which had been lying there had sunk in the mud and spued up a bank of it outside her, and

on that bank we had landed. And firmly landed too, for even the boat's powerful engines and our poling would not shift her.

At last we attracted the attention of a man who pushed off a floating stage, over which we skipped to the shore, and just caught the train. But not before I had sent a chit to the commander, to say that I was responsible for putting the boat on shore. For I quite understood that she would be on the mud for an hour or two, and that there would be ructions when Mr. Scott got back. On my return I said to Mr. Scott, "You gave the commander that note I wrote?"

"Yes, sir, and I wish you had not sent it."

"But I was responsible and took charge, and I did not want you to suffer."

"Yes, sir, but the thing was that *you* were going on shore and I thought that I would take you, but I was not the proper midshipman of the boat. I took her because you were going. When the commander sent for me, he asked me if she was my boat, and I had to say no. 'Then why were you in charge? You had no right to take charge of another officer's boat. Leave stopped for a month.'"

But Captain Church soon put that right. He was always kind and considerate, and the safe navigation of the ship was to him, everything. I saw Captain Scott several times after his experiences in the south, and came away with the idea that the learning was the other way round now, for after several talks with him, I came to the conclusion that I knew little enough!

Kissing the Blarney Stone.

With the Channel Squadron we swam into Cork and from labour to refreshment. Three or four of

us made up a little party to go to Blarney Castle to qualify in the persuasive talking line by kissing the Blarney stone. The saying that all roads lead to Rome applies, somewhat, to Blarney too, and the Irish miles—I can't think how they manage now with the taxi distance fare indicator!

However, we got there, and bounding up the stone stairs, reached the top of the tower. Two people were already there, an old man and one of the loveliest women I ever saw. We were rather pressed for time, and so proceeded to kiss the stone.

For the information of those who have not been there, I may add that the Blarney stone faces the outside of the tower about 3 feet down. If you wish really to kiss it, you must be let down head first, do the trick, and be hauled up. All round the top of the tower is a hanging parapet projecting about a foot from the line of the tower wall, built to enable the defenders, when the castle was attacked, to pour boiling water or melted lead on top of the enemy operating on the front door.

Having let each other down, we finished under the wondering gaze of the lovely woman.

She said, "Excuse me, gentlemen, but what *have* you been doing."

We told her.

With a proud and disdainful look she turned to the old fellow, and said, "There, George, I told you that *that*," pointing to a meek looking stone inside, "was not the Blarney stone, and I have *not* kissed the Blarney stone. I have not come all the way from 'Murica (America) to go away without doing it." And she gave an appealing look at us, for George did not rise to that fly.

The end of it was that we lashed her dress round her ankles and lowered her down; and up she

came triumphant. "There, George, now I can go back to 'Murica and say that I *have* kissed the Blarney stone."

I am bound to say that George did not look happy or pleased. In the first place, he had been let down rather hard in the truth line, and in her estimation too. And I am pretty sure that he wished us further, or that we had never come. I fancy we compromised the matter by lunch at the hotel. I have forgotten to mention that George was her husband!

A Gallant Rescue.

On March 12th, 1886, the *Monarch* left the Fleet in Gibraltar, and went out for heavy gun practice. The weather was bad, with strong southerly winds and nasty sea on the shore. After we had been out for some time, a signal from the Admiral commanding came from the signal station on the top of the Rock, ordering us to proceed to the assistance of a steamer on shore in distress, east of the Rock. By the time we had located the steamer, a further signal from the same source asked, "Where are your boats?"

Where were they? All the boats except two had been left behind at the buoy, and doubtless had been pointed out to the Admiral after his first signal had been made. The only boats we had on board were the captain's galley and an eight-oared short jolly-boat. Both were quite unfit for such work as we were now called upon to do.

The galley, with square stern and rudder, was a regular coffin in a surf.

We discovered the steamer broadside on the shore, with the sea breaking right over her, and the crew in the rigging. The officer responsible for leaving the boats behind, was against sending

either of the boats, owing to the dangerous position of the stranded ship.

Personally, I agreed with Captain Church, that proper boat or not, we must act. The gunnery lieutenant, J. R. Jellicoe, at once volunteered to go in the galley, and willing hands were at once at work making her as fit as possible; oars lashed, steering-oar instead of rudder, and a crew of volunteers to be proud of.

It happened that the stranded steamer was on about the same spot from which we had helped to pull off a ship when I was in the *Barracouta*, and as the position, wind and sea were about the same, we knew the run of the tides and eddies and general conditions inside the position of the vessel as she lay. All told, it meant a dash for it, a case of hit or miss, for it was blowing pretty hard and with an increasing sea. Everything being ready, Lieutenant Jellicoe shoved off, and you might truly have said every man in the ship went with him in spirit, for although a strict Service officer, he was looked up to by all.

The people on shore had been trying to get connection with the ship by rocket apparatus, but after exhausting all their gear they had failed. The only thing left was a small rocket rope round the centre of her triattic stay, which the benumbed crew in the rigging could not reach.

Now the current generally sets into the Mediterranean, but the harder the wind blows, the stronger is an eddy counter current which, setting strongly to the westward, close along the shore, runs at a speed of some five knots. So it is necessary, if you can, to have your boat athwart the current and head to sea, to haul up to the wreck and get your man or men out, and haul back again for safety until the next sea exhausts itself.

We got as close in with the *Monarch* as we could, so that we could see all that happened. It was a picture to see the boat sweep in round the stern of the wreck, haul up—and as we heard later—pick up the rope floating from the ship, and the rocket-line as a stern-fast. Nothing could have been better, but the stern line slipped, and the boat immediately swung to the strong eddy running to westward. At that critical moment, a heavy sea struck the wreck and broke right over her, and the next thing we saw was the galley upset, and all the men in the water drifting rapidly to the westward.

There was a heartfelt groan from the ship's company—for it was pretty well understood that the strong eddies on that shore, under such conditions, made successful swimming difficult, and getting on shore, owing to the under-tow and backwash, difficult, if not impossible. The tension was great, and was only relieved when a sapper, a Royal Engineer, got on an empty cask and semaphored off "All saved"; and then there was a great cheering, for all the men were in the rigging, and surely a lot would have jumped overboard and gone to the rescue of the boat's crew, had there been any chance of success. It was not all risk for nothing, for they had established connection with the shore, and all the crew of the steamer were saved, except, I think, an engineer.

Lieutenant Jellicoe was awarded the Board of Trade silver medal for gallantry displayed in saving life at sea, and the crew were awarded bronze medals. And richly they deserved them.

I do not know who was asked to breakfast about the boats.

"YARD ARM" MY END IN *MONARCH*.

I was not up to much when I brought the ship round from Lisbon to Gibraltar, and saw more lights than I ought to have seen, as I afterwards remembered. We got a heavy easterly gale on arriving, which, due to reflex action, is westerly when alongside the Mole. So, to wind up, I got a thorough wet jacket in seeing the ship secured. Shortly afterwards we sailed with the Fleet for a cruise. But I was soon on the sick list and in bed. I had a full-sized gun port in my cabin. Meals were duly served, and they thought I had a pretty good appetite. But the truth was, as soon as my servant's back was turned, I emptied the lot out of the port, but my manœuvre was discovered by the side party reporting the mess on the armour. The noise of firing, the bands and the drills pretty well drove me mad, and by the time we arrived back at Gibraltar, it was nearly the finish.

So I was hoisted out in my cot by stay and yard tackle, and taken to the military hospital.

One of our nice little midshipmen, Admiral Brent's son, also sick with typhoid, landed in the same boat. He unfortunately died. His mother was summoned in time to see the last of him. He was an universal favourite.

On my arrival at hospital, as I heard, the medical officers insisted that my people should be told by telegraph that there was little hope of my recovery. Now I was entitled to a lieutenant-colonel's quarters, so I had good ones. I had gone off, distracted with the noises of the ship. I came to myself in a nice room, with absolute peace and quiet, and an angel looking at me. I thought that I was in Heaven. The angel was Miss Norman, a daughter of General Sir Henry Norman. She was the head of the nursing staff at the hospital,

and later head of the Army nursing staff at Netley. A beautiful woman and an angel too, as I found, at her work.

Now I had been a *tempérante* for a long time when I went to hospital. My case was almost hopeless. So they took heroic measures with me—of course I didn't know or understand what they were. They gave me brandy and beef-tea in equal parts, hot, every half-hour, day and night. Beef-tea that you could almost stand a spoon up in, —not wash—a substantial dose, say a coffee-cup full. The report was that the effect was good.

I have had a lot of boat cruising, away from the ship for a long time, with no doctor and a man desperately bad and down on his luck. If you can't rouse him, he will pass in his checks. My experience then coincided with what happened to me at the military hospital. There were seven doctors looking after me.

The first thing I knowingly did was, as directed by the nurse, to requisition a lieutenant - colonel's quarters, and his allowance of victuals. All was duly drawn, but as I was not allowed much, the sister at her night visit with the orderly used to annex the waste, and say to me next morning, " Ah, if you had seen Private So-and-so's face, when I gave him those grapes," or, " that milk," or, " that glass of port ! "

When I was coming out, after two months and a-half, the soldiers asked the sister to tell me how sorry they were that I was going out. I could quite believe that, for they all kept their eyes on the sister, her orderly and his basket, when she went round after leaving my ward. Sister Norman was well known for her kindness to soldiers, and to all, and especially to naval men.

The hospital, standing high and overlooking the Straits, had a fine parade ground for patients, so

I took the liberty of giving the nurse a nice new Service glass with which the patients could inspect the ships as they passed. In a note, she says that they were delighted with it, and so was she, for it was all " the patients " with her.

I made a mistake, however, in leaving. I simply yearned to get back to duty and after six weeks—it was my fault—I was up, and in two days, I was back in bed for another month. In a Government hospital, you do as the doctors tell you, or you will pay for it.

I was so long in hospital that I lost the ship. I went home in the mail and they put me on half-pay the next day. No sick leave. A few days after, I went to Glasgow on the road to Greenock, but got pulled up at Glasgow, and had to go to the best doctor in the place. My leg gave out, and I have had to support it ever since. And all because I was fool enough to get up too soon.

Chapter X

H.M.S. *SULTAN*

What May Happen.

In 1888, I was in H.M.S. *Sultan*, on the Mediterranean Station, of which Admiral H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh was Commander-in-Chief. We left Malta on July 21st with the Fleet for a cruise, returning to Malta on October 9th, after having called at Suda Bay, Crete, Cyprus, Alexandretta or Iskanderoon, Ayas Bay, Adalia, Marmorice, Smyrna, Tenidos, Mudros Bay, Thaso, Salonika, Volo, Nauplia, Zante, and Argostoli.

From a Service point of view the cruise was thorough good training, and the way that Fleet was handled was a lesson in itself. To ensure smart getting into and out of port at short notice, we scarcely ever moored except for exercise, but lay at single anchor.

Most of the ports visited were of great interest, and the generous amount of leave given enabled officers to acquaint themselves with these places, and thus to gain knowledge which might prove of essential value in times like the present. Many of the younger officers who are now serving in the Mediterranean must find the use of their knowledge to-day in the case of such ports as Salonika, Alexandretta, and Smyrna.

Marmorice, from which Nelson sailed for the battle of the Nile, is a fine port indeed. But so far as we could see, there was little use made of it under Turkish rule. Smyrna, on the contrary,

seemed more lively and is a fine harbour. Nauplia deserves more attention.

We were proceeding with the Fleet at about eight knots, and I was in my cabin, which had a large gun-port in it. All at once, there was a tremble, then a tremor as if the vessel had struck something and was passing over it. I glanced out of the port and saw that the water we were passing through was much discoloured, which, as we were miles from land, was strange. I jumped upon the bridge and found that one of the 6-ton anchors had been let go, and that it had run out to the clinch, which brought it up. Personally, I always see that the ends of the cable are secured, myself.

I found the ship almost at right angles to the course, and the *Temeraire* rapidly closing from astern. For, of course, when the anchor is down with 16 shackles of cable to it, it greatly reduces the speed of the ship. And too much helm had been given to her—for with that anchor down she would fly round like a beetle with a pin through it. We just managed to square her up out of line, as the next astern went clear of us.

It took us several hours to get the anchor up, to get it to the capstan, and then the steam capstan would not look at it. It required purchase upon purchase to do the job. However, it was done, and the Commander-in-Chief signalled: "Well done, *Sultan*."

Of course the letting it go was an accident, caused by a man who was painting, and who was told to remove the things on the side, to paint under them, and to replace them. The man had seen the lever on the cathead, and took out the pin to enable him to lift the lever in order to paint under it. He lifted the lever, and, as the man said: "Then the anchor went!"

However, we arrived back at Malta after a successful and pleasant cruise, as it always was with the Commander-in-Chief "who got things done."

MYCENÆ.

On the Mediterranean Station there were plenty of drill and Fleet manœuvres, which, together with the itinerary of the Fleet's movements, were carried out in the smartest way I had ever run against, and without the least friction. In keeping station you could not well be too near to your next ahead, but if you were astern of station, look out. One day, one of the younger officers of the watch being a little astern of station, increased the revolutions too much, and we found the ship with our jibboom pretty close to the flagship's stern, when up went the signal from the flagship: "I have only one patent log."

Passing up the Gulf of Nauplia, we arrived at Nauplia on September 28th, 1888. So soon as the Fleet arrived at a port and was secured, up went the signal: "Usual leave for officers." And in this interesting region, such a privilege was something for which to be thankful, for here are Argos, and the ancient Mycenæ with its cyclopean walls.

The flagship got up a party with two carriages to drive out to Mycenæ, and as we were asked to join I went, as such a visit was very much to my taste. No doubt we looked up the history of Argos and Mycenæ before we left, and noted that Pyrrhus was killed at Argos by a tile which a woman threw at him from a house-top. Well, if the tiles were the same then as they are now, it is not to be wondered at, so far as I could see.

After a drive of seven or eight miles, we duly arrived at Mycenæ. It stands on a high and rocky eminence, and surrounding it are the celebrated

walls, huge oblong blocks of stone simply placed together with no mortar. How they got the stones together there seems to have mystified even the ancients. For centuries, while under the Turkish flag, history had spoken of the treasure-house of Atreus, which was searched for all over the place, but they never found it. Afterwards, in 1876-7, the Greek Government made an agreement with the German explorer, Schliemann, to search for the treasure. He was to receive half of what was found as his payment. The excavations went on until 1891. Schliemann succeeded, and the way he succeeded was somewhat singular.

On the gentle declivity of a hill, he had noticed a stone, something like a milestone, but there seemed nothing in that, except that there was another similar stone not far off and of exactly the same character. But more, the faces of these two stones, whether by accident or not, were in an exact line drawn across the face of both of them.

To see if he had a bite, Schliemann sunk a shaft in the ground falling just below them, and came to a paved way, and excavating a little towards the line connecting the two pillars, the gate of Mycenæ, monumental lions and all, were found. This building, all underground, was reputed to be the treasure-house of Atreus, and also the tomb of Agamemnon. The explorer cut a slice out of the hill along the paved way, so that you can now walk up to the gate through a broad passage. Inside, the place is built just like a beehive, with squared oblong stones laid on top of each other in a circle, converging to the centre of the roof, and in a condition, so far as I could see, as good as ever.

In the interstices, between the stones, are still remaining the wooden plugs into which the nails were driven for securing what some say were plates of gold, and what some say were plates of

bronze. I looked to see if I could find the trace of a nail for a *recuerdo*, as they say in Spanish, but there had been too many Germans and Greeks about to find anything left. As at Pompeii, where I had been, all, even the very dust, had been sifted.

In a hollow in the wall, which would admit only one person, and he had to stoop, on the right hand segment of the circle as you looked into the first building, you could see the hole or doorway in question, and proceeding, you came into the treasure chamber itself. It was said that this chamber contained a huge collection of all sorts of gold furniture, ornaments, masks for placing on the faces of the dead, and ancient pottery of the most ancient date known to history. Taking it all round, the historical records seem to have come out pretty true as to the existence and contents and style of building of the chamber except, so far as I remember, that it was underground. However, Schliemann found it, and in his museum at Athens there is, or was, a rare lot of stuff, and if what is there represents half the plunder, there must have been a great quantity.

We were also shown a thigh bone of great size, said to be that of Agamemnon, who was also said to have been buried, as sometimes at our Saxon period men were buried, V-shaped. The sword of Agamemnon was also shown, and a monster it was.

There are some wonderful bits of old arches, the arch of Tiryns being well preserved and of great architectural merit.

After lunch, we walked across the plains to Argos, which is a most interesting and historical old city.

Anyhow, you can get good Turkish coffee there, with lumps of Rahatlacum, or Turkish Delight, served up with it.

There are plenty of flies about, and pipes came in useful as we returned to Nauplia by rail in unclean carriages.

The Church did not Rise to It.

The *Sultan* was at Alexandretta (or Iskanderoon), a Turkish port on the Asiatic Coast, on a roving commission. Quite an interesting place, which has since come into notice owing to Turkish and German trouble and the Berlin-Bagdad Railway.

About four miles to the northward of Alexandretta, on an ironbound coast, there is a small sandy bay, in form like the first bite we youngsters had out of a bit of bread and butter. Here, according to local tradition, Jonah was thrown up by the whale. That was enough for our chaplain, and nothing would do but we must go there. Of drills there were plenty, both in the ship and in the ship's boats, and shore boats there were none, and we were going to sea the next day. However, I managed to get some volunteers to take the wardroom skiff and leave at daylight.

The coast line was said by the consul to be much infested by brigands, so one had to be careful. Our party consisted of the padre, an engineer officer, a clerk R.N., and myself; the padre to observe and we to do the work. Soon after daylight we were off, as aforesaid, weather fine, but a bit of sea getting up.

When we arrived off the bay, I noticed that the sea running on to the beach was fairly bad. It was a beautiful little bay, with a sandy beach about 100 yards across and precipitous rocks all round the sides. And two beautiful oblong marble pillars, 50 or 60 feet high, stood near each other on the high ground in the centre of the bay.

Against the green foliage they stood out, and the whole made a pretty little picture. There were no houses, nor was there any sign of inhabitants.

"Now, padre," said I, "you have a good look, for it is too rough to land." I might have added—"with you in the boat"—for he was a portly man, but did not.

To such an enthusiast, this was a nasty knock, but I had to explain that I should have to put her right on the beach on top of the biggest wave, and then we should have to be nippy, jump out in the water and haul the boat off before the next sea came, etc., etc. He promised that if I would take her in, he would do all I said was necessary, and fairly begged to be landed. I had not the heart to say no.

I had had some experience of such work. I took her in on the crest of a fine wave and landed her finely and out we all jumped, except the padre, who had his eyes on those pillars, and seemed lost to all sense of everything else.

"Jump.Padre! Get out! Don't you see!"

All absolutely useless, and the next sea coming in. We three did our best but could not move the boat. In came the surf and swept us all away, and upset the boat—and the padre was out at last. I shall never forget the look of him. He was sitting on the sand; all I could see of him was his head and his beaming face. He made no effort to get up, but his eyes were turned shorewards towards those pillars. So we had to haul him out and put him above high-water mark.

Yes, but in the meantime, the upset boat, with oars, drawing pads, photo apparatus, etc., was floating out seawards, and we had a very good chance of being marooned.

We had a job to recover the boat and gear and make preparations for getting off, for the sea was getting up.

The padre, although he was wet through, was taking note of the pillars. They were mental notes, for his note-book was as wet through as he was. It did not seem to enter into his thoughts that the boat had to be made ready or, in fact, that we had to get off, and that soon.

As to the place, I have never discovered the name of it, or the name of the pillars, or who built them, or who used the little bay, which was evidently used to land and to embark troops from. I do not think that there is any marble about, short of Sicily. To be sure, the bay is not far from Issus, and the plains of Issus are a battle-ground of ancient history. Altogether a most interesting place—but why Jonah and the whale? for this is not the only place that lays claim to that episode.

But how were we to get off? To get a boat off in conditions such as these, each of the crew takes his share of the weight of the boat and runs her down until he is up to his middle in water, then all simultaneously spring in, and take to the oars. She has a good momentum when you spring in, the oars at once come into play, and then you rise to the next sea, over it, and give her way enough to meet the next and succeeding waves. But how, if the man will do nothing? So I had to read the Riot Act. Said I to the padre, "You will have to lie down in the bottom of the boat and do nothing."

And so it was. Yes, but we three had to float the boat with him in it, and, as I said, he was a portly man. We could not put him in the boat until she was partly afloat, or we should never have moved her. So having partly launched her, two of us had to keep her head to sea, while the third piloted him down, ran him into the water, and at a propitious moment, bundled him over the side and arranged him at the bottom of the boat. We ran her down, jumped in and were fairly off,

two pulling and the clerk at the steering oar. This joker should have minded his own business, which was steering, but, maybe with the best of intentions, he used the oar on the bottom to assist by poling the boat ahead. The first sea that came shot him and the oar over the stern.

The padre bobbed his head up, and suggested that we should save the clerk. Save him! Why, we were right in the breakers, with two of us pulling. So all the padre got was an order to lie down and keep quiet, and the clerk got the end of a big fishing line flung to him. We paid for this, for we shipped the next sea, which nearly filled her up to the thwarts, but as she was end on, a few more vigorous pulls put her outside. The poor old padre was in the soup all the time. We had to bale with anything we could get hold of and by the time the clerk got alongside, we were ready for him. We got on board all right, but they had been rather anxious about us. The padre wrote a pamphlet about it.

But there had been a pretty good chance of the lot of us making a hole in the water, and giving inquiring minds some other incident to hear about than its being the reputed spot where Jonah was cast up by the whale.

But during our stay at Alexandretta, the chaplain and I had many expeditions. He rather liked me, I think, perhaps because my classical education had been neglected, owing to my early launch seaward, so that I was not in a position to criticise much, and was even rather interested myself.

One day, walking through some grass, he caught sight of an old stone. Yes, there it was, circular in shape, with one side tapering off like the handle of a spoon. The top was polished by wear, and a channel was cut all round the top, pretty close to the edge and converged into the spoon-handle-

shaped part, whence through the open ends, the liquid flowing into the channel from the surface of the stone could pass away. That was my idea of it.

But his ! He was down on his knees all round it. Yes, with involuted edges to collect the sacrificial blood, etc., etc. No doubt an ancient sacrificial stone or altar. Position, date, time all noted. I suppose the stone weighed a ton.

Another day we stumbled against a beautiful marble, which looked like the top portion of a font, very nicely ornamented by carving. Nothing would do for the chaplain but he must find out the owner and buy it. I should say it weighed a quarter of a ton. What the commander would have said if he saw that coming on board !

We had to see the consul about it. Talking of the " Sacrificial Stone," the padre described it in glowing terms.

The consul said, " That old stone ? Don't you know ? It's an old nether millstone, there are lots of them about."

His remarks about the font were terse, too.

The Wreck.

We were going to run torpedoes in the Comino channel, and the captain wished to take charge of the evolution. The ship was stopped outside while the men were at dinner, prior to evolutions. I had just fixed the ship's position by angles. There was no wind nor tide, and the transfer of responsibility duly took place in presence of the officer of the watch. All my men were at their stations. I remained on the bridge.

After some runs with torpedo discharges, the vessel ran on a rock. I at once fixed the position by a round of angles and, five minutes afterwards,

I reported the situation of the rock to be 40 yards outside the 10-fathom line, and advised that the anchor should be let go to mark the position should she come off. This was done, and the 6-ton anchor broke all to pieces on striking the rock, which was well as it left the mark.

The Commander-in-Chief, Admiral H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, was cruising in a yacht close to us at the time, and I suggested that the advisability of his navigating officer fixing the position too, and that officially, be submitted to him. That too was approved. In due course, after the flagship arrived out, Captain MacGill came, took his observations, and returned to the flagship.

The official signal was: "Agree with your position, place you a pin's point further out."

The pin's point in question would place her a few yards outwards. That position was outside the 10-fathom line, and immediately over the 11 fathoms marked on the chart. A surveying vessel had been out there for three years, and had not long gone home. I never altered my fix of the position at all. A special surveyor was sent to survey, but no change was, or could be, made.

When the Commander-in-Chief came on board in the afternoon, soon after she struck, the ship was upright. In the evening, it came on pretty bad weather with some sea, the ship feeling it much.

The movement due to the sea caused the ship to hole herself, the rock penetrating not only the outer but the inner bottom, thus causing the ship to list heavily to starboard. There was no saying how far she would go, indeed whether she would not go far enough to turn over, and action was taken to prepare for contingencies. The weather was getting worse, and we had over 700 men

on board. The two torpedo-boats had been left behind at Malta.

In the meantime we got out the port boom boats on the starboard side (as per log), which indicated a pretty heavy list to starboard.

I was sent away to see if I could find a place where men could be landed, and whence the boats could return to take the rest. It was midnight before I returned to report that, owing to the weather and the heavy sea, no boat which touched the shore would come off again, and that the only resource was to take the boats in as far as possible, and then let the men swim to shore. By the time I got back, the vessel was again on an even keel, for she had holed herself on the port side too, so that she was now impaled on the rock, or hooked on it forward. The danger of her turning over to starboard no longer existed.

At the Court of Inquiry that followed, the late Commander-in-Chief, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, in answer to a question as to whether he thought there was any chance of her turning over, said: "No, he had never thought so." In point of fact, whoever was in charge of the salvage operations, had not informed the Commander-in-Chief. I was not called on that point, or else they would have heard what I said at the court-martial, for what I had said at the court-martial I should have repeated.

It was a point on which there was no shadow of doubt. If the port side had held, and the starboard outer and inner bottoms continued to give, allowing the rock to penetrate further, she must have gone over, as for every degree she increased her inclination, the effect of the masts, guns and armour, came into ever increasing force. It was so palpable that I thought that the court understood it and the later evidence on that subject.

When the Commander-in-Chief came on board, I had fixed the position of the rock, and he at once had the particulars from me. Standing aside, I saw the Commander-in-Chief look aloft and say something. The royal yards were still across, and, good seaman that he was, the Commander-in-Chief noted that they were still there. It was "Down top-gallant masts at once."

At the court-martial, it was mooted as to whether I could give evidence as to the Commander-in-Chief having given the order to get the upper yards down. I was no party to the conversation. I did not actually hear him give the order, even if it were so given, and it was not for me to say. But the Duke was at that time still Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean; and it seemed to me that, if it was proved that the order was given, it might imply that the Commander-in-Chief had "taken command of the salvage operations from that time," which so far as I knew he had not.

The ship's company were distributed among other vessels of the Fleet. A small night guard stayed in the ship, to which working parties came daily. The next business was to get the ship off.

I advised that the fore compartments should be filled up with empty rum casks and battened down, the bulkheads timbered, and supported by struts, and a bower laid out; and that it was not necessary to take any weight out of her, but that all weight should be shifted aft. The effect would be to tip her up. While we were filling up the fore compartments a very large lighter from Malta Dockyard arrived after dark with hundreds of casks. It was blowing, with a nasty sea, but we got her alongside and began to clear her. I was at the gangway watching the proceedings by the light of lanterns, when a heavy

sea swamped the lighter, which broke her ropes and foundered, leaving hundreds of large heavy casks afloat which drifted away.

A tiny little midshipman was driving the flagship's fine steam picket boat up against wind and sea to get alongside us when he ran in among the barrels. He heard a crash forward, followed by a succession of crashes as the boat's bow took a cask, and did not know what had happened. As the boat rolled, there were casks that wanted to come in with the water. The midshipman promptly eased down, and appeared to have sampled the lot by getting one cask on board. The cool way in which the youngster recounted the business was characteristic of the way he had carried out his duty.

The fore compartments of the ship were filled with casks and battened down. We cut up a spare topmast to make plugs, and filled up the stern pipes with them, having to suspend getting the weights aft until this was done, as the stern pipes were getting too near the water.

Other counsels then prevailed, and this operation was never completed. Personally, I like salvage work, and since I began it in 1869, as elsewhere related, I made a rule to remain close to my work day and night, as I did here. I am not in a position to say who conducted the salvage operations. The method employed was different from Salvage Association method of one man, and one man only, and he on the spot, directing and seeing the work carried out. The Commander-in-Chief was everything that could be wished, a word that a tow was required, or that the services of any amount of men were needed, being instantly complied with. The ship in the meantime was stripped. The staff of Malta Dockyard were assisting at the salvage.

After she had been on the rock for several days, it came on to blow a heavy easterly gale right into the channel. The vessel was lying open to the full force of wind and sea, and at a spot where the wind and sea converged between the land on both sides. I had slept on board, and the small working party had a job to get on board.

Lieutenant Satow and I were on the bridge. We were looking at the effect of the seas as they struck her. Presently, we saw one coming from right outside more in the form of a tidal wave than the preceding ones. As it came, it seemed to get higher, particularly as it advanced into the entrance of the channel, appearing to increase in speed as it came. Quite quietly Lieutenant Satow said: "Captain Wonham, I think it is time we took our sea boots off." I agreed, saying that I did not think she could stand the sea, by which time it was upon us. The sea broke fairly on the top of the forecastle, submerging it many feet. Immediately the buoyant, or floating, power of the hundreds of closely stowed casks caused the ship to rise, so that she freed or unhooked herself from the rock, and before she could settle down again, she was swept astern and clear of the rock.

She at once fell off broadside to the sea all afloat, and was rapidly drifting up channel, slightly towards Comino Island, when suddenly she struck a rock on her starboard side with great force. This was evidently the finish. She lay with her starboard side on or against the rock.

The Commander-in-Chief sent his steam galley to bring us away. That was a critical business too, for the seas, rushing against the port side, broke right over the ship. The steam galley got alongside under the lee, and those remaining on board left the ship in her, Lieutenant Satow, the com-

mander, myself and the captain in the order as named.

Upon the order to shove off, the first turn of the screw fouled a rope and we were fast. A blue-jacket nipped overboard, and cut the rope. The engines were jammed, but fortunately we blew away. We had drifted a short distance from the ship, when a huge sea struck her right along the port side, breaking away a large amount of wood work, but by the time it reached us its force was expended.

The shock inclined the vessel over towards us for the moment, but as the wave receded she rolled back, slipped off the rock and slowly sank. It was most affecting. The old ship seemed to know that she was going. The White Ensign, which had been left flying, slowly came down as she was sinking, just as if a man was there dipping it, so that some one said, "We must have left some one on board." On reaching half-mast, it stopped at the height it would have been flown for a funeral.

I am free to admit that I had to turn aside to hide my emotion as the ship went. I had said, and I stuck to it, that I would never leave her until she left me, and she was gone. And I am sure the others were affected too, after our long heavy work and the end of our hopes.

In the meantime we were drifting helplessly. There was no danger, but our screw, wrapped about with ropes from the wreck, was like a ball of worsted. I think it was the *Temeraire's* boat that picked us up. She was our chummy ship, next astern of us in the weather line. Tired out and worn out, I turned in for the first good sleep that I had had for some time.

THE COURT-MARTIAL.

The Commander-in-Chief received orders to send the captain, the officer of the watch and myself home by mail for trial by court-martial for losing the ship. And at Portsmouth we duly arrived.

The court-martial was a full one, the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth being president. As it would be out of place for me to go into the proceedings as a whole, I propose to deal with them only in so far as they affected my professional position and qualifications. At that time, on the loss of a ship, her captain and everyone on the ship's books were tried. In this case the captain was to be tried first. Then I was to be tried, and possibly the officer of the watch afterwards.

The proceedings were open to the public, who attended in large numbers, for public feeling was strong. Therefore I am contravening no rules in recounting what happened.

I was called as first witness, and duly cautioned that any evidence I gave might be used against me in future proceedings. I was asked who and what I was, and ordered to produce the ship's log. The President then asked me if I was in charge of the navigation of the ship at the time she grounded. To which I replied, "*No*, I was not."

The President then asked me the following questions:

"Who was in charge of the navigation?"

"The captain."

"Where were you at the time of grounding?"

"Alongside the captain speaking to him." (We were talking about another wreck which had happened.)

"Oh," said the President. "Then what do you

consider your position was, under the circumstances ? "

To which my reply was :

" If I am navigating on a chart of one of our own possessions close at home, where a surveying vessel has been for three years and has only just gone home, is it my duty to advise my captain that he cannot run his ship over 11 fathoms on an Admiralty chart ? If it is, you can't go into Plymouth, you can't go into Portsmouth, you can't go through the Needles, you can't go into Cork, you can't go into Rio, you can't go into Hong Kong. In fact I cannot tell you where you could so go in. It is *not* my duty, and I did *not* do it, and I take the full responsibility for *not* having done it."

Thus I deliberately ignored the preliminary warning the court gave me as to my evidence. And consequently the court was cleared, to enable them to deliberate on what from a legal point of view was important evidence.

The first witness to be called next day was again myself.

The President, addressing me, said :

" Yesterday, on being sworn as a witness, you were warned that any evidence you gave might be used against you." A note of my evidence was then read. " The Court has decided that you are to be given liberty to withdraw, to alter, or amend, the whole or any part of this evidence. Again I ask you the question : What do you consider your position was in the circumstances ? "

To which my reply again was :

" If I am navigating on a chart of one of our own possessions, close at home, where a surveying vessel has been for three years and has only just gone home, is it my duty to advise my captain that he cannot run his ship over 11 fathoms on an

Admiralty chart? If it is, you can't go into Plymouth, you can't go into Portsmouth, you can't go through the Needles, you can't go into Cork, you can't go into Rio, you can't go into Hong Kong, In fact I cannot tell you where you could so go in. It is *not* my duty, and I did *not* do it, and I take the full responsibility for not having done it. I withdraw nothing, I alter nothing, and I amend nothing."

At this juncture the court was again cleared.

Here again I had once more placed myself in the hands of the court, notwithstanding the consideration they had showed by allowing me to alter, to amend, or even to withdraw my answer to the question asked on the first day.

What was the meaning of my action?

I was by myself, I had nothing to do with anyone else. Five minutes after the vessel grounded, I reported that she was on a rock 40 yards outside the 10-fathom line and, in fact, on the place where the chart had 11 fathoms marked. Concerning my report, I advised that, as the Commander-in-Chief was coming on board, he should be asked to send his navigating commander to fix the position, as the captain and I were necessarily involved, and therefore the flag officer should have the "position of the rock officially 'fixed.'" Captain MacGill of the flagship also fixed the position of the rock, and officially the signal was made to the *Sultan:* "Agree with your position, place you a pin's point further out."

The Hydrographer of the Navy was called, the new survey of the rock had been made, but the position was established as given by the flagship of the Commander-in-Chief.

I did not take one minute, when the ship grounded, to see that the trial by court-martial, which would inevitably follow, would turn on the

position of that rock, and that it would have to be independently fixed. And it was so done, and the result justified my report. Therefore the position was this: Wherever the vessel went, or wherever she did not go, if the Admiralty chart had been correct, *the "Sultan" would not have grounded or been lost.*

And my reiterated answer to the question, concerning my position, brought the matter to a point and gave the court an opportunity to frame a charge against me of neglect of duty.

The public interest in the matter was very great, and some seemed to think that as the charge of the navigation had been taken out of my hands, it would be sufficient for me to say so. But it is not the custom in the Service, so far as I know, to leave a brother officer when he is in a hole.

I may refer to another incident of the prosecution. A copy of the sailing directions was placed in my hand, and I was ordered to read a sentence as to steering a *middle channel* course through the channel. The sentence was underlined with blue pencil. I ventured to protest that to read the underlined sentence without reading the context would be unjust to the captain. And although the order was repeated, I still demurred. Then the court was cleared, to decide the point, and if necessary, to deal with me. The court almost immediately reassembled, and directed me to read out the whole of the paragraph. The other part of the paragraph speaks of the danger on the north-west side of Comino, but mentions none on the south-east side of the island (nor did the chart show any). I could not refrain from remarking on the inaccuracy of the sailing directions; for the rock on which the ship was lost was well off the south-eastern point.

I had little more to do with the inquiry. Salvage

work had always appealed to me, and I was somewhat of an authority on the subject, and an engineer and myself had stuck to the ship until she went down.

I may here be allowed to state my opinion as to the constitution and characteristics of a naval court-martial. It is a court of justice and a court of honour, before which both witnesses and prisoners will receive every consideration, and the latter the full benefit of any doubt. Individual members may put difficult questions, or the prosecutor may bring in something that is not approved by the court, but the president and majority of the court see that justice is done and that honour is maintained.

Chapter XI

H.M.S. *LIFFEY*

The Chilian Revolution.

From 1890 to 1894 I was in command of H.M.S. *Liffey*, on the Pacific Station. In 1891 broke out the revolution in Chile.

The rebels, who were the best of the lot, and sportsmen throughout, seized the fleet. Chile is almost all sea-board, with little hinterland. Therefore sea power is of essential importance. Railways going north and south did not then exist, so that communications were kept up by steamers up and down the coast. For instance, Coquimbo, about 200 miles north from Valparaiso, was not in communication with Valparaiso by land. The intervening territory was an arid waste, devoid of roads and water. The late Charles Darwin took fourteen days to go from Valparaiso to Coquimbo by land.

The fleet seized the northern portion containing the nitrate fields and their officinas. That meant money, and stopping the enemy's supplies from that rich quarter. The Government held Coquimbo, which was taken by the rebels and retaken by the Government. All the navy the Government had left were two destroyers and a mail steamer. Somehow the Government got it into their heads that the rebels were going to attack Coquimbo again, and gradually they built up an army of 10,000 men there. The rebels were credited with having about 10,000 men too.

On shore we had a fine tennis court, lent to us by those good friends of the naval Service, the Lamberts, of La Campania. We used to provide tea and shrimps, so to speak, to all comers at "tennis court afternoons."

At that time we had a fine fleet on that station. It was commanded by three distinguished Admirals in succession in my time—Admirals Heneage, Hotham and Stephenson. And, as the Chilian Revolution was going on, we had American, French and German ships and Admirals there too. All were at Coquimbo on this occasion, except our Admiral Hotham, in *Warspite*, Flag-Captain the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, who did such smart service, and no ship of ours except the *Liffey* was there.

We were having a cup of tea and a rest at the tennis court when one of the Chilian Admirals, who spoke English, said to me, "Well, captain, when do you think the rebels are coming here?"

"Well, sir, I do not think that they are coming here at all," I replied.

"But," said he, "we know that they are coming. Why don't you think that they will attack here?"

"Well, sir, what is the use of their throwing their 10,000 men against the Government's 10,000 men here? Suppose they conquered, they would then be between the devil and the deep sea. Coquimbo is of no use to them, and no final decision is possible here. My experience is not a short one, and I have never yet known of a commander-in-chief going where he said he was going in war time, even if he said anything at all."

Almost to the minute while he and I were speaking, the rebel fleet was passing Coquimbo, out of sight of land.

They landed their men the next morning, in a bay not far from Valparaiso, and simply romped



ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET, HON. SIR HEDWORTH MEUX, G.C.B., M.P.



ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET, SIR CHARLES F. HOTHAM, G.C.B,

in. It was all over in a few days, and the victory with the rebels. The next morning there was not an Admiral left in Coquimbo, nor a ship, except the *Liffey*. They had all gone to the place where the business, as Nelson called it, was to take place —or had taken place. As Admiral Hotham had before, and was at the front at the critical time.

Some days before, a Chilian barque had come in and anchored not far from us. We wondered at that, for the fleet used to run in and pound the enemy at times and you never knew when, for they had some good ships. The vessel in question had been boarded, examined, and everything seemed right. The only thing the authorities did not like was that she was coal laden—and the fleet wanted coal. I suppose the vessel was there for a week or so. You saw the captain in his shirt sleeves, and the crew all black with coal dust.

Late one afternoon, I had to go on shore to the consul's. Soon after I left, a *guarda costa* boat went off to the Chilian vessel. No sooner was she alongside, than the captain and all the crew jumped overboard and made for my ship. But the *guarda costa* boat was too smart for them, and they were all captured and made prisoners. The captain made the best shot for it, in fact he was so close that he had raised his hand to catch hold of the gangway, but failed to touch it, and was captured.

Now it was war time, and they don't take long to deal with such matters out there. And this vessel had coal for the fleet and the officer in command was a naval officer. The Government put two and two together. If the ship was for the fleet, the fleet was coming for her. So they shifted the vessel to a position covered by the shore battery, pretty close under my stern. I had a lot of explosives on board. Nevertheless, they

set fire to the Chilian ship at once. Later on, they cut her cables and towed her nearer the shore, but there were plenty of sparks flying over us, too many to be pleasant or, indeed, safe.

The next morning I came to the conclusion that I would save the Chilian officer if I could, and if I had to act, for the consul was indisposed to do so. So I went to see the Governor and the Commander-in-Chief of the army.

Now it was a rather ticklish situation for me. I was off the blue water, and some one else ought to have acted, but there was not a minute to spare.

I found on my arrival at the camp, that the officer had already been tried, condemned as a spy, and was to be shot that day. They were pretty angry at the vessel having been there for some days and without having been found out. They were sure, too, that the fleet was coming, and that, when it found the ship gone, would surely give them another such a dose of bombardment as they had before.

I made as good a case as I could, urging that if I had been on board, if he had so much as touched my gangway, if he had claimed refuge in so many words, etc., etc., he would have been safe.

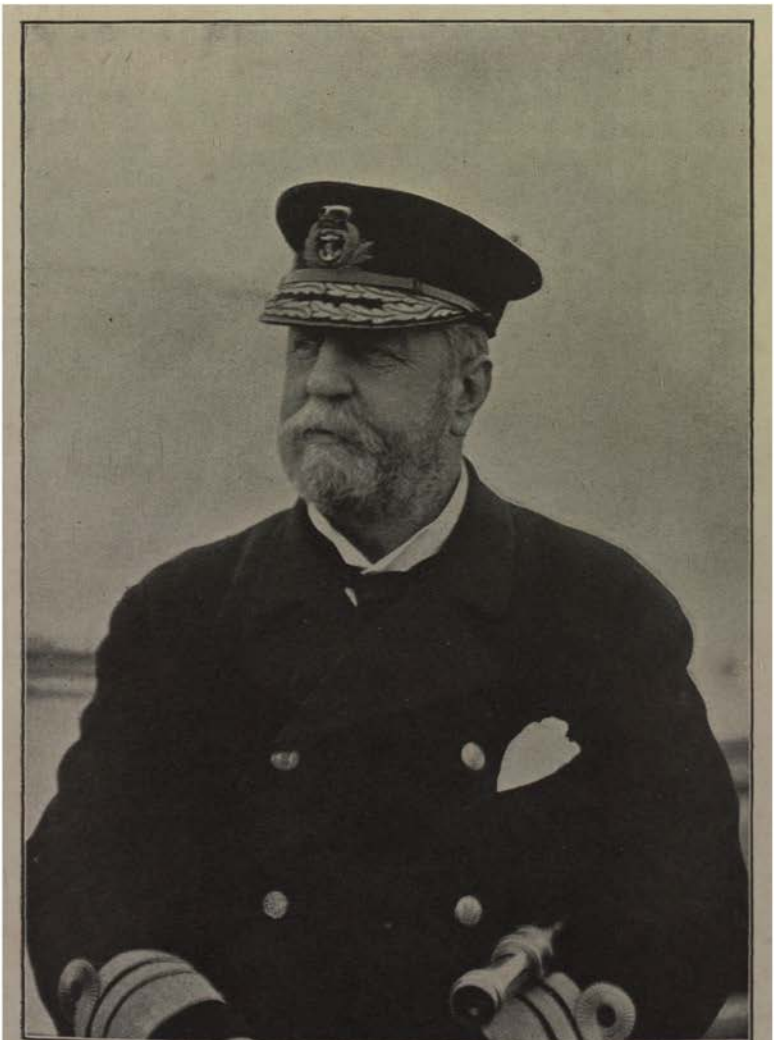
But it was all too bad a case. They said the men in the Chilian ship were spies. I contested that, but all was no use.

"The Chilians are the English of the Pacific, they say," I said.

At that, one of them was evidently touched. Having failed, I held out my hand to him and said:

"Spare his life, señor, none of them ever left the ship and had no communication with the shore." And I added: "We shall all want mercy some day, señor!" And so left.

Eventually, they did not shoot him, and as the



ADMIRAL SIR H. F. STEPHENSON, G.C.V.O.

men had simply obeyed orders, I take it they did not shoot them either.

Not many days after the fleet and transports had passed south, as I said, they took Valparaiso and knocked the bottom out of the whole thing, and the 10,000 men at Coquimbo were, as I had predicted, between the devil and the deep sea.

The army at Coquimbo was, so to speak, disbanded, and there was plenty of disturbance. In a few hours, the Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the army, after an exciting time, fled to my ship as political refugees. They were only just in time, for had the men got hold of them, they would have been massacred, for their discipline had been very strict. And their adversaries demanded them of me, at once, which claim was, I need hardly say, of no avail, for they would have lost their lives most certainly.

After having been on board about a month, one night they fled. I did not know that they were going, and, of course, had no power to stop them. They got away in a steamer, but they were both captured. They were only imprisoned, as things had quieted down. And they had sportsmen to deal with, and they had not shot the officer. The result, a free translation of the text, "Be ye merciful," etc., eh?

The Coal Ships.

It will be remembered that the rebels had seized the fleet, leaving the Government only two vessels of the *Spanker* class and a fast mail steamer. The possession of the fleet enabled the rebels to confine the Government forces to certain areas, and to attack when and where it suited them, while the Government had to guard the whole. But a fleet requires coal, of which in Chile there is very little, and that of indifferent quality.

Coquimbo, where a large army had been built up, had been taken by the rebels, then evacuated by them, and was again in possession of the Government as already related. And the evacuation was a master-stroke of policy, which later resulted in the Government having 10,000 fine troops there to defend a place the rebels did not want, and left the Government with these men between the devil and the deep sea, when the attack south took place.

But the fleet kept things very much alive at Coquimbo. One evening when the fleet came in, it found there two fine English ships and one fine German ship. About 11 p.m. my sentry hailed, was answered, and two boats, containing the masters of the English ships and the master of the German came alongside. All these vessels had full cargoes of Welsh coal. It may be noted that Coquimbo was full of troops, was sandbagged all round the shore, the defences all fully manned, and that rifle firing was going on at times. The army had only one fort to man, and one gun mounted.

The masters reported to me as senior naval officer, as they could not get on shore to the consul. They had all been visited by officers of the rebel fleet, who invited them to sell their cargoes to the fleet. They had declined to do so, one reason being that the cargoes were on consignee account. Therefore, they asked me to act as consul, and to allow them to enter and extend their protests, and to guard their interests. Having put all their papers through in proper form, I informed the masters of the two English ships that I would put a guard on board their ships, and if the German cared to ask for it, on board his ship too. But the German said he was sorry to have to decline the offer.

I had just got these people away, when there was another hail, and the captain of the rebel flagship, flying Admiral Montt's flag, came with a letter from his Admiral, begging permission to purchase the cargoes of the two English ships and to pay for them right out. Whatever one's sympathies are, one has to be strictly neutral and to act quickly. Therefore on neutral grounds I had to decline to sanction the sale and purchase, and further, to protest against the rebel fleet interfering with the British ships. I also communicated the protest of the German. As there was no time to be lost, I put "one marine" on board each English ship.

It was drawing on to daylight by the time all this was finished, and I watched the result. A boarding party from the fleet first went alongside an English ship; so soon as the boarding officer reached the gangway, he was met by the one marine, on seeing whom the officer immediately left. Then the other English ship was boarded, with a like result. Then the German ship was boarded, and shortly afterwards she was towed away to sea.

At the port of Guyacan, a few miles round the coast, an English ship was seized and taken to sea. However, they were treated very well in the business way, as I afterwards heard. The next morning, I received a wire from the Foreign Office and the Commander-in-Chief directing me to take charge of German interests!

There came in another large English ship, full of coal, consigned to the *Liffey*. The consul was the naval agent, and all the Custom House papers had to go through him. We could not begin unloading her until the Customs department gave permission. That department told me that the papers were being prepared. But I

could see that we were in for a raid on the coal, of which the rebel fleet was in urgent need.

So I went to the General commander-in-chief of the army, and there I found the naval agent, who had been asserting that practically I was nobody, and that he was consul, and so forth.

The Government had been pressing that we should land the coal, but we had not been informed of their wishes. Immediate action was necessary. I officially suspended the naval-agent part of the consul at once, jumped right in to what the Government wanted, and started the discharge, receiving an order from the military commander-in-chief, overriding anyone who wanted to interfere, and so we got our ship clear.

La Campania had a huge quantity of coal in their yard abreast the ship, which we used as required until our supplies arrived. We had an arrangement to purchase the lot, so I shoved a Union Jack on top of it, and the coal was never touched. I am afraid that the Jack on the coal heap would hardly have held in an international court of law. But it sufficed. The Commander-in-Chief approved of all the proceedings, and I got the thanks of the Foreign Office, too.

Decent Burial.

During this time, one of our ships ran in to place a sick seaman in my hospital, which done, she proceeded to sea. The doctor informed me that the man would not recover. He was a Roman Catholic. I sent on shore at once to the naval agent, who was of that faith, to send off a padre, which he did, and the man died that night. I then directed the naval agent to make all arrangements on shore for a service, funeral, clergyman, etc.

Soon afterwards, the agent came off and reported that he could get the services of no priest to perform the burial service; that the Government had passed a bill enacting the closing of all cemeteries which had been consecrated; that all places were to establish new cemeteries common to all, and that none of them was to be consecrated. Therefore the Church refused to act, so that the man would have no proper burial, for new cemetery there was none.

I did not see having the body of a man belonging to the Fleet disposed of in that way. Now at Guyacan, the site of a Welsh miners' settlement about two miles off, near a pretty little harbour, there was a Protestant cemetery of very old standing; a pretty place, nicely wooded and kept, with a high wall all round it, and the whole under the consul's control. But, unfortunately, the consul and I were not on good terms, owing to the incident of the coal ships. However, my secretary made out an order, and I took it to the consul.

This time he had the whip hand, and he protested he would not obey my instructions. But on my putting the papers before him, and stating that there were more urgent matters to be looked after, he eventually agreed. At which I said, "I am glad you have consented, for if you had not, we should have pulled the wall down, and buried the seaman in the cemetery."

At the funeral service all went well, the inhabitants, many of them Protestants, not objecting at all, but attending the funeral.

Next year the consul himself was buried there, with full honours.

COQUIMBO.

In the province of Coquimbo there is a wonderful raised beach, described by Professor Darwin,

who visited the place in 1834. Since he was there, a railway has been made, cutting the beach through at right angles to a great depth, thus showing the different layers of strata, shells, fossils, etc.; and what a wonderfully good shot Darwin made in estimating the depth and constitution of the beach.

Serena is a very ancient Spanish town or city, which originally stood on the seashore of Coquimbo Bay, but which now lies back a good bit owing to the rising of the land, as described by Darwin.

Admiral Sir Francis Drake landed here, captured and sacked the place, fortified one of the oldest churches, and held it during his pleasure for some time. He was called a buccaneer by the Spaniards, and their opinion is recorded in the church, as can be seen now.

Coquimbo Harbour swarmed with fine great seals, which used to congregate round the *Liffey*. Several times, at night, when a seal coughed when under the stern windows, I could have sworn there was a man overboard.

As there was likely to be some change of ships and guns, they sent me out, without notice, many tons of a new sort of gunpowder for the Fleet. We were pretty full up already. We managed to stow it, but in case of fire I came to the conclusion that the sooner I could put her down the better, or in case an enemy, notwithstanding International Law on the point, might wish to capture for his own use the immense quantity of war stores the *Liffey* had. So I determined to gear all the main engine Kingston valves right up to the upper deck, so as to be able to operate them from there in case of urgent necessity, or, if the ship was captured, to open the valves, and pitch the keys overboard.

With these and magazine flooding valves open,

it would not have taken long for the ship to make a hole in the water, and so foil the enemy. Looking at what has happened out there in this war with enemy cruisers, I venture to think that this provision was wise.

Of course we knew where the valves were situated, and we set divers to work to find the valves outside. The divers had iron gratings slung under the ship's bottom to sit on at their work. But as they reported, it was like going into a forest, for the men were quite enveloped in the growth on the ship's bottom.

It was only by means of man ropes, marked at the site of the valves and run under the bottom fore and aft and athwartships, that they could locate the valves. Then they cleared away where the marks were, until they got to the valves. However it was done, and done well. As I say elsewhere, when the rebel fleet came in requiring coal, the Government forces at Coquimbo set fire to a ship loaded with coal pretty close to the *Liffey*. We—to prevent the enemy fleet from getting it—had the keys ready, for it was a wooden ship they burned. The sparks were all over the place as the land breeze brought them off. So that was an eventful and exciting night.

Our bluejackets used to say that when going north, Coquimbo was the last full-belly port in Chile. You could then buy a nice horse for £5, and keep him for about £1 10*s*. or £2 a month, calling at the stable when you wanted to ride him. Most of the *Liffey* officers kept their horses. A few miles up country, at certain seasons of the year, there was capital dove shooting, the gunner simply standing under a wall and shooting the birds as they flew by, in great numbers. Excellent eating. In season some good bags of partridges were to be had. There were

wild duck too, at times, and some snipe, which gave great sport.

Further up the country there was some big game, guanaco and vicuna, which are famous for their skins, and which give excellent sport. There was good sport in taking the fine fish *corbena* out in the bay. You fish from a boat, sailing along with a soldier's wind, so that you make a fair wind of it both ways, using a rod and fly. The fish, as big as a fine salmon, gives excellent play, and when he is too much for you, you throw the rod line and all the lot overboard. For you provide yourself with an inflated bladder, fastened at the end of a few fathoms of stray line, the other end of which, when fishing, you attach to the butt end of your rod, ready for emergency. A new arrival when I was there, with a new rod and new everything, caught as above, remembered what to do as to the throwing the rod overboard, but forgot the bladder, chucked over the rod and lost the lot. The more common way of catching these fish was to sail along with a line over each quarter of the boat, with a big hook and a piece of red bunting over it.

There was an oyster bed somewhere out in the Bay, the marks of which we knew, so, in particular when the Commander-in-Chief in flagship or separate ships came down, we used to go or send out our fishing boat to dredge, which soon got all that was wanted. The captain whom I succeeded was a real sportsman, knew all the shootings, fishings and any sort of sport there was to be got, and to him and some other officers we owed a lot in that respect. And so did the officers of the visiting Fleet for the friendly lead they got in sport.

In Coquimbo or La Serena amusements there was none. Only on one day in the year, *diez y ocho*—the 18th September, the anniversary of the

declaration of Chilian Independence in 1810, there was a great festival. On a flat sandy plain at Guyacan, two miles outside Coquimbo, huge canvas tents were rigged up, with a heavy spar firmly secured on two upright posts, very strong and high enough to take a horse's chest.

Very early in the day parties of *gauchos*, or cow-boys, began to ride in on very fine horses, with silver bits, and stirrups and spurs, in fact all the metal furniture of silver. The *guachos* wore ponchos, with silver dollars for buttons on their coats. All tried to outvie one another in dress and trappings and horses.

The use of the spar outside the tent is as follows:— The horses with riders stand close alongside one another with their chests against the spar. The riders are drinking beer out of enormous glasses, mostly with a handle at each side. All at once there is heard in the distance a loud challenge, and a horseman may be seen approaching at his utmost speed. As soon as this yell is heard, all the glasses are passed back, an answering shout is given and all the horses are spurred to make them put their chests against the spar and keep them there.

In the meantime the solitary rider urges his horse on. His motive is to insert his horse's head and shoulders over the spar and between the other horses' heads. If he can displace one horse, he generally sweeps all the others away too, and so wins. Generally the attacker makes his horse rear as he strikes. I may remark that the stirrups usually worn are wooden, very strong, and like sabots.

It may be understood what these stirrups are for—to protect the feet in this case, as also in cattle driving.

The man attacking will try and try again, and

apparently the shouts encourage the ho
Both parties must be good horsemen to stand the racket. A Chilian says and believes that no man who does not fully understand all about horsemanship should get on a horse. If he does not so understand, then it is quite proper that a real horseman should put him off.

Other conflicts occur during the day. A single horseman is seen approaching, and at once there is a yell of challenge, and away goes a rider to overthrow him. They ride at each other, spurring their horses to their greatest speed. Apparently they will meet, horse's head to horse's head, but at the last second before impact each course is altered by just laying the rein on the neck of the horse opposite to the way the rider wishes him to go. Each rider has his eye fixed on his opponent, and each, as he rushes past the other, feels with the toe of his stirrup for the other fellow's toe, and tries to get it under. If he does get it under, he slightly raises his own toe, and the other fellow is violently thrown off his horse. To be sure he falls on sand, but how their legs could stand all this I could never make out. The carriage of these men in the saddle is very graceful; horse and man seem to be one.

These sportsmen back their luck with dollar notes as long as they have any. If a man has no more, you may see him cut a silver dollar button from his coat, and when his buttons are gone, his silver spurs go, and so on until he has parted with all the plate he has, and returns to his estancia, fifty or sixty miles away, with all the fun over for that year. Then he begins to save up, and to mount his dollars as buttons for next year. To them fifty or a hundred miles are nothing. Their horses are wonderful, and they are a fine lot of men. To see them use the lasso, or *lazo*, is very

interesting. The Argentine lot use the lasso more, I take it because they have many more cattle. I did not see the *bolas* used.

After four years in Chile, I can say from experience, that the Chilians are most civil and obliging, and, as I think, worthy of the title of the English of the South American Pacific.

TOBY.

During my four years in Chile I had many long walks or little expeditions, usually one a week; capital to keep one up to the mark and very interesting, with the Andes fifty or so miles off and looking quite near. The open country led to the spurs of the Andes, or the great rifts in the plains which occur at the bottom of that range, and which extend for miles. Only here and there is a road, and in general one walked by the bearing of the Andes, or if you get down in a rift, some of which are a mile or two long and very deep, with the sun as guide. All about are huge stones, as if the gods had been at war and had cast them far and wide. So as you went you never knew the view you were going to get.

For the most part, the country was sandy and quite dry, and except a few cattle and birds, one seldom saw any living thing.

One of my favourite cruises was up to a wonderful hill called Pan de Azucar, or Sugar Loaf. It rose abruptly from the plain, and was composed of huge masses of rock with sandy passages between, and with some amount of green stuff, small trees, and cactus no end. That hill belonged to the estancia of an old Chilian gentleman farmer, a descendant of one of Admiral Cochrane's followers, who helped to get Chile from the

Spaniards for the Chilians. And when in my travels I used to sight him, I was ever sure of a hospitable reception.

He had a huge garden surrounded by a high *adobe* wall, like the Cornish clay walls, with a roof covering on top. His forbears had planted lots of English fruit trees in this garden, and there was plenty of fine fruit.

One day, we were walking about smoking and talking, when he said to me, " You take long walks all about the country, and many know you. If you were on horseback you would be all right, but in these solitary valleys you pass through, one never knows. I see you have a big stick, but are you armed ? "

We were on a grass plot, where was a small cone-shaped tree, rising to a beautiful point at the top. And on top of that apex sat an ordinary Chilian sort of sparrow, which bird, by the way, has a movable crest, and when he is excited, he raises it like a cockatoo.

Pulling my small pistol out, I said, " Look at that sparrow," and as I spoke, I fired and brought down the bird, which fell fluttering at my feet. I caught it up and endeavoured to put the poor little thing right, but his wing was broken. He gave a jump, was out of my hands and into the cover and was gone.

I had proved to the Don that I was armed and ready to defend myself, but at a cost that you shall hear. Shortly afterwards I had to leave, make for the rail and pick up a cargo train. The drivers were all English, good fellows who used to love the " Liffeys," the one bit of English society they got.

I got back to the ship all right, but I had not enjoyed my cruise as usual. There was a something that was not satisfactory, and that some-

thing was the poor little bird. To be sure it was not intended, I was not out for that, for as a fact I never shoot except for the pot. I repeated many more excuses, but it would not do. Sleep I could not. There was that wounded bird in an enclosed garden, so carefully enclosed to keep vermin out that it would keep him in ; he could get no water, the rats would attack him, etc., etc.

Now something had to be done.

I roused out my steward, and, to his delight, gave him his sailing directions how to get to the estancia, and sent him off by the first train in the morning, with a note to the Don, to this effect—"Señor, that bird is in your garden, find him for me and send him down alive, if you please. If you do I will ever be," etc., etc.

It was a job, for the garden was very large and covered between the trees with undergrowth that required searching, but the end of it was the Don sent the bird down alive, carefully stowed in a collar-box.

Then there was a surgical examination, and our doctor had to take the wing off. As for my steward, he simply took to the bird, and the bird took to him. At once he called it Toby and Toby it remained. If Toby was in my after cabin, and the steward called Toby from the fore cabin, where he was out of sight, at once Toby's crest went up ; if he was in his cage on the table—cage door always open—Toby would be out of the cage, away to the edge of the table, and then fall off to the deck, and away to the steward as hard as he could go. I suppose he had learned the way to fall, for it did not hurt him at all.

Toby in his cage—door open—always formed one of the company at the breakfast table, so that made two of us. But he never would come out of his cage until I sat down. Then out he came, and

sampled everything there was, and if he did not approve of a bit given him, he would carefully fling it away and off the table, if he could.

On occasion, my steward would go close to Toby and say, "Toby, you are a dead bird," and immediately Toby would drop right over on his fat back, feet up in the air. He was dead to all appearance except that he did not, or could not, keep his laughing, beautiful little eyes shut, or refrain from showing by their movement that he understood the joke. At a word from the steward, he was up and off again. In the after inner cabin, on the floor, somehow a small shaving-glass had been within Mr. Toby's sight one day, and his interest in it was amusing. In a corner of the inner cabin the steward, as part of the daily function of tidying up after Toby, used to put the mirror on the floor. When breakfast was over, Toby fell off the table, and tacking about the cabins, always made for that glass, and looked at the reflection of all that was left of his wing, or where he could get a reflection of some part of him that he could not see without a mirror. He had water handy, and his toilet used to take him about a quarter of an hour. If you wanted to smile, all you had to do was to go in to the main cabin and look between the door and the side of doorway.

Now Toby was a favourite, and his early troubles made him a hero. And when such occasions come, if you want to know what a tender heart is, you had better go to a bluejacket or a Tommy Atkins for it, for a trained man is ever one of nature's gentlemen; men who, so to speak, striking hands with you, would go through with you to death.

But a time came when my steward informed me that he had found Toby in his cage in the

correct position, but this time he was really dead. So far as we could see, he had fallen off his perch after dying in his sleep. I must say that we all were sorry. We made him a handsome little coffin, and laid him in it in the same position. And putting the coffin in my pocket, I started off on a long walk to the Pan de Azucar mountain, which lay in the valley where Toby was born.

It was a job to get to the top, and there, in a small stone chamber that an earthquake had rent in the mountain, I buried him in his little coffin, with an inscription on it: ALAS, POOR TOBY! And there he is, where his dear little spirit can meet his kith and kin in like case.

I have only regretted that unlucky shot once, and that is ever since.

THE VIRGIN OF ANDACOLLO.

About 20 miles up country from Coquimbo, stands the cathedral of the Virgin of Andacollo. Situated in a sparsely inhabited region, far removed from any city or town, it is visited every year by many thousands of pilgrims, who go to perform their worship and to pay their dues, which are mostly promised in times of stress during the current year, which ends about Christmas.

It is quite a common thing for a man to vow, when he is in trouble,—"Oh, if the Virgin of Andacollo will help now, I will give her a silver plate as big as—say—my hat." Now whether he goes there or not, he will send the plate, or, say, $100. If he goes he will give it, but if he can't go, he will send it by a friend and the friend will get a receipt for it.

This fine cathedral has been built in that wild place from these offerings, which amount to from

$100,000 to $200,000 a year. The fraternity is a close corporation, the administrating officials following father and son in families for many years, and are probably of Inca descent.

Some few weeks before Christmas, in the towns and villages, and, indeed, all about, at night, in the loneliest and unlighted part of a town or village, mysterious croaking sounds are heard, high and low, very mournful. The natives go that way and get short addresses, and the croakers go on. No announcements are made, they come and they go. Occasionally one sees them. So far as I could make out they were Auroco Indians. They were curiously dressed in *gregos*, with small looking-glasses and various other embellishments sewn on them. They do not fraternise with the people, who, indeed, hold them in the highest respect. The devotees arrive by ship or train in thousands. The cathedral stands on a hill of some height, and up that hill everyone goes on his knees for a considerable distance.

The statue of the Virgin, which is, I suppose, about 8 feet high, is borne on a stage by the fraternity for the people to see. The length of the function is, they say, governed a good deal by the amount of the subscription, that is to say, the degree in which the Virgin is pleased. The statue was covered with silver plates of about 1 foot long by 6 or 8 inches broad, and of substantial thickness, and hung with necklaces of solid gold beads, each as big as a Barcelona nut, hundreds of them. Rich jewels of every description covered her all over. Diamond rings and ornaments abounded. All these things were votive offerings. And I think it is true that such a trust as sending a votive offering by another was never abused. In fact the belief in the Virgin was sublime. The cathedral was always open, and apparently was

considered too sacred for any marauder to touch, for it had been absolutely free from sacrilege.

One day, while I was out there, there was a report that the statue of the Virgin had been taken down, and robbed of everything, and that the thieves, not content with that, had put the statue head down in water, apparently to show their contempt for it. And the thieves got clear off with all the booty.

I went to the Roman Catholic cathedral at Coquimbo to hear what they would say about it. There was the most terrible denunciation of the act of sacrilege; and as to the action of the Church in the interregnum between the act of sacrilege and the arrest of the thieves, said the preacher, "Not a bell shall be tolled, not a sacrament of the Church shall be given, and generally, nothing but the very simplest service shall be performed until the culprits are found and the sacred emblems restored."

So far as I know, so it was. Instead of the bells, to notify the time of the service a man got up on the steeple and clapped two pieces of hard wood together, making a noise you could hear all over the place. This went on for a month or so, but there were no arrests. I was going for a walk one afternoon when, as I passed up the main street, I saw the only cab that Coquimbo possessed, coming along full of men and *vigilantes*, or military police. Now, as they do not use cabs for prisoners out there, I was interested. The cab took the first turning down to a street which ran parallel to the one it had left, and in which was the *quartel*, or prison. At that moment, occurred one of the worst earthquakes that ever I witnessed.

And the prisoners were the men who had robbed the cathedral. They were all renegade Chilians from out-lying districts.

I knew the chief of police, a very decent fellow, who, during the revolution, had risen from a rebel railway clerk to be a sort of colonel in the rebel army, and who, at the end of the revolution was appointed to his present position. I understood from him that the treasure had been recovered. Indeed, I saw it, and wondered at its value. There were silver plates roughly hammered together, bent up, and bags full of the smaller articles. The handsome tiara, or crown, covered with jewels, was all bent up to take less room in transit. I understood that the method of the chief of police was: Set a thief to catch a thief.

One of these gave information that a certain man was buying silver, a biggish man too.

He was summoned.

"You have been buying silver."

"Oh no, señor!"

"You have been buying silver! Go away and come again at—such an hour."

Before that hour he was there again. He said that he had been offered silver, by men.

"Where were they?"

"Out in the Pampa,"—the country—was the reply.

The chief of police at once collected his men, rode out to the Pampa, saw one hut, surrounded it and fetched out three or four men. They said they were strangers passing on, and knew nothing. However, as they were unable to give a better account of themselves, Chile fashion, they were triced up and whipped, a punishment that did not last long, as they soon confessed that they did know.

"Where is the silver?"

"Buried near the slaughter-house."

"Show us where," was the order.

To this place they went, and dug up nearly the

whole of it. I do not know what was done to the men; or what, in the end, was done with the treasure; but the affair caused so much alarm that much of the ancient plate in the churches was sent to the smelters. For, it was said, if they would rob the Virgin of Andacollo, they would rob any church, any one, or anything.

The next Sunday I went to hear what the preacher would have to say. The bells were now ringing again, for the first time. The preacher pointed the moral to the tale, and wound up by saying, in effect: Did I not tell you that sooner, or later, the miscreants would be taken? They were!—The sacred ornaments have been recovered —and at the instant of their being taken into the prison a mighty earthquake took place, showing Heaven's anger and power of retribution.

A Near Thing.

During the four years I was in the *Liffey*, when I could get away I used to go to La Campania, the estancia of our hospitable friends, the Lamberts, for an hour or two on Sunday. But on that day the trains did not go beyond La Serena, so that I had to walk two or three miles. To cross the river, you had to take to the beach for it and wade, or the upper stretches of the river and do the same. Or tackle the railway bridge, which was so constructed as to prevent people from walking across it. I suppose the bridge is about one-eighth of a mile long. The rails are laid on longitudinal sleepers, so there is no walking on them, and these sleepers are laid at the extremity of the athwartship sleepers, so there are no ends to walk on. Thus the sleepers are laid so far apart that you cannot step from one to another, as in ordinary cases. In fact, you have to spring from one to the other,

not far, but just enough to oblige you to spring instead of walking.

The line approached the bridge on the La Campania side more or less in line with the river, then, coming out of the trees, turned sharply on to the bridge. You cannot see the train until it is just coming on the bridge, which is built on iron columns in pairs, and the river flows underneath with quite enough roaring water to drown you if you break your leg or something in falling. There are no sides or railings at all.

The worst of it is that there is not enough water to cushion your fall, and the bottom is all rough rocks. I can't say how many times I have been over that bridge, very many, anyhow. I always whistled a tune as I went over, and always the same one, for the spring just synchronised with it.

One Sunday, on my way to La Campania, I reached the bridge, nothing nor anyone in sight, not even the bridge-keeper, who is supposed to keep cattle away from the approaches. So, in the ordinary course, I began to whistle and sprang off, everything going well until I reached nearly the centre of the bridge.

Generally I kept my eyes on the next sleeper upon which I was about to alight. But on this occasion, why, I do not know, I looked up and saw the train coming out from the trees and on to the other end of the bridge, at a speed which, even if the driver had seen me, would have made it impossible for him to pull up in time. But he did not see me.

I was on the move towards the train, with momentum on. This momentum I had to control so as to balance myself on the next sleeper when I arrived there. But the next sleeper would be no use here, for there was nothing but the roaring river and the rocks below, if I fell over, or was

pitched off by the train. I did not stop, for I remembered that at the columns supporting the bridge, there was a tie plate from one column to the other in line with the sleepers I was walking on. I had often noticed the plates as I passed over. They were heavy iron plates about 2 feet wide and about 4 or 5 feet below the rails. On the ends of these plates, the whole of the longitudinal structure of the bridge rested.

It was simply a question how far ahead were the next two columns, and if I got there, whether I could overcome the momentum due to the spring, steady myself and jump down on that plate. There was nothing to hold on to. I went forward some distance and just caught sight of the plate under the sleeper I was going for. That gave me a second's warning, and enabled me to control my speed, so that I was better able to steady myself as I brought up on the final sleeper. It was just a case of balancing for a moment. Sure of my footing, I jumped for the plate below and was balancing myself there when the train passed along over my head.

That was close work, but now I had to get up again. The plate I was on was midway between two sleepers lying diagonally over it. That is to say, if you were hanging on to the sleeper you were not over the plate but over the river, with a certainty of making a scrap heap if you dropped. With a horizontal bar just within distance, you can spring up, catch hold of it, throw your leg over the bar and so up, but to do that with a sleeper instead of a bar means business. In any case, I had to leave my plate, jump for the sleeper, hang on to it, raise myself up a bit and dart my left hand out to catch the rail, and use my feet to get round the edge of the longitudinal, where it rose from the plate to the underneath part of the sleeper.

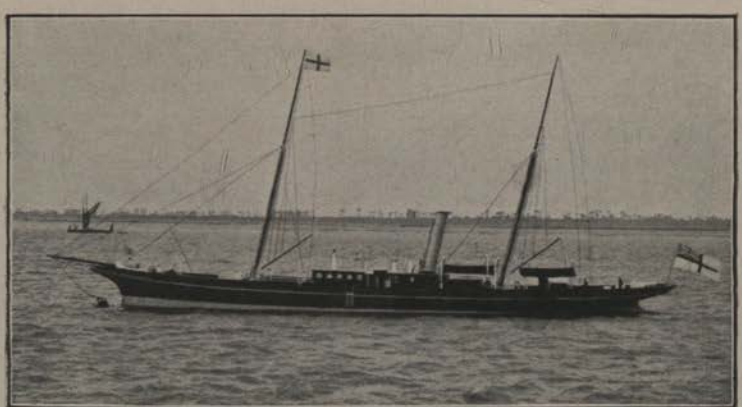
It was a heavy climb, and took some time in doing. But there it was. There was no one about, and not a house much nearer than La Campania.

Having got to the top again, I started off across the remaining part of the bridge and reached La Campania in due course. I did not come back over the bridge that night. I fancy the La Campania coachman arranged that, for I was pretty sore from climbing. And ever after I always took care to ascertain if there were any trains about.

I saw Hart, the English engine-driver of the train, next day. He was surprised. It was a special train from La Campania, and neither he nor his stoker had seen me. And he expressed his wonder as to how I got down there or how I got up! Well, I had some nerve in those days. It is not so bad when at work, now, but was rather shaken yesterday, when a mouse-trap went off, snap, too soon, and nearly had my finger instead of the mouse!



H.M.S. *Devastation*.



H.M.S. *Wildfire*.

Chapter XII

H.M.S. *WILDFIRE*

Taking Command.

Immediately on my arrival from H.M.S. *Liffey*, Chile, I took up the command of H.M.S. *Wildfire*, flying the flag of Admiral Sir A. F. Heneage, Commander-in-Chief at the Nore. The Admiral had been my former Commander-in-Chief in the Pacific. Up to that time, the *Wildfire* had kept mostly about Sheerness and adjacent ports. But immediately after my arrival the Commander-in-Chief left Leith in the *Wildfire*, to inspect the ports from Dover to Leith.

For a short time after I joined, the Admiral's barge was always with us, and was mostly towed, which arrangement, as she was a fine great boat, was rather against our making a quick turn on the helm if we wanted to. I said so one day to the Admiral, and he replied—"The Commander-in-Chief likes to have his barge to get into if the ship gets on shore." I ventured to say I did not think the ship would get on shore, and from that time we left the barge behind. The Admiral was right about getting on shore, for the ship had generally landed on a mud-bank somewhere, but she found her way about without any mishap during the years I was in her.

The three Commanders-in-Chief who had their flags in the ship in my time were :

Admiral Sir A. F. Heneage, Admiral Sir Richard Wells, and Admiral Sir H. F. Nicholson.

And the Scotch cruises were continued by all of them, inspections were made, and generally there was much more afloat work done in the ship. Nothing could exceed the quiet and efficient way in which the duties were carried out. The ship was always available day or night for any Admiralty official.

Sir H. F. Nicholson did not wish me to leave the flagship, but, during my absence at Portsmouth at the Jubilee Review, I was appointed to Chatham Dockyard. As the Commanders-in-Chief had Chatham in their command, we often had to go there, and knew what was going on. When I applied to be superseded, Sir H. F. Nicholson did his best to get me to stay and get things put to rights. But as a dockyard appointment is civil, he had the less power. He was my best friend until he died. It was a pleasure to serve under three such Commanders-in-Chief.

The Jubilee Review at Spithead, June 26th, 1897, and the Colonial Premiers.

As captain of the *Wildfire*, I received my instructions from the Admiralty to place myself and the ship at the disposal of the Colonial Premiers, and their wives and friends, at the coming Jubilee Review at Spithead. And, by same direction, everything was to be done for their proper entertainment. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Colonial Secretary, was present to receive and entertain his guests, who were of course the guests of the nation.

We ran round to Portsmouth, where we were given a good berth alongside the South Railway jetty, for convenience of the coming guests. On the morning of the naval review, June 26th, 1897, we embarked Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who

received the following Colonial Premiers of the eleven self-governing Colonies :—

Canada, Right Hon. Sir Wilfred Laurier; Newfoundland, Right Hon. Sir James S. Winter; New South Wales, Right Hon. George H. Reid; Victoria, Right Hon. Sir George Turner; South Australia, Right Hon. Charles C. Kingston; Queensland, Right Hon. Sir Hugh M. Nelson; Western Australia, Right Hon. Sir John Forrest; New Zealand, Right Hon. Richard J. Seddon; Tasmania, Right Hon. Sir E. N. Coventry Braddon; Cape Colony, Right Hon. Sir John G. Sprigg; Natal, Right Hon. Henry Binns.

While we were awaiting the signal to proceed, Mr. Chamberlain and the Premiers were standing in a circle on the quarter-deck, smoking and refreshing themselves after their journey. Mr. George Reid, Premier of Australia, standing on my left, said to me, "Well, captain, have you ever been to the Colonies?"

"Yes, sir, I have, and I wish that I had never been!"

Mr. Chamberlain was standing nearly opposite to me on the other side of the circle. He looked at me, and if looks showed anything they meant, Confound you, you were specially selected to be civil to these guests, and now what have you said?

Sir Wilfred Laurier, Prime Minister of Canada, who was standing on my right hand, looked at me, and in a pained tone said: "Oh, Captain, how is that?"

"Ah, sir," I replied, "It was not the going there, it was the coming away, broken-hearted at leaving."

Then they understood, and all was well.

The Fleet was reviewed by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, accompanied by British and Foreign Princes and Envoys of Foreign Powers and the

Premiers of Colonies, as stated. The Channel Squadron was present, but there were no Foreign Service ships of our Fleet.

The moving ships were: Trinity Yacht, Admiralty Yacht, Royal Yacht, *Osborne, Wildfire.*

The fleets of foreign nations were well represented, being moored in prominent positions, and every facility placed at their disposal.

The Fleet manned yards or ship and fired a royal salute as the Royal Yacht entered the lines. The four lines extended well down to Cowes, and ranged from the finest battleships to the smallest torpedo-boats, with some training brigs. There were some 170 vessels and nearly 40,000 men.

It was the finest naval review which had ever been held. Moreover, it was the outward and visible sign of that grand new policy of bringing the Colonies into more intimate connection with the old country in general, but more particularly with the fighting forces of the Crown. The sequel has been the splendid response of the Colonies in the present war.

Mr. Chamberlain never forgot me. If ever there was a real live man, he was.

Mr. (afterwards Lord) Goschen, First Lord of the Admiralty, was living on board the *Wildfire,* and at the conclusion of the manœuvres the only favour I asked was that I should not go to a dockyard, as I preferred to serve afloat, and my request was informally approved. On landing an hour afterwards, I saw in the evening paper my appointment as Staff-Captain and Queen's Harbour Master and Conservator of the River Medway. All civil appointments.

Considering that the usage was to appoint officers as assistants first, this was undoubtedly a compliment. Consequently, although I wished

to remain afloat, I took up the appointments, leaving Admiral Sir H. J. Nicholson with the greatest regret. I was, however, still under his command, as he was Commander-in-Chief of the station. So ended my command of the *Wildfire*.

Chapter XIII

CHATHAM DOCKYARD

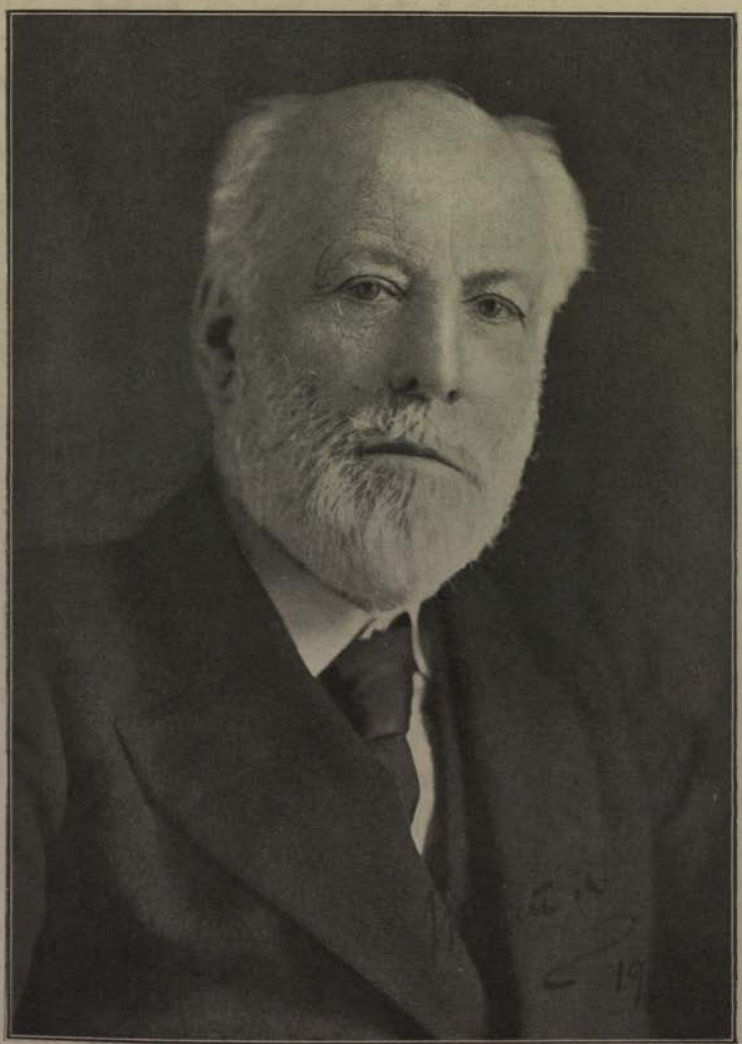
The Result of Memoranda.

When I was appointed to Chatham Dockyard, in July, 1897, it was the custom to appoint an officer of my rank first as assistant, then as chief, but in my case, I was sent as chief and only staff-captain, in a great dockyard, recently much enlarged to meet the necessities of a rapidly growing commissioned-ship work. Nevertheless it was sufficient for me that I was appointed, and I determined, as usual, to see the thing through. And my sympathies were with Chatham, for my old ship, the *Monarch*, was the pioneer Channel Squadron battleship, that initiated Chatham Yard's rapid advance and the far-seeing policy of Lord Walter Kerr, who had been my captain in *Devastation*.

To give a homely idea of what the work meant: I was there from July 10th, 1897, until October 12th, 1897, and, except on Sundays, I did not have a half-dozen breakfasts in my official residence. Duty called me to the upper end of the yard.

Unfortunately, the dockyard was swamped with memoranda, documents which were not within the purview of the dockyard regulations, and the promiscuous use of which led, as it must lead, to detriment of the Service.

I had no assistant, and consequently my place was with my men. The basins were crammed



Admiral of the Fleet, Lord Walter T. Kerr, G.C.B.

with ships, four, five and six in a tier, and never was a ship moved, unless I was there, and there was never a collision or a smash.

The greater and most responsible part of the duty was tidal. Unlike other ports, in Chatham, the ships, if they came up or were put out, had to come in or go down the river. I was Queen's Harbour Master and Conservator of the Medway, and was therefore the Government authority on tides. But more than that, I had worked the *Monarch* battleship there, and further, for the previous three years I had brought the *Wildfire* to Chatham about once a week, day and night. I was also a Trinity House pilot, an office which teaches you what tides mean, and particularly the vast influence of great bodies of Channel and North Sea water being forced into the Medway, or holding up the water in rivers so that it cannot get away to tide time.

The only man who knows everything about the tides at Chatham is the man who is at the locks, an hour, say, before high water. Then he can fairly well see if he is going to get his tide that day, and if so, at what time and at what height, for the height varies not only by inches but by feet. It is up to the Admiral's flagstaff at times.

I have ventured to bring before you the notes of a long career now ending. But, you may ask, on receiving such a responsible appointment, What caused you to retire? The Admiral-Superintendent issued a Memorandum without consulting me, respecting a question of tidal work, at a time when the ships were actually moving up the river, and involving the safety of one of H.M. ships, which he had added to the list. Further, that work ordered by the Admiral was being done in my department, viz., shifting ships without cause, and which no vote covered. Both these matters

were test cases, for which I could not [illegible] responsibility, though I was responsible in each instance.

Both were purely Service matters, and both involved risk and expenditure, which it was the duty of the head of my department to point out. He then could have adjusted it, but he did not. Consequently, I applied to be superseded.

Having been early promoted in China, I was entitled to the maximum pension, so that I was serving for about £100 a year, and it had cost me about £100 to take up the appointment, which I did not want. I could have served on for another five years.

The Commander-in-Chief wished me to remain. And he finally advised me to write, in effect, that if in future the duties were properly arranged, I would remain. But my resignation was accepted, but the usual note in the *Gazette* did not mention "at own request," an omission scarcely fair to me.

Unfortunately, all were Civil appointments, not amenable to a Court-martial, a Court of seamen and a Court of honour, or . . . !

Although my resignation was accepted on August 20th, 1897, I was not superseded until October 12th, 1897. But who could take this responsible appointment under such conditions? In fact, I was fighting the Admiralty battle for them, the particulars of which they did not know. If they had been at the locks, with the Commander-in-Chief, they could have seen how necessary it was to know how many ships you have to deal with on one tide.

In the interregnum between my resignation having been accepted and my supersession, our Commander-in-Chief came up to inspect the yard, and to see the reception of ships returning from the yearly manœuvres, then just over. The

Commander-in-Chief stood by the locks, and inspected the largest number of ships that had ever been put into Chatham Dockyard on one tide. He was a seaman, if ever there was one. I had only recently left his flagship to take Chatham yard, and this evolution showed the condition of my department when proper arrangements were made.

Not a sound, not a word from anyone. Very occasionally, my whistle to emphasise an order I had given quietly to my leading man with hand flags alongside me.

The Commander-in-Chief's remarks were a compliment to my department and it was deserved, for I had not been there three months and practically lived up there for nothing. As in *Liffey* so at Chatham, it was " Everything for the Fleet."

Ships coming to refit, and to give leave, were often put to it for a pull, which we could often lead for them to a steam or hydraulic capstan—five minutes' work instead of an hour and a half. And no " Memoranda," and their delay necessary. That was Chatham as I left it. The financial bomb dropped before I left, just as I said it would, and then I was there to see it through ! It turned out as such memoranda do—evasion of responsibility so soon as the crash comes !

The send-off that we got on leaving was touching in the extreme. I had worked my lot hard, but I was there with them.

CHAPTER XIV.

VARIOUS SERVICES.

ADMIRALTY.

IMMEDIATELY after leaving Chatham, I retired. And so ended my active service. But about three years afterwards, I was appointed to the *President* for service at the Admiralty, and was there for four years. And, curiously enough, I was on detached duty at Chatham for nearly a year. It appeared that everything that I had stated to be wrong was put right soon after I had left.

I had four years of interesting experimental work when at the Admiralty, and went up the Mediterranean and to various places, and liked it. On leaving the Admiralty in 1905, I received the following :

" Their Lordships desire me to convey to you an expression of their appreciation of the zeal and energy displayed by you in performing the duties of this important service during the last four years."

After reciting my experiences at Chatham and on leaving active service, I venture to add: It's never so bad that it mightn't be worse. And if you feel inclined to grouse, think what a lot of fellows would be only too glad to jump into your shoes ! As for the Service, it is the life to make a youngster into a man, and a real live man at that. The education that you take in with your every breath in such a Service, cannot fail to produce the officers you have, with whom it is a privilege

to work. I have been up to the Fleet twice during the war. I never saw anything even approaching to its fitness.

And the officers and men. Among them I felt as the village rustic felt when, in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," the parson was arguing:

> "And still they gaped and still the wonder grew
> That one small head could carry all he knew."

They not only knew but had it all at their fingers' ends. No noise, no fuss, but ready for instant action.

Nautical Assessor.

Personally I think, and find, that it is better to wear out than to rust out. I had quite a lot of work from Admiralty Court solicitors concerning shipping matters. One day, one of the highest officials sent for me and said: "Are you a Nautical Assessor?"

"No, sir."

"Then you ought to be. There is a vacancy. Apply for it."

I applied, and was appointed the same evening as Nautical Assessor in the Court of Appeal for five years. I may add that I did not even know that there was a vacancy, nor had I the honour of knowing the Master of the Rolls, who at that time controlled these appointments. It was most interesting work, thoroughly calculated to keep one up to date in all shipping matters, so as to be able to answer immediately and officially any technical question put by any of the Lords Justices of Appeal. The Lords Justices in my term of service were:—Sir Roland Vaughan Williams, Sir John Fletcher Moulton, Sir George Farwell, Sir H. B. Buckley, and Sir W. R. Kennedy.

To be Senior Nautical Assessor to such Court was an honour indeed. The grasp they had for technical points was a wonder to me, and their suavity to the nautical assessors was proverbial.

At the end of my five years, at the request of the Admiralty, I was employed for six months inspecting the building of a special ship, under Admiral John E. Bearcroft, C.B., M.V.O., the Admiral-Superintendent of contract-built ships on the Clyde, an officer under whom it was a real pleasure to work.

Then, suddenly, I lost my son who, injured in Government service, was pensioned. He died aged twenty-nine. His loss nearly broke me up, and to make it worse, at the very time I had a difficult shipping case in the courts to which I was afraid I could not do justice. There was plenty of work, but I could not get away from the thought of my lost boy, and a sense of injustice done to me in other matters.

Then I did the right thing, by consulting Sir James Goodhart, who advised me to go to sea for six months. No papers, no telegrams, no business letters, and no work. With Admiralty permission, I went to Buenos Aires and Argentina for six months. During this time, I did the bit of salvage work subsequently related.

War Salvage.

At the outbreak of war, I immediately volunteered for service, which application Admiral Sir John Jellicoe was good enough to approve.

In November, 1914, one of our transports got on shore, at a place where other than naval men were not required. The Salvage Association wished to send a man, the Admiralty agreed to send a naval man, I volunteered, did the job, and cleared out as soon as I could. Everything satisfactory.

I had knocked a small piece, about a quarter of an inch square, out of my thumb. Messing about in the boats, I could not keep the bandage on and ultimately got the wound frost-bitten. I returned, reported, and by the time I had got all the papers through, had to give up, as blood-poisoning had set in. Getting rapidly worse, I was put on my beam ends and so continued to December 18th, 1914.

The worst of it was that I was sent for to go to the same place and the same sort of service, but I could not move. On January 24th, 1915, the doctor recommended me to take it easy for a while, to which I replied that I was off to Canada by the first steamer.

The Case of s.s. *Empress of Ireland*.

I was nominated by the Salvage Association, approved by Mr. Butler Aspinal, K.C., and the Canadian Pacific officials, as technical adviser at the coming trial of the s.s. *Empress of Ireland* case, in which, by directions of Lord Mersey's Royal Commission, the evidence taken before that Commission might be used for the trial which was coming. The Admiralty approved of my leaving England and taking the duty.

Under the able directions of Major Maitland Kersey, the Manager of the Marine Department of the Canadian Pacific Railway in London, every point likely to be of use in the coming trial was fought out and tried by experiment in Scotland, where the *Empress of Ireland* was built. I made two visits to Scotland in a week, and excellent work was done, for there was not a minute to lose, and you had to move and move fast. I like the system. You have one man to deal with, as in the

Salvage Association. He has full power, knows what he requires, and selects the man to do it.

However, we got the trials over, and I left again for London by the last train same night; and came back with my old chief, Admiral Bearcroft, whom you could not talk to without learning something good in shipping matters.

Then off to Canada on February 5th, 1915, in the Canadian Pacific s.s. *Missanabie*, a very fine new vessel, with a captain and a turn-out you might know were due to excellent management.

One thing they could not control, and that was the weather. The enemy had torpedoed a vessel outside the day before. The *Missanabie* got rid of her pilot as soon as possible, and with all lights out steamed out into space, avoiding the ordinary track. So the enemy was out of court so far as we were concerned. In fact, it was a pretty little manœuvre—for the enemy was about and did some further damage for a time. We had a talk with patrol boats on the south of Ireland, and then away.

Now I had nearly 8,000 technical questions and answers for the Royal Commission to know and to digest, to differentiate between the right and wrong answers, and to frame questions for counsel, which they might or not deem it advisable to use; and, generally, to have the whole of the proceedings of the Royal Commission (576 pages of Blue Book) at my finger's ends with all the questions got out in duplicate ready for counsel's hands. I had a fine cabin to myself and every assistance. The weather was bad, which did not matter.

I arrived at Montreal early in the morning of the very day the trial commenced. The whole of my work up to that time was done, and was handed in at once. In addition, I had learned

the tides and currents of the river St. Lawrence and the local conditions affecting the case.

The procedure of the courts is somewhat different in Canada from that of our Admiralty Court. There I could sit behind counsel and put to him any technical point that had just arisen, say, on the answer of a witness, and so on, through nearly three weeks' trial. At the end of the sitting, a consultation, then home, and the whole technical evidence for the day investigated, and suggested questions for next day got out, typed, and presented to counsel at their chambers half an hour before they left for court—any of which they might or might not use as they thought fit.

The trial was held before one High Court judge, and was known as the Admiralty trial, with one nautical assessor.

The appearance of an American lawyer taking part in the case, on the other side, was quite interesting.

The financial damages claimed at the trial were for millions of dollars.

The King's Counsel who were engaged for the plaintiffs and who so brilliantly conducted the case to a successful issue, were: Messrs. F. E. Meredeth, K.C.; H. J. Hague, K.C.; K. R. Macpherson, K.C.; A. R. Holden, K.C.; C. S. Campbell, K.C.; E. W. Beatty, General Counsel.

And what they did not know about Admiralty business was worth no one's knowing. As they were associated with Mr. Butler Aspinal, K.C., in Lord Mersey's Royal Commission on *Empress of Ireland*, that is not to be wondered at.

At the conclusion of the case, the above counsel sent me a clearance in these official terms.

"*Re* C.P.R. s.s. *Storsted*.

"At your request we write you this line to state that the Admiralty trial in this case is now over

and that we shall not require your services any longer. Our clients and ourselves appreciate the fact that you have done all in your power to assist us, and we know that you have been constantly available to us at all times since your arrival from England."

On my arrival in England, and again when the judgment was given, the Admiralty were pleased to approve what I had done in respect of technical advice on the case. The judgment is given in London *Times* of May 15th, 1915, and to those interested, whether as relatives of any of the thousand lives that were lost, or are concerned in shipping cases, the judgment is worth reading. And it may be noted that all the points which the judge particularly mentions were fought and won by the counsel named.

I took the first steamer home after the trial and was back in England before the end of March.

The point is that I left at short notice, arrived on the first day of the trial, was back as soon as possible, and—well, " Got the work done."

Subsequently, for the Salavge Association, with Admiralty approval, we had some interesting work on a steamer with valuable cargo which had been torpedoed.

And as for myself, the day is not long enough.

Chapter XV

SALVAGE WORK

The Collision off Buenos Aires.

In 1913, I left for Buenos Aires on sick leave. I have relatives out there, so that it was sufficiently interesting getting about to see them all, and seeing much of the country which now so largely supplies us with beef.

I was at one of their estancias, which was some 100 miles up country, and full of fine cattle, when I was telegraphed for to go to Buenos Aires, as a fine steamer had got into trouble and advice was wanted. Now " get the work done " came in. I am afraid the doctor's advice was forgotten, and I went. A meeting of all concerned was at once held, and a dismal tale was told as to how the ship was damaged, the attempt made to save her, and the present awkward position.

The cutting constituting the channel leading up to Buenos Aires, some 12 miles in length, together with docks, is Government property. And a very fine property, and well kept at that. Two vessels had been playing the fool, well within the entrance and endangering the traffic of the channel altogether. As they had done this twice, what were the steamer people going to do now? the Government wanted to know. That was the Government position.

The injured vessel, bound for Buenos Aires, had got a little way into the channel when the steam steering gear went wrong. The Government

pilot eased her down, put his helm to port and landed her on the bank, that is to say in shoal water, out of the way of the traffic to remain there until the necessary adjustment of the steering gear was made. The ship was lying at right angles to the channel. So soon as the repairs had been done, the steamer went astern to regain the channel and to straighten her with her head up channel. This evolution was in process, when a mail steamer from Buenos Aires, bound out, came along. She should have been on her starboard side of the channel. The other vessel had only just cleared the bank, and was still right athwart the channel. And what the pilot had to do was to go astern as far as he could, short of running his stern on the opposite bank, then to put his helm hard a-starboard, and slowly steam her round with her head up the channel.

It is a received axiom of good seamanship that in such positions you "stop and give the other man a chance," whether he has the "not under control" signal up or not. But the outward-bound steamer came on, first steering to pass ahead, then to pass astern, and finally struck the other steamer amidships at right angles, and cut her down to below water's edge.

The blow canted the stricken steamer over a bit, and when on the rebound she was struck again, cutting her well down towards the bilge keel. She at once listed heavily to port, as the water rushed in, and rapidly increased the list as the effect of 1,200 tons of cargo on deck came into play, and to greater play for every degree the vessel listed. Fortunately, the vessel's head was still towards the bank from which she had backed off. The pilot immediately put her full speed ahead and ran her up on the bank again.

She was a fine great steamer, fortunately very flat on the floor, with wall sides, being, so to speak, square, with rounded bilges. By the time she took the ground, it was a question, as she had so heavy a list, whether she would fall over on her side or take the ground on her bottom. However she just did it and landed on her floor.

The vessel having been surveyed, after stopping the leaks, they at once began to concert measures to get her off. Having, as they thought, stopped the leaks, they put on the bilge injection to deal with any water that should come in, and proceeded to back her off. By the time they got her into the channel, all the leak stoppers were off, and she was in a bad case again, for she had a lot of water in her and more coming. They were using the bilge injection to keep her clear, but could only do so while the engines were going.

As soon as they managed to point her head in the right direction, the pilot again put her on the bank. She now had a very heavy list to port, the engine-room was flooded, and it was just a toss up whether she would sit down or tumble over on her side. Again she just did the right thing, and there she lay with the tide flowing into and out of her.

These things were told me at the meeting, and I was asked if I would take charge. I could not answer until I had seen her, but in any case, if I did take her, I stipulated that myself and myself only should have anything to do with the case. In the meantime, whatever happened, the deck cargo would have to be taken off. I suggested that while I was seeing her they might make arrangements to remove the deck cargo, so that there should be no delay.

I got to the vessel, informed the chief officer and chief engineer what I wanted, and returned on

shore. On their agreeing to my proposition, I at once signed the survey, and ordered the removal of the deck cargo. And they were to call me as soon as that was off. Before midnight, all the necessary papers were completed and the telegram for home was despatched.

In five days they sent for me. I went off in a tug with the master, arriving on board about 2 p.m. At about 5 o'clock I sent for the master and requested him to give orders that everything was to be done under my directions, and to go on shore to inform the agent. The agent was to inform the Government that I purposed to leave at noon the next day, and to request that a berth be assigned to the ship. The tide at the time was flowing into and out of her. The last load of deck cargo was just shoving off. The master smiled and went. Soon after he had gone, one of the Harbour Commissioners, a captain in the Argentine Navy, came off. I had been on that station before, and he knew who I was. Of course he said that the Government were afraid, after the two landings on the bank, that we should end in blocking the channel. And if we blocked the channel, the Government would be obliged to make us remove every bit of her; and even if she stayed on the bank, she would have to be broken up and cleared away, for, if she was left, she would deflect the course of the river and create a bank to leeward of her, which would tend to lessen the little scour in the cutting they had. The captain was of opinion that I should require some powerful pumps, with an engine to drive them.

Having assured him that I surely would not take the ship off the ground until I was satisfied that it would be safe and the leak stopped, he left; and they never bothered me again.

Then we set to work, and a capital first officer

and chief engineer and crew they were. They had extra pay and some little advantages, but also work and hard work. We got nothing from the shore, nor used a tug all the time, except to bring me off; and not a boat or a tug was allowed near the ship. If you just take a rope or let them hold on, it means a salvage claim. We thrummed some canvas, and made a covering for a wood leak stopper for the largest hole, with wire spans at top, bottom and sides, to take the fore and after guys, and bottom lines necessary to keep it in position when steaming ahead or astern, or resist the action of a sea washing it off, as had before happened. The ship was lying on the bottom, but she had some considerable movement as the seas struck her. We bulkheaded the port coal bunkers off the engine-room and had fires going. Our four bottom wires were weighted with long-linked cargo chain and put over the bows, with rope pendants to bring to the steam winches. When these were ready, a judicious use of steam by a few revolutions ahead or astern, as she lifted at bow or stern or rolled, helped us, and finally we got the four lines into position, middling them and taking the sinking chains off.

Then we had to place the mats. First of all, we put on double hatch covers, fitted with spars top and bottom, and unrolled, as placed, with two bottom lines. This covering was to stop rivet-holes, of which there were a lot, cracks in plates and minor damages. Then we placed the main damage leak stopper, using bottom lines and fore and after guys to secure, and toggled inside bunker.

The parbuckle round turn at the ends of the spar gave us full control as the mat unwound off the spar, to see that the bottom lines were taking in as much as we paid out and no slack. I put an

outer covering over the lot, but it was not necessary as there was no suction.

As soon as all was placed, we set the pumps going to bring the mats into position, and we soon had her tight, everything well secured, and guyed for going ahead or astern. In work like this, it is necessary to have an accurate account of the gear you have, and the gear you use. And after you have finished to see that you have used so much, *and have the balance at hand.*

For the danger is that you may leave a stray rope or chain or wire rope overboard, and that it may get in your screw and pull your mats all to pieces. Finding everything all right and tight, I went over the gear and missed a length of long-linked cargo chain. The chief officer said that it had got jammed. He had had both ends of rope tailings to steam winch, both had carried away, and the lot gone overboard.

"Well," said I, "it must be got. Where are your creepers?"

"None."

"Boat's anchor?"

"None."

"Chain hooks?"

"Yes."

"Get me some."

I got three, and went down to the engine-room. "Want a bit of bolt stave iron." That they had. 'Heat it." Got it red hot; put it round the three chain hooks. Knocked it together, cooled it off, and then said I to the chief officer: "You know where you lost the chain, now you go and find it, for I don't want my mats torn off or the blades of the screw injured or jammed. So he went, and the very first throw he made with the improvised creeper, he got the end of the rope and hove the lot in.

By this time we had pumped her out, and the donkey engine, going quite slowly, was keeping her clear. At daylight we had a good look round, and got her put to rights ready for any eventuality. At eleven, the master came off with one of the other surveyors. The ship was now surrounded with tugs, but none was allowed near. The Government officials were very good, and saw to that at my request.

At five minutes past twelve we were under way. As soon as we were in the channel, we went at half-speed, but the channel was so crowded that every five minutes or so we had to stop to prevent us from running into something. So if we had put on the bilge injection we should have been done as before, because when the engine stopped the pumps stopped too. The captain of the Port's department did not wake up to the fact that we should want a berth, until we were well on our way. So when we arrived there was no place for us, and not until 7 p.m. did we get one. We could have put in to a berth at about two, if one had been ready. But it did not matter, for the ship was tight. The report to me was that she was only weeping.

When the vessel was put into dock for repairs, I was not on the survey, but I went out of curiosity to see what sort of a job we had made of it, for we had had no diver. Effective, very, and all in good order. She might have done a voyage.

However, she was in, and the channel was clear. Consequently the Government authorities were satisfied. The vessel, a fine great English vessel, had a valuable cargo of heavy wood from North America. The cost of landing the deck cargo was considerable. If the vessel had broken up, every bit of her would have had to be removed, and the blowing up and removal of the wreckage would have far exceeded the value of ship and cargo. And

there would have been anxious times during the use of explosives, on account of possible damage to the channel. Nothing was obtained from the shore for the work, and there was not a single act of salvage to establish a claim by outside sources. That is what you have to avoid. The underwriters were well out of it.

I have explained matters in detail, to show what *you* could do under similar circumstances. I have had a good deal of salvage work and have been fairly successful.

Salvage is a one-man job. Otherwise, it gets to be as an Irish regiment would be if they had the chance—as the old saying has it—all colonels except one and he a general.

Since the war, it was put to me whether I would take command of a new salvage steamer for—well, not merchant service work. I declined. "The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak." Too weak, may be, at some critical time, to do justice to a highly responsible job, requiring the service of a far younger man. To jump in when required, as above related, is another matter. With a good clear head, and knowing the ropes, one can do one's bit, yet!

The Wreck off the Sand Dunes.

Some years ago, at Christmastide, I had some salvage work on the coast of Wales. I was just sitting down to a Christmas dinner, after arriving home from another salvage job, which had turned out all right. Then the telegram came—bad wreck—coast of Wales—could I go? Go, of course. Said my people—"You are never going to leave this dinner after just coming back?"

"I am a precious lucky fellow to have such a dinner to leave," was my reply.

Cab—none to be got. So I went out into the road, and saw a carriage coming. Would he drive me to station? Reply—this is Mr. So-and-so's carriage.

Holding up a five-shilling piece, I said: "And this is my five-shilling piece."

"Jump in, sir," said the coachman, "I'll drive you wherever you like." And he did.

Now the London Salvage Association "does things," and on my arrival early the next morning, there was a steamer at my disposal, and I was on board that wreck soon after 8 a.m.

There was a lot of valuable stuff on deck. I made my party a sporting offer to save it. They jumped at it, and got the lot. We had just shoved off, when the masts went over the side. Quite near enough, but as I said, the Salvage Association "does things."

I had already ordered the coastguard to look out on shore for wreckage of a valuable cargo.

The wreck was miles from the shore, opposite a part of the coast consisting of sand dunes. However, that evening, I engaged a cart to take me along the coast, until, as far as I could estimate, I was opposite the position of the wreck. We got to the spot, just as the shafts of cart broke and shot us out! I started to walk over the dunes to where I thought the ship was, using the stars as my guide, and after about a mile walk I came across the coastguard men, who had built themselves a hut out of wreckage, and had a fire in an iron bucket. They gave me a billy of cocoa and two mince-pies. And this was about twenty-four hours after orders had been received in London!

There used to be an old yarn in Cornwall that, when at service on Sunday, the preacher saw his congregation leaking towards the door, he motioned to the door-keeper, as he came down,

saying, "Now start fair." There was a wreck on the shore.

And in the present case, in Wales, I thought that constant inspection was necessary. Consequently, one night I hired a cart to take me to a part of the coast where I suspected that the valuable cargo coming on shore was being interfered with. Driving as far as the cart could go, I set out by myself to find my way to the coast line, steering by the stars as before, and for the first part of the way by what, in the light of a match, appeared to be a cart-track.

Now, I had come away from London in a desperate hurry; there were lives and a ship and many thousands of pounds at stake; and everything depended, and in like cases always depends, on there being a "top dog" present as soon as possible. So I had picked up an old Service note-book of mine, and put it in my pocket. It was a scarlet-coloured book with a big broad arrow on its outside. I had just passed a gate when I heard voices. No lights to be seen. Moving forward to investigate, I saw two waggons with two horses each, piled up with the cargo of the ship.

I returned to the gate, put my back against it, and challenged: "Who goes there?" (as the coastguard challenge), at the same time blowing a shrill blast on my police whistle.

There were several men there, besides the driver of the waggons. Directing the drivers to light their lamps and advance, I took out my note-book with the broad arrow well in the light for them to see, and said: "I seize the horses and waggons and the cargo of the —— you have in them, and arrest you for interfering with the cargo, under the Merchant Shipping Act."

There was no question but that they were in a mess, for the Merchant Shipping Act which I quoted

is most severe. But what seemed to have impressed them particularly was the broad arrow on the little book, and the whistle. The thieves knew that the coast-guard, under the Receiver, were looking after the wreckage, but they thought that the coastguard were miles off—as indeed they were—until they heard my whistle, which led them to conclude the coastguard had come up, as I intended that it should!

I caused them to unload the waggons where they were, took all particulars and let them go, to be dealt with later by coastguard prosecution. They were taking away over a hundred pounds' wroth of the cargo. Ultimately the Receiver and the coast-guard had to prosecute about twenty of such cases. There was no doubt as to their being found in possession, and the penalties of the Act are very heavy. Nearly every prisoner was represented, and it came very near to be a claim to a right to pick up the stuff, but the law was too clear, and all were convicted.

Personally, I had been made hay of by the lawyers—as they thought. But when I asked permission of the Bench to say a word before sentence was pronounced, and was permitted to do so by the magistrate, the lawyers rose as one man, and excitedly said that I had done this and I had done that. To which, with an appeal to the Bench, I said: "If you keep quiet, I shall do more for your clients than you have done." And appealing to the Bench, I said that the salvage authorities whom I represented were not out for this sort of work, and would be quite satisfied with the very slightest penalties the Bench could inflict; sufficient, in fact, to show that interference with property protected by the Act was illegal. And further that, if the Bench approved, I would license these very men to salve the cargo, "for,"

said I, "under present conditions, they are the very kind of men we want."

The Bench did so, and I got the hardest working lot of men I had, and there were thousands of pounds' worth of cargo still to be salved if possible.

To those who have not taken part in or seen lifeboat work, the following story may be interesting. Personally, I had not before done salvage work in a lifeboat.

Before the vessel broke up, the weather was very bad. One or two men who had preferred to remain were on board. The vessel lay on a shoal which was miles in extent, and was open to the Atlantic, having about 8 to 10 feet of water on it at high water, and being dry at low water. The sea over that flat, about high water, at the confluence of three rivers, was simply awful. It has been the scene of many disastrous wrecks and much heavy loss of life. The men on board had to be saved. But it was a day. A fine lifeboat and a crew that made one proud to look at and see act.

We sailed out, every man lashed, the coxswain sitting on the high stern operating the steering oar. The second coxswain sat on the fore-and-aft seat on the starboard side at the after end, so that he could see over the stern or rather past the stern, and could at the same time catch the coxswain's eye or signal, or hear or give information to the coxswain as to what was occurring astern, which as will be seen was a most important duty. Not a word was said by anyone except by these two officers, and not a movement was made by anyone.

I was standing up, with my back against the fore part of the high stern, the coxswain's legs dangling on each side of me, and the second coxswain close to me on my right.

Except that we were trying to save two of our men and were paying expenses, I had nothing

to do with the operations. All the credit, as will be seen, belongs to the lifeboat-men. We sailed along in a tremendous sea like a pot boiling. The object of the coxswain was to get to windward of the wreck, and drop down on her, using the drogue for that purpose.

When we were about half way across the bank, there came a particularly heavy sea, and the boat pitched violently, and struck her stem on the ground with a great shock. She at once jumped up again, but the violent motion caused her to strike her stern on the ground, and the sea broke all over her, filling her up to the thwarts. The way in which the boat withstood the shocks was wonderful. She still sailed on, and was therefore under command. Had she got broadside on, nothing could have saved her. Her stability was perfect, although she was full of water and under sail. And being self-clearing, she was free of water in a very short time.

At last we got some distance to windward of the wreck. Then the course and method of procedure was altered. The use of the drogue began. The drogue is simply a very strong canvas bag, cone-shaped, about 2 or 3 feet long, with a small hole at the apex, to give the water which enters at the big end a lead. The big end, or mouth, of the drogue is kept open by a hoop, and the drogue is so slung that a rope made fast to the sling at the centre, causes the drogue to be drawn through the water with its greatest opening pointing at the boat when in use. There are two ropes to the drogue, a very strong light rope for towing at the large end, and a small line for spilling the drogue, so that there is no hauling in when you wish to vary the function of the drogue.

When in use the large rope is made fast; when it is desired to spill the drogue in order to let the

boat go faster ahead, the second coxswain eases away on the big rope until the drogue is inverted by the small rope, which is also made fast. When he wishes to bring the drogue into use again, he eases away the small rope which causes the drogue to invert, and this goes on continually under the coxswain's orders.

For instance, the second coxswain, who can see a big sea coming up astern, gives a caution to the coxswain, who, if he can, looks round and says, if he thinks necessary, "Hold her up, Bill," at which order the second coxswain eases away the small rope and sees by the sudden tautening of the rope that the drogue is acting, and tells the coxswain so.

The coxswain having gained a position which, taking into consideration the state of the wind, the sea, and the tide, led him to conclude that in his ordinary style of running he could sail his boat down alongside the wreck, held her up with the drogue when he was close ahead of the ship and began to pass her, as on this occasion, on the port side.

What followed was simply a wonderful piece of lifeboat seamanship. The coxswain gradually checked the lifeboat as he drew nearer. The men on the wreck, with life-lines round them, were standing by, and the lifeboat-men had heaving lines ready. With the drogue holding her up well, the sail made to draw, or not, as requisite, we slowly passed along the port side of the wreck, and at an opportune moment the lifeboat was sheered in alongside her. Those on board threw the ends of their life-lines to the lifeboat, and jumped into her as she passed. No rope was made fast, nor was there any holding on to the wreck at all, nothing more than the use of a big cork fender being required. It was a smart piece of work, for which the lifeboat got, I think, £30.

It was a lesson to me. I have owned and sailed

two boats besides Service boats, but I came to understand that I knew precious little about what could be done with them before I went on this cruise.

We saw a good deal of the lifeboat-men, as for the time being they were of the salvage party. The coxswains, between tides, were always ready for a smoke and to relate local events, one of which was as follows: On the top of the hill yonder is St. Ishmael's, a place where all the cockle-collecting people live. The women go down on the sands we passed over in the lifeboat, to collect cockles. Every little party of women has a donkey with panniers. Her weapon is a short-handled three-pronged fork, with the prong at right angles to the handle. With this, she rakes the sand about 2 inches deep, and so raises the cockles to view and capture. The sands are, in parts, quicksands, and the yarn goes that a woman, turning to empty her basket into the donkey's panniers, saw the tops of the donkey's ears, all that was left of him above the sand!

Salvage work has always appealed to me since I picked up the Chinese tea clipper in Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope. It brings you into communication and association with the best of the shipping world and their representatives. And it opens up a sphere of most interesting duties and very fascinating work, under quite generous conditions.

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